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RAB AND DAB

A WOMAN RICE-PLANTER'S STORY

BY PATIENCE PENNINGTON

I

Peaceville, Sept. 22. Went down to Casa Bianca to rouse the hands to action to-morrow, for we are to begin cutting Marshfield. I found the boy who blew himself up with gunpowder two days ago, in great suffering. Dressed his face and hands, using a feather to cover them with oil. He is a distressing object.

I gave orders that every man, woman, and child should be in the field early to-morrow, and promised to be down early myself.

Sept. 23. Just as I was getting into the wagon very early this morning, carrying linen rags and olive oil to dress Nero's burns, and lunch for myself, and a few pears and things to give the hands, I saw a pitiful little black figure standing at the foot of the steps. It was Jonadab, the little black pock-marked pygmy who has been coming all summer to beg for kitchen scraps, and old garments, and anything I would or could give. He stutters fearfully.

'What is it, Jonadab?' I asked; 'I am in a great hurry to-day, so you must talk quick.'

After what seemed to me a long time and many convulsions of his little frame, he shot out, 'Ma bery sick. 'E bad off, en 'e baig yu fuh cum.'

I told Jim to drive to his mother's house, which I knew was not far off in the pine woods, but just how far I did not know, for though I had sent things to her constantly, I had never been to her house myself.

The road was well-nigh impassable for the wagon, and Jim, being provoked at this interruption, drove very fast and, it seemed to me, recklessly. At last I said to him, 'Stop; and I will walk the rest of the way with Jonadab.' The pine forest shimmered and glittered in the slanting rays of the early morning sun. Every blade of grass was laden with dew diamonds, and the slippery, brown pine-needles were damp under my feet.

When I started on this diversion from my plans I was distinctly irritated at the delay caused by this extra drive of two miles. It seemed so all-important to me to get to Casa Bianca early; for with the hands I have, six acres is as much as I can get cut in one day, and there are twenty-six acres in the field. And this is such a stormy season of the year. But as I walked

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through the solemn pines with the little shriveled gnome ahead of me to show the path, I heard the voice of God in the sough of the pines, and a change came over my spirit. The sense of hurry and impatience left me.

Jonadab in a little while pointed through the pines, and I saw a little log cabin. In the doorway two atoms of black humanity were sitting very near together, and Jonadab volunteered the information that they were his little brother and his youngest sister. As they saw me they rose and disappeared into the house, and I followed.

There were two rooms. The first one had a very unsteady pine table, two chairs, and three pots in the fireplace. I passed through this to the inner room, where on the floor lay a woman, terribly swollen, her eyes protruding from her head, her breath coming in quick, heavy sobs. She seemed unconscious. Two Negro women who had just come in stood beside her. One was her mother, with whom she had quarreled a year ago, and who had never come near her through her long months of suffering and illness, leaving her alone with her little children. But to-day, hearing from a neighbor that Abby was dying, she rushed in, too late to be of any use.

I knelt down on the dirty floor beside the sick woman, and tried to give her some milk and stimulant which I had brought. But her teeth were closed and refused to admit the spoon, and I realized that she was actually dying. Then I laid my hand on her clammy one, and bending low, I said, 'Abby, can you hear me?' There was no sign of comprehension or consciousness. I was very eager to make her hear, so I went on speaking very slowly and distinctly: 'I will take care of your two little boys and see that they never want. Do you understand? I will take Jonadab and Rechab myself, and care for them.' Then there was a slight quivering of the eyelids, a faint token of assent and satisfaction, before the stony stare of death returned.

I prayed aloud with all my soul for the spirit which was struggling to leave its poor earthly tenement; while the women moaned and swayed and ejaculated, 'Yes, Laud; do, Laud,' as the sentences of the prayer for the dying fell fervently on the still, hot air, and the groans of the dying woman were less loud. Then I sang, —

> 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

The women and children joined with their high, clear voices, and while they sang, 'Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing,' the last painful breaths were drawn, and the immortal spirit took its flight and returned to God who gave it, and who is merciful and loving, and knows all the struggles, all the temptations, all the warping influences which had kept it from its highest possibilities.

I talked with Rachael, the mother, who, now that the poor daughter was gone, spoke of her with loud and hysterical affection. When I offered to take the children she said that she, the grandmother, was the person to take them; no one would do for them as she would and she could not think of giving them up to anybody. I was surprised, but pleased, at this her suddenly aroused maternal feeling, and acquiesced in it, saying, 'Very well, Rachael, I agree with you that you are the proper person to take care of the children, and that no one can do it as well. I will provide everything that the two boys need, their food and clothing; just let me know what they need.'

By this time the house was full of excited neighbors, lamenting and going on as though they had been active friends of the poor deceased. I promised to send what was needed for

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Abby's 'laying out.' They said the 'Chuch' would provide the coffin, and attend to the funeral, for she was 'Babtist member, in full standin', en belonged to de sassiety, en dey was boun' to bury um.'

Having done the little I could, I left the house of death, much exhausted and agitated, to return to the work-a-day world outside. I drove home and told Chloe to send one of my gowns and two sheets to Rachael at once; and then started on the twelve-mile drive to Casa Bianca.

When I got there I had my saddle put on Mollie, and rode down the rice-field banks to Marshfield. There were the gayly dressed women, laughing, singing, talking, as they cut down the golden heads with great dexterity; laying them on the stubble so that the sun could dry them enough to tie to-morrow. The gay scene, which usually gave me so much pleasure, only saddened me now. The tragedy I had witnessed haunted me, and I wondered how in the eyes of the great Judge of all things my life would compare with that whose end I had seen.

I reproached myself bitterly for never having visited her before. I had sent her supplies: food, clothing, and so forth, — yes; but that was not all. If I had only gone to see her and talk with her, I should not now be filled with self-condemnation. God forgive me for not giving her my time. What are all my occupations in comparison with helping a human soul? My dear little niece went, I know, and read the Bible to her on Sunday afternoons, but I was always 'too busy' or 'too tired' to go. Woe is me!

And so the long, blazing summer day wore on — a day of penance — and the words of Good's wonderful poem, 'The Lady's Dream,' rang in my ears: —

> But Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart.

II

The above extract from my diary shows how Rab and Dab first came into my life. During the autumn I kept in touch with them, seeing them daily. I sent them food and clothing, and tried to see if Rachael was doing full justice to them. She was an excellent cook, and had been employed in that capacity by some ladies in the village. But as soon as she took the children she gave up her place, saying that she could not attend to the children and her work; as the boys had two older sisters of twelve and fourteen, this was evidently not the real reason.

Abby had been so helpless in her ill health with her large family, that some of the gentlemen of the neighborhood had secured for her a monthly allowance from the county, and though I had told Rachael I would see that this was continued for the children, five in number, she feared that her having a place as cook, and consequently being self-supporting might prevent it, so she gave up her situation and lived on the provisions allowed the children, with the result that the little ones looked hungry and continued their stealing. The whole family had learned from infancy to go into the fields within their reach and grabble potatoes, to gather unripe corn for roasting ears, to catch every chicken and steal all the eggs which were not under lock and key. The two elder girls had been taken up, tried, and found guilty of theft before the poor mother's death. Their only punishment had been to be kept in confinement until the crops were harvested.

This rich lowland rice-planting region would be a paradise if people could live on their plantations all the year round; but the Anglo-Saxon has always been susceptible to malarial fever, and in the early settlement of

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the country suffered much from it. After some years they found that by leaving their beautiful homes on the rivers with their luxuriant tropical growth during the hot months, and living in the belt of pine forest (which is generally found a few miles inland from the rivers), they secured perfect health. With this knowledge the planters joined in selecting some high, sandy, well-drained spot in the original forest, and built lodges with big rooms and wide piazzas in large shady yards, and at the end of May they moved their families from the plantation and remained in the health-giving pines until the first heavy frost in November, when the little villages, so gay and populous all summer, were left silent and deserted during the winter. Peaceville is one of these hamlets of refuge from mosquitoes and malaria, and is only four miles from my plantation and winter home, Cherokee, and here I spend the hot months, driving back to the ricefields every day to look after the work.

This year, when I left Peaceville early in November, I established the orphans and their grandmother in one of the outbuildings in my yard, as it was much more comfortable than the little log hut in the woods. After the move I tried to see them at least once a week. I soon saw a change for the worse: they got thinner and thinner, with swollen faces and large stomachs like the famine pictures from India I was seeing in the illustrated papers.

One bitter cold day in January, Elihu, who is the blackest of my retainers, being of such a rich shade that his mother always spoke of him as 'dat black nigger,' a man whom I have helped out of every variety of trouble, and who has a feeble desire to help me in return, if it can be done with no effort beyond speech, came to tell me that he heard that Rachael was going to move to Gregory, the county seat, eighteen miles away, on that day. In spite of the cold, I ordered the buckboard at once and drove out to see Rachael. I found the house in great confusion, — bedding tied up in huge bundles, boxes and trunks corded, and Rachael in her Sunday best.

'Why, Rachael, where are you going this cold morning?'

'Well, ma'am, I'm goin' to move to town. I got chillun dere to help me.'

'I think that is a great mistake, Rachael. Here you have no house rent, you have all the wood you can burn without paying a cent, and your daughter lives very near you. If your sons are willing to help you, let them send you what they can spare; it will go much further here.'

But Rachael had made up her mind and was not to be dissuaded. She was tired of the country, and was going to move to town. She had hired an ox-wagon to take her to the river, where she would take the steamer.

When I had tried every argument without avail, I said, 'Then I will take the boys with me. I am not willing for them to starve or spend their time in jail for stealing.' Turning to the children, crouching over the fire, I said, 'Jonadab, do you want to go with me?'

He, after many convulsions, shot out, 'Yes, 'um.'

Rechab was inside the huge fireplace behind the logs, squatting down; an extraordinary-looking black shrimp.

'Rab, do you want to go with me?'

Rab's little black face was stolid and expressionless like some little old man's. It was some time before he could be made to understand the situation, but when at last his grandmother pulled him out of the chimney, and cuffing him, said, 'Speak up, boy, speak up,' he grunted out, 'Um,' and nodded his head violently.

Then I told Rachael that she must

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sign a paper giving up all claim to the children, to which she responded vociferously, ' 'Tain' no nuse for me to sign a paper, Miss Patience. You 'se welcome to the chillun. I'se heartily tired of dem; dey 's jes' nachully bad chillun; deys tek after dey pa, what was a furrin man, en corrupted my daughter. You kin tek 'em en welcome.'

Then the women assembled in the room to see Rachael's departure, began to exclaim, 'My law, Aun' Rachael, dem chillun sho' is lucky. Miss Patience 'ull do de bes' for dem po' mudderless ting'; and so on.

I called for the last shirts I had made the children, but these could not be found. Whether they were so securely packed up as to be out of reach, or whether Rachael had sold them, I never knew, for I lost patience and took the boys out to the buckboard in their rags. There my dainty little niece Aline, who was waiting for me, was filled with dismay at sight of them, and exclaimed, 'Aunt Patience, you are not going to take them *now*, with us?'

'Yes, they are coming *now with us*,' I answered, in a voice of such determination that Aline said no more.

In the back of the buckboard, fortunately, there were some tow-sacks which I was taking home. I had the boys climb into the buckboard, covered them with the sacks, and drove off rapidly. In a little while a small voice made itself heard from behind: 'I cold.' I put Rab into one of the sacks, tied it round his neck securely, covered him with the others, and drove on.

III

I shall never forget the consternation which took possession of the yard when I reached home. Jim, my good man-of-all-work, said nothing when I told him to help the children out and release Rab from the sack; but as I led the two forlorn mites through the yard to the old wash-house, where there were two rooms, one occupied by Goody, the cook, I was aware of very black looks on all sides.

I did not appear, however, to see them, but said to the cook, 'Goody, I put these children in this room next to you, and I beg you to give an eye to them. I will not ask you to do anything for them, for I will look after them myself as much as possible, only at night give an ear to them.'

Goody, who was a very short, plump little figure, neat and tidy but very ugly, drew herself up to her full height, about four feet six inches, and said, 'Miss Patience, dem chillun is too duhty for lib in de room nex' me.'

'Yes, Goody, I know they are terribly dirty, but we are going to try and make them different. You know the Good Father promises a special blessing to those who help the orphan, and I feel sure you will wish to get some of that blessing.'

Then I promptly left, having put the children on a bench by the fireplace, where I had Jim, on whose help I can always count, make a fire.

And then Aline and I rushed upstairs, and soon the sewing-machine was in rapid operation. That day we cut and made a suit apiece for the waifs, so that when I had them scrubbed that night their old clothes could be burned. Besides this we made a mattress to fill with nice, clean straw for their bed, and got blankets and comforts for their bedding.

When I called on Chloe to find the blankets I could best spare from the house, her aspect was truly appalling. Chloe had been the comfort of my life for years, having made it possible, by her devotion and faithfulness, for me to live in the old home alone since my mother's death, with no white person

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within a mile or two; so that she had been a friend as well as servant. This terrible innovation, however, was almost more than Chloe could bear with respectful equanimity. She looked so stolid and unsympathetic that I felt obliged to make a little speech somewhat like that I had made to Goody, about the blessing promised to those who care for the orphan, but Chloe answered with great dignity, 'Miss Patience, of course I'm only a sarvant, en of course you know better en me, but I tink 't is a bery dangrus ting to harber furriners in yo' ya'd, en moreober, chillun ob a teefin' fambly. I would n't say a wud if dey was we own people orphan, but I kyant undertek to tek keer ob no furrin chillun.'

There was a distinct note of rebellion in this speech, and I answered promptly, 'I have not asked you to take care of them, Chloe. I will do that. But I thought you would wish to share the promised blessing. I see, however, that you do not realize what a serious thing it is to reject a blessing.'

And passing on to the sewing-room, I worked with enthusiasm, stopping reluctantly for dinner, and by sundown everything was finished.

Then we formed a procession: Jim ahead with a huge kettle of hot water, then Chloe with soap and towels, and Aline and I behind. The tub had already been put by the fire in the orphans' room. They were washed and scrubbed thoroughly with hot water and carbolic soap, their new nighties put on, and their old clothes burned. After this was done, and the tub was removed, I had them kneel down and say the dear little child's prayer which has helped so many children through so many dark nights: —

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Then they got into their nice clean bed, and we left them.

It took Aline and me days of hard sewing to complete the boys' new outfit. Neither of us was accustomed to make boys' clothes, and the want of patterns worried us a good deal; and then the number of buttonholes seemed alarming; but we invented some patterns not requiring so many.

The second day after their arrival Chloe came in and said, 'Miss Patience, you got to be bery pertickler how you feed dese chillun. Ef you give dem much as dey want you 'll kill dem sho.'

'Very well, Chloe, use your discretion about it. I leave their feeding to you.'

'Yes, ma'am, cause dey is mos' starved, en dey kyant satisfy. I give dem dey dinner, and befo' I start wid mine dey done dem own, and den dey look at mine so pitiful I 'bleege to give 'em mo', but Jim say 't is dangrus to feed 'em too much.'

Jim told me that when he was eating his dinner one day, Rab, having finished his own, watched him with such greedy eyes that he said, 'Rechab, you ain't had enuff?'

Rab answered, 'No sah, I neber had me belly full in me life.'

'Well, Rab, we'll stall you. Dat's what we'll hab to do, Chloe. Dey's been here ten days, and dere's no danger now. We'll stall dem.'

Chloe agreed, so the next day the plan was carried out. More dinner was cooked than usual, and the boys were given plate after plate until they said they had had enough, and then Jim and Chloe felt that they had accomplished a feat, and assured me that there would never in future be any trouble in satisfying them. I only heard of this after it was over, for I would have forbidden it as dangerous, never having heard of such a thing.

I gave the elder, Dab, a little axe,

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and told him he could get the fallen branches of the oaks which covered the park in front of the house, and carry them to the kitchen for the stove. This he did with delight, bringing them in a cart made of a box on wooden wheels, Rab always trotting behind; and after a while they lost their stolid look.

It was a great relief to me to find that Chloe was thawing toward the outcasts. Jim was always good to them and gave all the help he could, for Jim had a boy of his own about the size of Jonadab and his heart was tender to them.

It was not long before Goody announced that she was going: she could not stand those dirty children in the room next to her. I was greatly shocked at this. She had been with me a long time, and was an excellent cook, clean, cheerful, honest, and willing until the arrival of the orphans. I talked with her, and told her they were already improving, and soon would be quite different. There was no use. Go she would. Her dignity was injured as well as her feelings. It was a great loss to me. She not only cooked, but looked after the poultry, and besides I had grown fond of the little old woman.

Now Chloe had to cook and she was a splendid cook; but she had left the kitchen on account of ill health, and I feared another breakdown if she undertook the cooking as well as the maid's work.

However, she was eager to do it, and I looked out for some one to take care of the poultry. Bonaparte told me that he heard Cinthy was at a neighboring plantation, very poor, and he thought I might get her, and as he said it would be a great help to her I told him to get her. So Cinthy came and took possession of the room Goody had left, next to the children. She was only middle-aged, but she seemed very helpless and a little cracked. She was to get three dollars a month and her food. She had been very friendless and poor, and being what Chloe calls a 'Maus nigger,' which means she had belonged to the same master, she was acceptable to the other servants. She was perfectly delighted to get the place, and never met me in the yard without making a deep courtesy, clasping her hands and looking up to heaven and making known her joy. 'Ain't yo' see, my Maussa always *did* tek keer of him people, en now 'e gone, but 'e ain't furgit me. 'E sen' 'e chile for find me, en bring me home en tek keer of me. Yes, 'e send 'e chile for mind me.'

Her light work was well done, and she was good to the children, and they were beginning to look happy, to my great satisfaction. One night when I went to hear their prayers Aline heard them singing, and motioned to me not to make a noise. The door was ajar, and we looked in. The two little boys were sitting on their wooden stools in front of a very bright lightwood fire, staring into it, swaying back and forth in time to the rhythm of the strange little hymn they were singing.[1]

It seemed to me wonderful that these little children, who appeared to be about six and four years old, should remember words and tune so well.

Every Sunday afternoon I taught them a very easy little form of catechism used for very young children. When I asked Jonadab the first question, 'Who made you?' with violent contortions he shot out, 'My ma.'

'Yes,' I explained, 'but God made your mother, and you and everything else in the world.'

The next question is, 'What did He make you for?'

Again Dab shot out a prompt answer, 'Fo' work.'

The answer in the little book is,

[1] See page 584.

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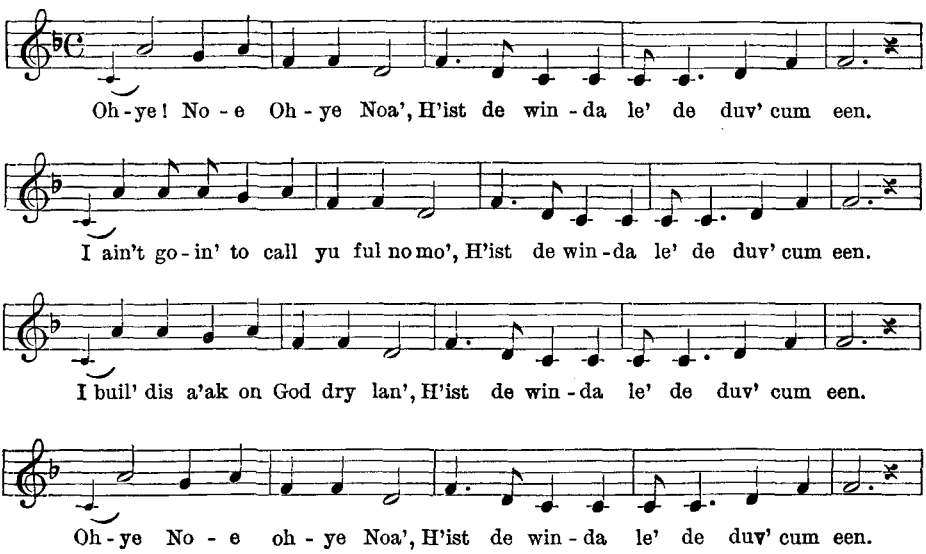
'For his glory.' I was puzzled how to combine the two ideas to reach his comprehension. *Laborare est orare*, and this little black mortal could only glorify his Maker by doing with all his heart his very small duties.

After this I gave up using the regular catechism, and told them the wonderful story of the Creation and Redemption of the world in my own words, and they soon learned to tell it themselves with dramatic effect. That story of the whole garden being at the disposal of Adam and Eve, except the one tree whose fruit they were forbidden to touch, appealed strongly to their understanding, and when they told of the temptation they always said, 'Satan tu'n 'eself into a black snake, en 'e crawl up to Eve, en 'e say, "Eat un, 'e good, en 'e'll mek yo' wise," en den Eve eat um.'

I always allowed them to tell it to me in their own way, and being well acquainted with the black snake, they preferred it to the word serpent. I then taught them a simple hymn which they seemed to find very difficult, and then I let them sing one of their own little hymns, 'sperituals,' the nigs call them; and in this way I heard all they knew, and going at once to the piano, I tried to write them down in the keys in which the waifs sang them.



IV

As soon as I had an opportunity I bought each of them a suit of 'store clothes.' I got them for four and six years, but they were a little large. Still, the boys gloried in them and wore them on Sundays.

Their joy was to take the little axe and cut and bring in load after load of the small dead limbs which make splendid hot fires, and they won their way into Chloe's heart by keeping the kitchen woodbox full. By the spring they had become very merry, and the change in them from stolid indifference to intelligent interest in everything, gave me great pleasure.

There was one great trouble and distress as they grew happy and at home. The propensities I had hoped would disappear entirely with sufficient food and clothing began to peep out. Not an egg could ever be got for

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the house. The boys watched the hens and knew their nests; and they stole out early in the morning before any one was awake, took all the eggs into their room, ate some, hid some, and sold some to any one and for anything. Chloe's utmost vigilance could not come up with them.

The second spring they were with us, Chloe had raised a number of broods of beautiful chickens to the size of partridges. Then they began to disappear rapidly. I said to Chloe, 'I fear it is our cat.' Chloe answered, ''T is varmint, Miss Patience. Ef it was de cat I would see um for sartain, kase I'se very watchful. But you kyant ketch varmint. Dey favors de daak.'

One evening Chloe had been to the garden about an eighth of a mile from the house to pick green peas. She had left Rab in charge of the yard, and she suddenly remembered that she had not locked her room door, so she returned earlier than was her wont. As she approached she saw Rab sitting on the kitchen steps where she had told him to stay, and her heart glowed as she said to herself, 'Rechab is sholy gettin' to be a sma't boy to tek keer of de ya'd so good.' He was shelling an ear of corn and the great crowds of little Plymouth Rocks were running over the steps and his knees, eager to get the corn as it fell.

Chloe's heart stopped beating, for suddenly Rab made a dive, caught a chicken, seized it by the feet, swung it round rapidly, then cracked its neck with his teeth, and stuffed it into the bosom of his shirt. Chloe rushed forward and seized him. Having caught him thus red-handed, she shook him and screamed, 'You wicked boy, I seen yo' kill dat chicken.'

Rab tried to escape, but she held him, and made him take the little warm body from his shirt.

'Aint yo' shame to ac' so awful, Rab? I trus' yo', and lef' yo' in charge of the ya'd, en I ketch yo' en see yo' wid my own eye crack dat checken neck wid yo' wicked teeth. Ain't yo' feared the debbil 'll come for yo' dis minit en carry yo'm straight to hell? I feel um a-comin'. Tell me de trufe befor' 'e get yo', boy. I don't want yo' for bu'n.'

Thus exhorted and adjured, terror seized Rab, and he cried, 'Aun' Chloe, don' let de debbil ketch me, en I'll tell yo' all. I done kill twenty. I eat some, en I hide some under de grape-harbor, en I'll sho' yo' de place ef yo'll save me from de debbil.'

He took her under the grape-arbor and to several places where he had the bodies hid.

When Chloe told me, I was wretched, and my first thought was that she did not give the child enough to eat. But when I suggested this, Chloe was indignant, and said in an unnecessarily loud tone of voice that Jonadab and Rechab ate more than Jim and Ben the field hand and herself put together. 'An' as fo' yo', Miss Patience, Rechab eat mo' in one day than yo' eat in a week. Meat, en rice, en turnip, en greens, en tetta, en molasses, not to say all de aig, so dat I kyant so much as gi' yo' a biled aig fo' yo' breakfast. No, ma'am, Miss Patience, don' 'cuse me o' not feedin' dat chile, fo' I does stuff 'im. Lessen yo' 'lows me to give 'im a good licken, Satan's bound' to carry dat chile off bodily.'

Up to this time I had insisted on moral suasion as the right method of dealing with the boys. In their old life they had been accustomed to beating and harsh words, and I wanted them to have a change in their experiences, and so I had shamed them for bad conduct and rewarded them for good conduct. Now, however, justice and Chloe demanded severity. Rechab had to suffer in his little black body for the

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evil deeds thereof, so I authorized Chloe to execute what she considered suitable punishment, knowing I could trust to her tender heart not to be too severe.

Chloe's method of administering the rod was unique. 'Now, Rab,' she said, 'I goin' to bag yo' befo' I lick yo'.'

Rab cried aloud for mercy, but she was firm, and put a sack over the culprit's head and tied it round his waist, and then proceeded with much noise and flourish to lay on a light switch. Rechab, however, made a great outcry, and promised volubly never to do so any more; and certainly for a while he abstained from chicken slaughter.

V

That November I had gone to the State Fair and committed a great extravagance. I had bought a pair of beautiful white turkeys from the Vanderbilt farm at Biltmore. They cost what seemed an enormous price, but they were said to be hardy and to have a very domestic and contented turn of mind, never wandering far from home.

My great difficulty in raising turkeys had been their roaming propensities. They would wander off to a distance and get caught by foxes and other varmint. But I had high hopes of raising a great many with this new variety. One day in May the poultry yard was in great excitement. Mrs. Vander had been sitting on twenty-five eggs for a month, and they were expected to hatch. Mr. Vander, who weighed forty pounds, strutted about in great pride.

When Chloe went to feed Mrs. V. that evening, she found twenty-four beauties in the nest. Her joy and pride were almost equal to Mr. V.'s. The little turkeys — pee-pees, as Chloe called them — were only two weeks old when the time came to move to the pine land for the summer, so the dear little roly-poly yellow things were put in a basket and taken out tenderly in the buckboard, while Mrs. V. was made comfortable in a small coop and followed with the other poultry in the wagon.

I had had a new house built for the distinguished family, all wired so that no harm could befall them, and yet they would have plenty of fresh air, and they were very happy when they found themselves together in such delightful quarters after the trials of the move.

As soon as we had settled down after the move I sent Jonadab to school, there being one in the little pine-land hamlet of Peaceville, under the auspices of the church, and kept by two ladies, mother and daughter. They were charming women, the mother still beautiful, showing her Greek descent in her perfect features and exquisite skin; both so refined, so thorough and conscientious, — they certainly were as near saints as mortal women ever get to be. She had been an heiress, and had married a wealthy rice-planter, but had been left after the war with nothing but her land, of which she could make no use without money to pay for labor. No one will ever know what privations she went through with her children after her husband's death, for she never made any moan, and brought up her children to do without, smilingly. What a power it gives when one has learned to do without!

For twenty-five cents a month for each child they gave up their whole time and strength to guiding the little dusky minds in the path of learning. They returned the quarter Jonadab carried, saying it would give them pleasure to teach him without pay, and his days of joy began.

At an early hour every morning, in a blue denim suit with a spotless white

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shirt, and his blue denim school-bag on his shoulder, he traveled to school, a broad grin on his black face. I had feared that the strange hesitation and convulsion of his speech would make him a very trying pupil, but the good ladies sent excellent reports of him. He was very attentive and docile, and learned quickly.

I thought Rechab was too young and mischievous to go to school, and so he made things lively at home. As soon as Jonadab returned and sat down to study his lessons, Rab sat beside him, and Dab taught him the spelling orally, so that Rab could spell apparently just as well as Dab, only he knew not a single letter.

During the summer I went to the mountains to visit a sister, and things went on very satisfactorily. I had Jim write me a weekly letter telling all that went on at the plantation and in the yard, and he reported everything as serene until the autumn, when Chloe announced in a letter the death of Mr. Vander and the disappearance of all the little V.'s, and in a delicate way hinted that their death had not been a natural one, but accused no one.

I knew from the mysterious tone of the letter that something was very wrong, and when I got home the tale was told. Rechab had chased and killed Mr. Vander, and caught the little ones and either eaten or sold them. Mrs. Vander had been wounded, but Chloe had nursed her back to health. It was a sad outcome of my experiment in improved stock, and I was at a loss what to do, but finally I concluded to appear ignorant of Rab's evil deeds during my absence.

The boys were quite well and much grown. They seemed delighted to see me back, as were all the servants and the Negroes on the plantation.

The first week in November the move from the pine land back to the river, that *bête noire* of life on a rice-plantation, was accomplished. Cinthy, who had been left in the yard alone during the summer, was overjoyed to see the return of the household. She had the yard raked very clean, no weeds, no dead leaves anywhere; so I presented her with a calico frock and a new pair of shoes, and her cup of joy seemed overflowing. I wanted her to try on the shoes at once so that if they did not fit I could exchange them. I had got the number she told me she wore, — threes; but the vanity of giving a number which is entirely too small is very common among the Negroes, and I wanted to see for myself if these fitted.

But Cinthy refused to try them on, saying, 'To-night I gwine wash me foot, en I'll try de sho' on to-morrow when me foot clean.'

The next morning as I sat at the breakfast-table, Chloe came in to say that Cinthy did not 'feel so well.'

I was much surprised, for she had seemed so well and so gay the day before.

'Is she in bed, Chloe?' I asked.

'Oh, no, ma'am, I lef' um de sit by de fire, but 'e say 'e ain't feel so good.'

I poured out and sweetened heavily a cup of coffee and took it out at once to Cinthy's room. I knocked, but getting no answer pushed the door open and went in. Cinthy was saying her prayers, kneeling by the bed; so I sat down on the little bench by the fire, and set the cup of coffee on the hearth.

After a few minutes, thinking she had fallen asleep, I went to her and laid my hand gently on her shoulder. To my horror, the whole figure shook just as though I had touched a doll. Cinthy was dead! It was a dreadful shock. By her side were the new shoes yet untried. The bed was tidily made up, the room swept, and everything around was neat and commonplace,

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but the mighty dignity of Death had entered the poor room, and there was a great pathos in the solemn figure. She had sunk on her knees to hear the Master's summons. Simple, unlearned Cinthy had been called up higher. She knew the great secret of the hereafter.

I called Chloe, who almost fainted when I told her. I called Bonaparte, my head man and carpenter, and sent Jim for the doctor; but there was nothing to be done. It was heart disease of which no one had any suspicion. I sent down to Cinthy's son, who lived in Gregory, and her friends were notified and they assembled promptly and sang 'sperituals' and recounted Cinthy's virtues, which they all seemed now to appreciate.

The son, who owned his house and lot in town, a horse and buggy and pair of oxen, had never thought of providing his mother with the smallest comfort while she lived. Now, however, he paid her his tribute of tears. I had Bonaparte make a coffin, buying all the necessary things at the neighboring country store; and as I could get nothing that looked nice for the inside, I took my work-basket out under an oak tree, and pinked out yards and yards of white trimming, which was greatly admired. I cut a deep scallop, and then a cluster of holes in it, which gave a very fine effect.

It was a relief to sit out under the canopy of Heaven and have this mechanical occupation while I recovered from the shock and agitation. I had given Chloe a nice outfit from my own things for the 'laying-out,' and a large bow of black ribbon for Cinthy's neck. All of these little adornments of the empty shell mean so much to Negroes, and I knew I could in no other way do as much for the limited faithful creature.

The simple funeral took place the next day with much circumstance, and its wild minor music, so descriptive of death as a terror, brought to my memory the many nights when as a child I had covered my head with the bed clothing to keep from my ears that heart-breaking wail; and even now, as the last rites were being paid to Cinthy in the burying-ground they all love so well, some of the same feeling crept upon me, and it was hard to realize that 'Death is swallowed up in Victory,' that it is truly only the Gate to Life.

Beside her parents and grandparents Cinthy was laid to rest. Then came the disposal of her 'ting.' The son said, magnanimously, that he wanted nothing, so Chloe proceeded to distribute the little treasures among the few friends who had been kind to Cinthy when she was in need, before I found her, and 'brought her home,' as she always said. It was very little,—a cooking pot, a spider, a tub, her bedding, and clothing, including the new calico dress; but they were much prized by the recipients. No one wanted her little bedstead, a neat little home-made frame; but Cinthy thought a great deal of it for it was made of 'Indian Pride,' she said. I had this put out in the orchard, and the untried shoes I took back to the house.

I told Jim he must take the boys to sleep in his house for a while till the sense of emptiness in the next room had passed away; so he invited them; but Jonadab refused, saying they did not want to leave their room; and they slept next to the empty room without one thought of fear, and after a month begged me to let them move into Cinthy's room, which had been scoured and whitewashed. I consented, and they moved in and seemed delighted with their new quarters.

During this winter Jonadab continued to go to school, though it gave him a walk of eight miles and I thought

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it was too far for such a little fellow. He was anxious to go, however, and insisted that it was not too far, and proved that he was right by growing in health and strength all winter. He brought my mail with him every day from the post-office, which was just opposite his schoolhouse in Peaceville. He had a hoop from a barrel which he rolled along the level road, and made the distance in very short time, and apparently without fatigue. Rab wanted to go too, but I would not consent, and he spent his time getting 'bresh' with the little axe and the little cart. He still indulged his great fondness for eggs, but was willing to divide now, and brought some to the house.

(*To be continued.*)

UNIFORMS FOR WOMEN

BY W. L. GEORGE

I

THE change which has come over politics reflects closely enough the change which has come about in the direction of man's desire. Diplomacy and the affairs of kings have given place to wages and the housing of the poor; that which was serious has become pompous; that which was of no account now stands in the foreground. And so it is not absurd to suggest that one of those things which once made jests for the comic paper and the Victorian paterfamilias has, little by little, with the spread of wealth, become a problem of the day, a problem profound and menacing, full of intimations of social decay, not far remote in its reactions from the spread of a disease.

That problem is the problem of women's dress, or rather it is the problem of the fashions in women's dress. Women have never been content merely to clothe themselves, nor, for the matter of that, until very recently, have men; but men have grown a new sanity while women, if we read aright the signs of the times, have grown naught save a new insanity. We have come to a point where, for a great number of women, the fashions have become the motive power of life, and where, for almost every woman, they have acquired great importance. Women classify each other according to their clothes; they have corrupted the drama into a showroom; they have completely ruined the more expensive parts of the opera house; they have invaded the newspapers in myriad paragraphs, in fashion-pages, and do not spare even the august columns of the most dignified papers. This preoccupation does not exist among men. We have had our dandies and we still have our 'nuts' and dudes; but it never served a man very well to be a dandy or a beau, and most of us to-day suspect that if the 'nut' were broken, he would be found to contain no kernel.

Men have escaped the fashions and

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therewith they have spared themselves much loss of energy and money. For it is not only the fashions that matter: it is the cost of women's clothes, the intrinsic cost; it is their continual changes for no reason, changes which sometimes produce, and sometimes destroy, beauty; sometimes promote comfort, and often cause torture. But always by their drafts upon its wealth women lead humanity nearer to poverty, envy, discontent, frivolity, starvation, prostitution, — to general social degradation. Nothing can mitigate these evils until woman is induced to view clothing as does the modern man, until, namely, she decides to wear uniform.

II

The costliness of women's clothes would not be so serious if the fashions did not change at so bewildering a speed. We have come to a point where women have not time to wear out their clothes, flimsy though they be; where we ought to welcome the adulteration of silk and wool; where we ought to hope that every material may get shoddier and more worthless, so that the new model may have a chance to justify its short life by the badness of the stuff. To-day women will quite openly say, 'I won't buy that. I could n't wear it out.' They actually *want* to wear out their clothes! The causes of this are obvious enough. We are told that there are 'rings' in Paris, London, and Vienna which decree every few months that the clothes of yesterday have become a social stigma; this is true, but much truer is the view that women are in the grasp of a new hysteria; that, lacking the old occupations of brewing, baking, child-rearing, spinning, they are desperately looking for something to do. They have found it: they are undoing the social system.

It was not always so. It is true that all through history, even in biblical times, moralists and preachers inveighed against the gewgaws that woman loves. They cried out before they were hurt; if he were alive to-day, Bossuet might, for the first time, fail to find words.

To the old curse of cost we have added change, as any student of costume will confirm; for in past ages the clothing of women did not change very rapidly. There is hardly any difference between the costume of 1755 and that which Queen Marie Leszczynska wore ten years later; in Greece, between B.C. 500 and 400, the Ionic *chiton* and *himation* varied but little; the Doric *chiton* did not vary at all; the variations in the over-mantle were not considerable. Any examination of early sculpture, of Attic vases or of terra cottas, will show that this is true. The ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court, together with their royal mistress, wore the same kind of clothes through their adult years. Their clothes were sometimes costly, but when bought they were bought, and until worn out were not discarded. And our grandmothers had that famous black-silk dress, so sturdy that it stood up by itself, very like a Victorian virtue; it lasted a lifetime, sometimes became an heir-loom.

There was no question then of fashion following on fashion at a whirling pace. Women were clothed, sometimes beautifully, sometimes hideously, but at any rate they scrapped their gowns only when they were worn out; now they scrap them as soon as they have been worn. The results of this I deal with further on, but here already I can suggest these results by quoting a few facts. Before me lies one of Messrs. Barker's advertisements; it seems that there are reception gowns, restaurant gowns; that there are coats for the races, and coats for the car, wraps for one thing, and wraps for another — and

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the advertisement adds that these are the 'latest novelties' for 'the coming season,' and that all this is 'for the spring.' And then there is an advertisement of Messrs. Tudor Brothers, who have gowns for Ascot, and — this is quite true — gowns for Alexandra Day.

I have looked in vain for gowns for July 23, for gowns to be worn between a quarter past eleven and half-past twelve in the morning, and for special mourning gowns for a cousin's stepfather. Some occasions are shamefully disregarded. They are not disregarded by everybody; at least I presume that the lady quoted by Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson in her lecture in March, who possessed one hundred and ten nightdresses, could cope with any eventuality; there is the lady, mentioned to me by a friend who made some American investigations for me, who possesses one hundred and fifty pairs of slippers. There is, too, the *Bon Marché* in Paris, where, out of a staff of six thousand to seven thousand, are employed fifteen hundred dressmakers, and where there is a special workroom for the creation of models.

As all these people must find something to do, they create, unless they merely steal from the dead; but one thing they always do, and that is destroy yesterday. Out of their activities comes a continual stream of new colors and new combinations of colors, of high heels and low heels, gilt heels and jeweled heels; they give us the spat that is to keep out the wet and then the spat that does not keep out the eye. Before me lies a picture of a spat made of lace; another of a skirt slit so high as to reveal a jeweled garter. That is creation, and I suppose I shall be told that that is art. It is art sometimes, and very beautiful, but beauty does not make it live; in fact beauty causes the creation to die more swiftly, because the more appealing it is, the more it is worn: as soon as it is worn by the many, the furious craving for distinction sweeps down upon it and slays it. There are several mad women in the St. Anne asylum in Paris whose peculiar disease is that they cannot retain the same idea for more than a few seconds; they ring the changes on a few hundreds of ideas. Properly governed, their inspirations might be valuable in Grafton Street.

I do not think the end is near; indeed, fashions will be more extreme to-morrow than they are to-day. The continual growth of wealth, and the difficulty of spending it when it clots in a few hands, will make for a greater desire to spend more, more quickly, more continually, and in wilder and wilder forms. The women are to-day having individual orgies; to-morrow will come the saturnalia.

III

There is a clear difference between the cost of women's clothes and of men's. It is absolutely impossible to dress a woman of the comfortable classes for the same amount per annum that will serve her husband well. I must quote a few figures taken from Boston, New York, and London.

Boston.—Persons considered: those having $4500 to $7500 a year.

Average price of a suit (coat and skirt), $40 ready to wear; made by a dressmaker of slight pretensions, $125 to $225.

Afternoon dresses, ready to wear, $125 to $225.

Evening dresses, absolute minimum, $50; fashionable frocks, $200 to $350.

On an income of $7500 a woman's hat will cost $25; variation, $20 to $45; hats easily attain $125.

Veils attain $5; opera cloaks in stores, $90 to $250. Dressmakers charge $450 to $600.

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New York. — Winter street dress, $225.

Skunk muff and stole, $200.

Hats for the year, at least $250 to $300.

Foot-wear, $250 per annum.

I am informed that a lady in active society can 'manage with care' on $2500, but really needs $4500 to $5000.

A 'moderate' wardrobe allows for 'extremely simple' gowns costing $125 each; the lady in question requires at least six new evening dresses and six remodeled, per annum. She wore an average set of furs, price $1500.

London. — Debenham & Freebody blouse, $10.

Ponting's Leghorn hat, $8. Gorringe straws, $12 to $14.

I am informed that where the household income is $3500 to $7500 a year the ordinary prices are as follows: —

Coats and skirts, $50 to $75.

Evening dresses, $75 to $120.

Hats, $7.50 to $20.

Silk stockings are cheap at $1.50, and veils at $1.50.

Now these are all moderate figures and will shock nobody, but if they are compared with the prices paid by men, they are, without any question of fashion, outrageous. I believe they are high because it is men and not women who pay, because the dressmaker trades on man's sex-enslavement. But I am concerned just now less with causes than with facts, and would rather ask how the modest $100 evening gown compares with the man's $63 dress suit (by a good tailor). How does the $63 coat and skirt compare with a man's lounge suit, price $36 by anybody save Poole, and by him only $52.50? No man has, I believe, paid more than $9 for a silk hat, while his wife pays at least $20. The point is not worth laboring, it is obvious; while every man knows that a 'good cut' does not account for the discrepancy, as he too pays, but pays moderately, for the art of a good tailor. And, mark you, apart from cost, men's clothes last indefinitely, while women's, if they have the misfortune to last, must be given away.

The prices I have quoted are moderate prices, and I cannot resist the temptation to give some others which are not unusual. I am informed that $400 can easily be charged for an afternoon dress, $1000 for an evening dress, $200 for a coat and skirt; that it is quite easy to spend $5000 a year on underclothes and $250 on an aigrette. I observe a Maison Lewis Ascot hat, price $477. Yantorny will not make a shoe under $60; a pair of his shoes made of feathers is priced by him at $2400.

As for totals: I have private information of an expenditure of $30,000 a year on dress; one of $70,000 is reported to me from America. I have seen a bill for dress and lingerie alone incurred at one shop: $35,000 in twelve months.

IV

It might be thought that this ghastly picture speaks for itself, but evidently it does not, as hardly anybody takes any notice of the question. I will venture to draw attention to the results of what is happening, ignoring the abnormal figures, because I wish to reason from what happens all the time rather than from what happens now and then, to figure the position in which the world finds itself because women do not hesitate to spend upon their clothes a full ten per cent of the household income. This figure is correct: such inquiries as I have been able to make among women of my acquaintance prove it. Out of a joint income of $12,500 a year one woman spends $1350 a year on clothes; another, out of $5750

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a year, last year $655; a third, out of $8000 a year, $700, but she is a 'dowdy.'

In households of moderate means, where a certain social status is kept up, where, for instance, a woman takes $500 a year out of $5000, while her husband dresses well on $200, when all expenses have been paid there is money for little else; fixed charges, children, service, taxes, swallow up the rest. There is hardly anything left for books, barely for a circulating library; there is very little for the theatre and for games; holidays are taken in hideous lodgings at the sea-side because a comfortable bungalow costs too much. The money that should have provided the most important thing in human life, namely pleasure, is on the woman's back.

In the lower classes the case is in a way still worse. I do not mean workmen's wives, for any old rag will serve the slaves, — but their daughters! Recently a coroner's inquest in Soho showed that a girl had practically starved herself to death to buy fine clothes, and it is not an isolated case. For the last eight years I have been investigating the condition of working-women, and, so far as typists, manicurists, and tea-shop girls are concerned, I assert that their main object in leaving the homes where they are kept is to have money for smart clothes; they flood the labor market at blackleg prices, to buy finery and for no other reason. They go further: while making the necessary inquiries for my novel, *A Bed of Roses*, I scheduled the cases of about forty London prostitutes. In about 25 per cent of the cases the original cause, direct or contributory, was a desire for luxury which took the form of fine clothes. Now these women tell one what they think one would like to hear, and, where they scent sympathy, as much as possible attribute their fall to man's deceit. But acumen develops in the investigator; the figure of 25 per cent is correct or may even be an underestimate.

The conclusion is that from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand women now on the streets of London have been brought there by a desire for self-adornment. Meanwhile there is no labor available for the poor consumer, because the energy of the dressmaker is diverted toward the rich; while Miss So-and-So is paid $4000 a year to design hats, the working-wife wears a man's cap rescued from the refuse-heap.

I shall be told that the rich are not responsible for the luxurious desires of the poor; but that is evidently nonsense: the rich themselves are not innocent of prostitution; I have had reported the case of a well-paid Russian dancer whose dress bills are paid by two financiers; that of a French actress who calmly states that she needs three lovers, one for her hats, one for her lingerie, and one for her gowns; and a close inquiry into the 'bridge losses' which occasionally provoke the fall of rich men's daughters will show that these are dressmakers' bills. All this is not without its effect upon the poor. The girl of the lower classes, hypnotized by fashion-plates, compelled to witness at the doors of fashionable churches, in the street, at the music-halls, and even at the picture-palaces, the continuous streaming past of the fashion pageant, develops an intolerable desire for finery. You may say that she is wrong, that she should practice self-denial, but this is not an age of self-denial; luxury is in the air, we despair of happiness and take to pleasure, we feel the future life too far ahead, we want to enjoy. It is natural enough, especially for girls who are young and who feel unfairly out-classed by richer women who are neither as young nor as beautiful; but still it is base. If baseness is

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to go, the lesson must come from the top; if there is to be self-denial, then *que messieurs les assassins commencent!* Until the rich woman realizes that her example is her responsibility it will be fair to say that the Albemarle Street $500 gown has its consequence in a prostitute on the Tottenham Court Road.

The rich woman herself does not escape scot free. It is obvious that the woman chiefly occupied with thoughts of dress develops a peculiar kind of frivolity, that she becomes unfit to think of art, the public interest, perhaps of love. She is the worst social product, a parasite, and she is not even always beautiful. Sometimes she is insane: the investigations of Dr. Bernard Holz and of Dr. Rudolf Foerster connect the mania for fashion with paranoia, and have elicited extraordinary facts, such as the collection of clothes by insane women, and such as cases of pyromania which coincided with a craze for dress.

It is, indeed, quite possible that some women might go mad if they permanently felt themselves less well-dressed than their fellows; and that is the crux of the fashion idea. Woman does not desire to be beautifully dressed: she desires to be more beautifully dressed than her fellows. She wishes to insult and humiliate her sisters, and, as modern clothes are costly, she does not hesitate to give full play to human cruelty, to use all the resources of the rich husband on whom she preys to satisfy her pride and to apply her arrogant ingenuity to the torture of her sisters. And I said, 'She wants to be more beautiful.' Is that quite right? Partly, though what woman mainly seeks is not to be beautiful but to be fashionable; the words have become synonymous. Yet the fashions are not always beautiful; sometimes they are hideous, break every line of the body, make it awkward, hamper its movements. If women truly wanted to be beautiful they would not follow the fashions: our little dark, sloe-eyed women would dress rather like the Japanese, and our big, ox-eyed beauties would appear as Greeks; but no, Juno, Carmen, and Dante's Beatrice, all together and all in turn, don first the crinoline and then the hobble skirt.

Nor do they want to attract men. They think they do but they do not, for they know perfectly well that few men realize what they wear, that all they observe is 'something blue' or an effect they call 'very doggy'; they know also that men do not wed the dangerous smart, but the modest; that men fear the implication that smart women are unvirtuous, and that they certainly fear their dressmakers' bills. Nor is it even true that women want many new clothes so as to be clean: if that were true, men in their well-worn suits could not be touched with a pitchfork. The truth is that changes in fashion are a habit and a hysteria, an advertisement, an insult offered by wealth to poverty, a degradation of women's qualities which carries its own penalty in the form of growing mental baseness.

V

Well, what shall we do? Women must wear uniform. Strictly, they already do wear uniform, for what is a fashion but a uniform? Some years ago when musquash coats (and cheaper velveteen) were 'in,' and hats were very small, there were in London scores of thousands of young women so exactly alike that considerable confusion was caused at tube stations and such other places where lovers meet; this simplifies the problem of choosing the new uniform. Let it not be thought that I wish women to dress in sackcloth, though they will certainly dress in sackcloth if ever sackcloth comes

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in; I do not care what they wear provided they do not continually alter its form, and provided it is not too dear. The way in which old and young, tall and short, fat and thin, force themselves into the same color and the same shape is sheer socialism; I merely want to carry the uniform idea a little further, to make it a *permanent* uniform.

We already have uniforms for women, apart from the fashions, uniforms which never change: those of the nurse, the nun, the parlor-maid, the tea-girl. We have national costumes, Dutch, Swiss, Irish, Japanese, Italian; we have drill-suits and sports-dresses. And they are not ugly. All these uniformed women have as good a chance of marriage as any others, and her ladyship gains as many proposals on the golf-links as at night on the terrace. I would suggest that women should have two or three uniforms of a kind to be decided, which would never change, and, I repeat, they need not be ugly uniforms.

Men's uniforms are not ugly; I would any day exchange my lounge suit for the uniform of a guardsman — if I might wear it. In this 'if' is the essence of the whole idea, the whole practicability of it. Men wear uniform, that is to say lounge-suits in certain circumstances, morning coats in others, evening clothes in yet others. They never vary. We are told that they vary. Tailors show new suitings, the papers print articles about men's fashions, and perhaps a button is added or a lapel is lengthened, and that is all. Nobody cares. Men follow no fashions so far as the fable of men's fashions is true; they dare not do so because to do so serves them ill in society. A man who dares to break through the uniform idea of his sex is generally dubbed a 'bounder'; if he is one of the very young fancy-socked, extreme-collared kind, people smile and say, 'It'll wear off with time.' And women, who tolerate the dandies at tea-time, love the others.

The uniform would have to be brought in by a group of leaders of fashion determined to abolish fashion. I could sketch a dozen uniforms, but women would make a great to-do, forgetting that most fashions are created by men, so I will confine myself to timid suggestions.

1. For general out-door wear the coat and skirt is the best, together with a blouse. Lace and insertion should be abandoned, and I feel that the skirt is too long for walking; this month it is certainly too tight to enable a woman to get into an omnibus or railway-carriage gracefully. Probable price, complete, $50.

2. For summer wear, a plain blouse and skirt; not the atrocious blouse ending at the belt, but the beautiful tunic-blouse that falls over the hips. Both blouse and skirt would need to be made of a permanently fixed, plain, and unicolored material. Total cost, $25.

3. If the skirt were shortened, leggings, gaiters, and stockings would have to be standardized; the shoe-buckle, being too costly, would disappear.

4. A fixed type of hat, without feathers or aigrettes, made in straw and trimmed with flowers; produced in scores of thousands, it ought not to cost more than $2.50.

5. A fixed type of evening-gown, price $24 or $32, without any lace or trimmings, sequins, paillettes; without overlays of flimsies of any kind; no voile, no pongee silk, no chiffon, no charmeuse or tulle, no crêpe de Chine, no muslin, but a stuff of good quality, hanging in straight folds. Jewelry to be banned.

6. The afternoon dress should be completely suppressed; it responds to no need.

7. The total annual cost would be about $150.

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I shall be asked whether this can be done. I think it can. Recently the Queen of Italy created a vogue for coral ornaments among the Roman ladies so as to restore their livelihood to the fishermen of Torre del Greco. That points the way; we do not need sumptuary laws, though, in times to come, when capitalism is nothing but a historical incident, we may have passed through such laws into a fuller freedom. It is enough to decree that any variation from the new standard is *bad form*. Human beings will break all laws, but they shrink if you tell them that they are infringing the rules of etiquette. There are many men to-day who would like to wear satin and velvet: they dare not because it is bad form. If, therefore, a permanent clothing scheme were established by strong patrons, if it were agreeable to the eye, which is easy to arrange, I believe that fashions could be fixed because it would be known that a woman who went beyond the uniform must either be disreputable or suffer from bad taste.

VI

I shall be told that I am warring against art. That is not true: some fashions are beautiful, some are hideous. Who would to-day wear the crinoline? Who would wear the gigot sleeve? They are ugly — but, stay! Are they? Will they not be worn in an adapted form some time within the next generation? They will, because fashions are not works of art; they are only fashions. Women do not adapt the fashions to themselves, they adapt themselves to the fashions, and it is a current joke that even woman's anatomy is adjusted to suit the clothes of the day.

Doubtless I shall be challenged on this, and told that woman's individuality expresses itself in her clothes. That again is not true; the girl with a face like a Madonna will wear a ballet-skirt if it comes in, and if she has to 'adapt' the ballet-skirt to the Madonna idea I should like to know how it is going to be done. Indeed the one thing woman avoids doing is expressing her individuality; she wants what Oscar Wilde called 'the holy calm of feeling perfectly dressed,' that is, like everybody else, and a little more expensively.

It may be retorted, however, that uniform is not cheap. That again is untrue. When a uniform is standardized, turned out in quantities and never varied, it can be made very cheaply. Men's clothing, which is not fully standardized, is such that no man need spend more than $250 a year. That is the condition I want for women. Of course it will make unemployed, and our sympathy will be invoked for dressmakers thrown out of work: that is the old argument against railways on behalf of coaches, against the mule-jenny, against every engine of human progress, and it is sheer barbarism. Labor redistributes itself; money wasted on women's clothes will be used in other trades which will reabsorb the labor and make it useful instead of sterile.

An apparently more powerful argument is that uniform would deprive women of their individuality: it cannot be much of an individuality that depends upon a frock, and I am reduced to wonder whether some women lose their personality once their frock is taken off. Still, there is a little force in the argument, for it seems to lead to the conclusion that beautiful women will enjoy undue advantage when dressed as are the ill-favored. But this is not a true conclusion; it is not even true to say that one cannot be distinctive in uniform, as anybody will realize who compares a smart soldier with an untidy one. I have myself worn a soldier's coat and know what care

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may make of it. Nor do I believe that the beautiful would win; by winning is meant winning men, but we know perfectly well that it is not body which wins men: it wins them only to lose them after a while. It is something else which wins men: individuality, wit, gayety, cleverness, or cleverness clever enough to appear foolish. And we men who wear uniform, does not our individuality manage to attract? It does; and indeed I go further: I assert that fashions smother individuality because they are tyrannical and much more obtrusive than uniforms. Woman's charms are to-day dwarfed because men are dazzled and misled by the meretricious paraphernalia which clothe woman; the true charms have to struggle for life. I want to give them full play, to enable men to choose better and more sanely, no longer the empty odalisque but the woman whose personality is such that it can dominate her uniform. That will be a true race and a finer than the game of sex-temptation which women think they are playing.

It may be said that uniform will do away with class-distinctions, that one will no longer be able to tell a lady from one who is not. That is not true. What one will no longer be able to tell is a rich woman from a poor one; and who is to complain of that? Surely it will not be men, for it is not true, I repeat, that men admire extravagant clothes; nor are they tempted by them; nor do women dress to tempt them: at any rate the seduction of Adam was not compassed in that way.

Besides, women give away their own case: if their clothes were intended to attract men then surely married women would cease to follow the fashions unless, which I am reluctant to conclude, they still desire to pursue after marriage their nefarious, heart-breaking career.

The last suggestion is that women would not wear the uniform. Not follow a fashion? This has never happened before.

I adhere therefore to my general view that if woman is to be diverted from the path that leads straight toward a greater degradation of her faculties; if household budgets are to be relieved so as to leave money for pleasure and for culture; if true beauty is to take the place of tinsel, feathers, frills, ruffles, *poudre de riz;* if middle-class women are to cease to live in bitterness because they cannot keep up with the rich; if the daughters of the poor are no longer to be stimulated and corrupted by example into poverty and prostitution, it will be necessary for the few who lead the many to realize that simplicity, modesty, moderation, and grace are the only things which will enable women to gain for themselves, and for men, peace and satisfaction out of a civilization every day more hectic.

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THE MAILED FIST AND ITS PROPHET

BY H. L. MENCKEN

I

Of all the public critics of the Germans in modern times, not even excepting H. G. Wells, Napoleon III, and the ravished burghers of Louvain, there has been none who belabored the Tedesco skull with harder blows, or got fiercer joy out of the delivery of them, than Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, heretic, rhapsodist, and prophet of the superman.

The business, with Nietzsche, took on the virulence and dignity of a *grande passion*. It was at once his vocation, his vice, and his substitute and apology for a religion. In the first book of his philosophical canon, written amid the *Hochs* and band-brayings of the year following Wörth and Sedan, he made his formal entry into the arena with a sort of blanket challenge to the whole of German culture, denouncing it out of hand as a pseudo-scientific sentimentalism, a Philistine yielding to the slippered and brummagem, a wholesale begging of questions. And in his last book of all, dashed off at feverish speed as the darkness closed in upon him, he returned once more to the attack, and in full fuming and fury.

No epithet was too outrageous, no charge was too far-fetched, no manipulation or interpretation of evidence was too daring, to enter into his ferocious indictment. He accused the Germans of stupidity, superstitiousness, and silliness; of a chronic weakness for dodging issues, a fatuous 'barnyard' and 'green-grazing' contentment; of yielding supinely to the commands and exactions of a clumsy and unintelligent government; of degrading education to the low level of mere cramming and examination-passing: of a congenital inability to understand and absorb the culture of other peoples, and particularly the culture of the French; of a boorish bumptiousness and an ignorant, ostrich-like complacency; of a systematic hostility to men of genius, whether in art, science, or philosophy (so that Schopenhauer, dead in 1860, remained 'the last German who was a European event'); of a slavish devotion to 'the two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity'; of a profound beeriness, a spiritual dyspepsia, a puerile mysticism, an old-womanish pettiness, an ineradicable liking for 'the obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded.'

The German soul, he argued, was full of 'caves, hiding-places, and dungeons.' German taste was the negation, the antithesis, the torture and death of taste. German music was at once intoxicating and stupefying, 'a first-rate nerve-destroyer, doubly dangerous to a people given to drinking.' German wit had no existence. German cookery was 'a return to nature, that is, to cannibalism.' Germany itself was 'the flatland of Europe.'

And having made all these charges, Nietzsche by no means tried to evade their implications, however embarrassing. Did his denunciation of German music collide with the massive fact of

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Wagner? Then he was far from dismayed. Wagner, on the one hand, was a mountebank, a sentimentalist in disguise, a secret Christian; and on the other hand, he was not a German at all, but a Jew! (His true name was Geyer, that is, vulture. It was but a step from Geyer to Adler, — that is, eagle,— and where is there a more thoroughly Jewish patronymic? I do not burlesque: somewhere in Nietzsche you will find the actual passage.) And Bismarck? Wasn't *he*, at least, a German? By no means! He was an *East* German, which is to say, a Slav. (And so was Luther!)

As for Nietzsche himself, the one firm faith of his life was his belief in his Polish origin. He cultivated a disorderly, truculent, and what he conceived to be Polish façade, wearing an enormous and bristling mustache. He wrote a book, which was privately printed, to prove that the true form of his name was Nietzschy, and that it was Polish and noble. It delighted him when the people at some obscure watering-place, deceived by his looks, nicknamed him 'The Polack.' The one unforgivable insult was to call him a German.

It goes without saying that all this heaping of scorn upon everything German won few readers for Nietzsche among the yeomen of the Germany that he attacked, and even fewer admirers. His charges were too strident, too extravagant, too offensive, to win any serious attention. The Germans of the seventies, in point of fact, were quite as close to his caricature as the English of the fifties had been to the caricature of Thackeray, but, still dizzy with success, they were anything but ready to hear or acknowledge the truth. And so the earlier of his books, say down to 1876 or thereabout, were sent into that Coventry which is as crushing to books as to men.

The stray reviews that survive were all printed in papers of limited circulation, and their authors, so far as I can make out, were all college professors of no importance. These gentlemen treated Nietzsche with that smothering courtesy which is proper between one professor and another. (He himself, remember, still held the chair of classical philology at Basel.) That is to say, they laboriously rectified his references and quotations, they sniffed at his heterodox notions as to the origin and inner content of Greek civilization, and they passed over, as too journalistic and undignified for formal controversion, his applications of those notions to the patriotism, the religion, and the ethical theory of the new Empire.

One or two of them chided him for his terrific assault on David Strauss, the fashionable German theologian of the day, but even here there seems to have been no suspicion that he had done any actual damage. The thing was simply a matter of taste — it was not nice for a conceited young professor, with the ink scarcely dry upon his degree, to make faces at so eminent a thinker as Strauss. As for the Germans in general, they knew no more about Nietzsche and his challenges, in those days of thirty-five years ago, than they knew about sanitary plumbing or the theory of least squares. His most vociferous shouts and accusations were as inaudible whispers in that din of mutual back-slapping, that homeric rattling of *seidel*-lids, that deafening chorus of '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*' The young Empire was beginning to feel its oats. What was one fly?

Even in 1878, when the first part of *Human, All-too-Human* flung out its bold questioning, not only of German culture, but also of most of the fundamental assumptions of Christian civilization, the response was confined to a

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relatively small circle, with the author's personal friends at its centre. Wagner, to whom the book was sent (crossing *Parsifal* in the mails!), looked through it, found it unpleasant and incomprehensible (the real Wagner-Nietzsche war was to come later on), and quietly washed his hands of Nietzsche. Frau Cosima and Papa Liszt wrote him polite, patronizing letters. The orthodox philosophers, putting on their black caps, formally read him out of their society. A few radical critics, while denouncing the contents of the book and protesting against its chaotic form, gave praise to its frenchified and gorgeous style. A few readers sprang up with commendations here and there, and some of them were destined to become disciples in the years to come. But the sensation that the book made was, after all, very short-lived, and the great body of Germans remained comfortably unaware of it. When the second volume appeared, in 1879, it fell flat. The third, published in 1880, followed it into the shadows. The publisher found himself with an unsold stock on his hands; Nietzsche himself, it is probable, had to pay the printer's bill. It was not until 1886, when the book was reprinted as a whole, that its ideas began to fall into the stream of German thinking, and its phrases to impress themselves upon the champions of the new national ideal.

II

Even so, the genuine turn of the tide toward Nietzsche was to be delayed for six years more. It came at last in 1892, with the publication of the four parts of *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* Here, after six trials and six failures, he struck twelve with a resounding thwack. Here was success indubitable: a book almost perfectly adapted to arrest, arouse, stimulate, antagonize, inflame, and conquer. Here, at one stroke, was a profound and revolutionary treatise upon human conduct, and a glowing and magnificent work of art. The thing that Nietzsche accomplished in it was something that had been scarcely accomplished by anyone else since the day of the Hebrew prophets: he had put a whole system of morals into dithyrambs, and the dithyrambs were sonorous, beautiful, eloquent, thrilling.

It was as if a new Luther had begun to speak with the tongue of a new Goethe; as if a new David had been sent into Germany to kindle her against the false gods of the past. And beside this intrinsic power of appeal, this peculiar fitness for a dual assault upon emotions and reason, the book had two further advantages, the first being that it offered a less direct and contemptuous affront to German susceptibilities than any of its predecessors, and the second being that it fell upon Germany at the very moment when the new ruling caste, still a bit insecure, still more than a little irresolute, stood in sorest need of heartening. Bismarck was an old, old man by now, and had been lately forced from the helm by the headstrong young Kaiser. The echoes of his *Kulturkampf* were still rumbling along the sky-line; the heresies of Karl Marx were spreading like wildfire among the mob; the demands from below were growing more and more extravagant and more and more pressing.

What was needed was a sharp counterblast to all this gabble and babble, a coherent and convincing defense of the besieged elders of the state, a theory that would account in terms of right and justice for the embattled facts, a new gospel to take the place of the old gospel of brotherhood which the Socialists were turning so plausibly to their uses, an evangel of the counter-reformation.

This is what Nietzsche offered in

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Thus Spake Zarathustra, and, as I have said, the medicine was fortunately without much bitterness, the sins and deficiencies of the Germans were temporarily overlooked, there was nothing to explain away. No wonder the book went through the country like wildfire! No wonder its impassioned justification of the *Herrenmoral* was hailed by all the exponents of the new order as the voice of the true German spirit, a sufficient and overwhelming answer to the petty ideals of the rising proletariat, a perfect statement of the theory and practice of sound progress!

What is to be remembered here is the enormous change that had come over the German scene since the seventies, and in particular, the change that had occurred in the personnel of the ruling caste. The old *Junkertum*, though the Socialists still roared over its crimes, was now little more than an evil memory; Bismarck, its prophet and idol, had long since yielded to the inexorable forces of the future; the aristocracy which now ruled the land was anything but an aristocracy of oafish *squireens* and strutting sword-clankers. The new Germany, its bonds now knitting solidly, had begun to grow rich, not only in mere money and goods, but also and more especially in those things of the spirit which make for genuine national greatness. It was, in truth, at the beginning of an era of unprecedented expansion and productiveness. German science, descending from the clouds (or, ascending from the 'caves, hiding-places and dungeons'), was becoming enormously practical and fruitful; the whole world was beginning to acknowledge its leadership: it was seizing, taking over, pushing forward the conquests of nature begun in other lands, — for example, by Darwin, Pasteur, Mendeléeff, Lister, by Dutch and Swedish chemists, English physicists, and American inventors.

The day was not far past when German scholars had been forced to go to Leyden, Paris, Cambridge, Padua, even Vienna — when the German universities had been strongholds of obscurantism, dogmatic theology, and sterile pedantry. But now the tide was suddenly setting in from the other direction. Scholars from all over the world were coming to Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, Halle, Munich, Bonn, and Göttingen. Even in far-away America the whole system of higher education was being remodeled upon German plans. Harvard was borrowing copiously from Berlin; in the Johns Hopkins Medical School a new Heidelberg was arising.

In every other field of civilized activity the Germans were going ahead just as rapidly. The inventions and discoveries of their scientists were being applied with an ingenuity and a dispatch that no other nation could match; they were swiftly getting a virtual monopoly of all those forms of industry which depended upon scientific exactness, — for example, the manufacture of drugs, dye-stuffs, and optical goods. And at the same time they were making equal, if not actually superior, progress in the grosser departments of trade. Their two great steamship corporations, the one founded back in 1847 and the other ten years later, were taking on new life and acquiring huge fleets of freight and passenger ships — fleets soon to be much larger, in fact, than any that even England could show. Their tramp steamers, more numerous every year, were trading to all the ports of the world. German drummers were everywhere, eager to make terms, speaking all languages. The first German colonies had been acquired in the middle eighties; the setting up of new ones now went on apace; advances were made into Africa and Oceania; a landing on the mainland of Asia was to

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follow in 1897. And the German navy, so long a mere paper power, was soon to be converted into a thing of authentic steel.

So in the arts. Wagner was dead, but German music still lived in Johannes Brahms, now the acknowledged tone-master of the world, perhaps the true successor of Beethoven and Bach. Nor was he a solitary figure. A youngster named Richard Strauss, the son of a Munich horn-player, was fast coming to fame; Mahler, Humperdinck, and other lesser men were carrying on the glorious German tradition; German conductors and teachers were in high demand; German opera, after years of struggle, was at last breaking into New York, London, even Paris. And in literature Germany was entering upon the most productive period since the golden age of Goethe and Schiller. The German drama, before any other, began to show the influence of the revolutionary Ibsen, himself a resident of Germany, and more German in blood than Norwegian. Sudermann and Hauptmann, the twin giants, were at the threshold of their parallel careers; Lilienkron, Hartleben, and Bierbaum were about to put new life into the German lyric; a new school of German storytellers was arising. And Munich, to make an end, was beginning to offer rivalry to Paris in painting, and bringing in students from afar. On all sides there was this vast enrichment of the national consciousness, this brilliant shining forth of the national spirit, this feeling of new and superabundant efficiency, this increase of pride, achievement, and assurance.

III

The thing to be noted here is that the progress I have been describing was initiated and carried on, not by the old aristocracy of the barrack and the court, but by a new aristocracy of the laboratory, the study, and the shop. The *Junkertum*, though it was still to do good service as a hobgoblin, had long since ceased to dominate the state, and its ideals had gone the way of its power. Bismarck was the last of its great gladiators — and its first deserter. Far back in the seventies, perhaps even in the sixties, he had seen the signs of its impending collapse, and thereafter he had been gradually metamorphosed into an exponent of the new order. Did he wage a war upon the Catholic Church? Then it was because he saw all organized and autonomous religion, with its tenacity to established ideas and its hostility to reforms from without, as a conspiracy against that free experimentation which alone makes for human progress. Did he do valiant battle with the Socialists, the Liberals, the whole tribe of political phrase-mongers and tub-thumpers? Then it was because he knew how puerile and how futile were the cure-alls preached by these quacks — how much all political advancement was a matter of careful trial and stage-management, and how little it was a matter of principles and shibboleths. And did he, in the end, definitely turn his back upon the axioms of his youth, and take his stand for the utmost dissemination of opportunity, the true democratization of talent? Then it was because he had seen feudalism gasp out its last breath when federalism was born at Versailles, and was convinced that it was dead to rise no more.

But this new democracy that thus arose in Germany was not, of course, a democracy in the American sense, or anything colorably resembling it. It was founded upon no romantic theory that all men were natural equals; it was free from the taint of mobocracy; it was empty of soothing and windy phrases. On the contrary, it was a delimited,

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aristocratic democracy in the Athenian sense — a democracy of intelligence, of strength, of superior fitness — a democracy at the top. Its prizes went, not to those men who had most skill at inflaming and deluding the rabble, but to those who could contribute most to the prosperity and security of the commonwealth.

Politicians, it is true, sprang up in its shadow, as they must inevitably spring up when any approach is made toward universal manhood suffrage; but the part that they played in the conduct of affairs was curiously feeble and inconsequential. Even the great Socialist leaders, Liebknecht and Bebel, never attained to any real power in the government. If they got some of the things that they asked for, it was because they asked for things it was advisable to grant, and not because they were able to enforce their demands.

In the practical business of operating the state, in its units and as a whole, the final determination of all matters was plainly vested, not in politicians or in majorities, but in experts, in men above all politics, in the superbly efficient ruling caste. The professional mayor, aloof from party passions, unreachable by intrigues, remains today a characteristic German figure: the supreme triumph of intelligence over mere voting power. And one recalls, too, such typical representatives of the new order as Rudolf Virchow, for years a hard-working Berlin city councillor, and Wilhelm Koch, the greatest bacteriologist in the world and Germany's general superintendent of public health, her pre-Gorgasean Gorgas. Koch rid Germany of typhoid fever by penning up the population of whole villages and condemning whole watersheds. It was ruthless, it was unpopular, it broke down and made a mock of a host of 'inalienable' rights — but it worked.

Here, then, we see clearly the two ideas at the bottom of the scheme of things that the new Germany adopted. On the one hand, there was the utmost hospitality to intelligence, no matter how humble its origin, so long as it took an efficient, a practicable, a workable direction. And on the other hand there was the utmost disdain for all those grandiloquent words which conceal, excuse, or attempt to make glorious the lack of it. From the old *Junkertum* there was taken over the principle of order, of discipline, of submission to constituted authority. And from the democracy that kicked up its futile turmoils in states beyond the border there was borrowed the new concept of free opportunity, of hospitality to ideas, of eager seeking.

To the mixture there was added something of the blood-and-iron element of Bismarck, and something of that proud harshness which has been the hallmark of the German throughout the ages.

The new Germany was even more contemptuous of weakness, within or without, than the old. What had been the haughtiness of a single class became the haughtiness of a whole people. The days of German sentimentality, of the *kaffeeklatsch* view of life, of mysticism and simple piety, of Marlitt and Heimburg, of Hegel and Fichte, of *Morgen Rot* and *The Sorrows of Werther* were definitely put behind. A line was drawn beneath the romantic movement. The key changed to C major. Germany began to grow cocky, skeptical, self-sufficient, brusque, impatient of opposition. It held up its head among the nations. It lost its religion, dropping one member bodily from the Trinity and providing a substitute — in a helmet! — for the vacancy. It offered opinions unsolicited. It stuck its thumb into pies; laid the same member beside its nose; wriggled its fingers. It

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began, in the full view of passers-by, to sharpen its sword.

But uncertainty still clung about this new spirit. It was yet vague, unformulated in words, not quite comprehended, even by the Germans themselves. What it needed, of course, was a philosophy to back it up, as the vast unrest of the American colonies needed the Declaration of Independence, with its sharp, staccato asseverations, its brave statement of axioms. That philosophy, though few Germans knew it, was already in being. It had been gradually taking form and substance as the new national spirit had developed, and side by side with it. It had been first heard of in *The Birth of Tragedy*, twenty years before. It had first shown clear outlines in the onslaught upon David Strauss. It had grown clearer still in *Human, All-too-Human;* yet more so in *The Dawn of Day* and *The Joyful Science;* yet more so in *Beyond Good and Evil* and *The Genealogy of Morals*. And now at last, its time being come, it suddenly flashed forth with blinding brilliance in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Nietzsche's unquestioned masterpiece and perhaps the greatest work in German since *Faust*.

Here, indeed, was the thing that the Germans had been looking for. Here was a magnificent statement, lucid, plausible, overwhelming, of the ideas that had been groping for utterance within them. Here was the sufficient excuse and justification for their racial aspiration, the Magna Charta of their new intellectual freedom, the gospel of their new creed, of progress. It had all the essential qualities of a great race-document. It was dramatic, eloquent, persuasive, vigorous, romantic — a mixture of challenge and testament, of code and saga. It put into straightforward propositions, — so impassioned that they seemed almost self-evident, — the principles that the Germans had been applying, dubiously, experimentally, to their new problems. It accounted for and gave assent to their doubts of the old platitudes. It dowered them, at the stroke, with a new feeling of intellectual dignity and of intellectual security.

As I have said, there was but little writing against the Germans in the book. For once Nietzsche forgot his old rage against his own people, his profound antagonism to German culture. For once the good European yielded to the good German — that good German who, for all his carping, had served his country faithfully in war, and brought away his life-long wounds. Perhaps it was because he had begun to feel, dimly but none the less surely, that the culture he had reviled and roared against in his earlier books (and was to take a farewell stab at in *Ecce Homo*) had actually begun to yield to progress, that the new Germany had already traveled very far from the Germany of Tiecks and Hoffman, of Mendelssohn and Weber, even of *The Ring* and *Parsifal*. It was still a bit heavy-witted, perhaps, and more than a bit boorish, but it had long since lost its liking for 'the obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded'; it no longer dwelt in 'caves, hiding-places, and dungeons'; it had put behind it all mysticism, 'spiritual dyspepsia,' empty pedantry, and 'green-grazing' contentment. So far had it gone, indeed, that it was fully prepared to make some show of assent to most of Nietzsche's thunderous charges.

IV

The way once prepared by *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, the rest of the books slipped down easily, charges and all. Nietzsche himself was beyond honor and flattery by now; his mind a muddle, he drowsed away the endless days

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at quiet Weimar, nursed by his devoted sister. But around that pathetic shell of a man a definite and vigorous cult arose. Young Germany adopted him, ratified him, hurrahed for him. His phrases passed into current cant; he was quoted, discussed, hailed as a deliverer; musicians were inspired to deafening tone-poems by his dithyrambs; all the scribblers discovered that he had invented a new German language, chromatic, supple, electrical; he became a great national figure, a prophet, something of a hero — in his own words, 'a European event.'

Do not mistake me here. I am not saying that the Germans adopted Nietzsche in any general and unanimous sense, as the Arabs, for example, adopted Mohammed, or as the Americans adopted the Declaration of Independence. To the common people he was inevitably a dose of very bitter caviare: in so far as they were aware of him at all, they could scarcely understand him, and in so far as they could understand him, they were mocked and outraged by him. Nor was he more palatable to the elements which represented, in the new empire, the ideas carried over from the last and previous ages — for example, the adherents of the church and the survivors and mourners of the old aristocracy. For that church and that aristocracy he had only the fiercest of scorn. Against the one he was yet to launch *The Antichrist*, without question the most devastating attack ever made upon Christian morals in ancient or modern times. And at the aristocracy he had already flung the insult of ranking it second in his new order of castes, putting it with 'those whose eminence is chiefly muscular,' and dismissing it as fit only to 'execute the mandates of the first caste, relieving the latter of all that is coarse and menial in the work of ruling.' Nor were these the only groups which found little but effrontery and atheism in his new scheme of things. He was iconoclast even before he was prophet. His whole philosophy was a herculean treading upon toes.

But that he got a response from what he himself regarded as the true aristocracy of his country, and what many of his countrymen, willingly or unwillingly, had begun to regard as such — this, I take it, scarcely needs argument. Upon the young intellectuals, the rulers of the morrow, his influence was immediate and profound. Not only did they hail him as a sound and convincing critic of that orthodoxy which they instinctively shrank from and longed to dispose of, but they also found a surpassing fairness in the theory of the universe that he proposed to set up in place of it.

That theory of his was full of the confidence and the lordliness of youth; it was the youngest philosophy that the world had seen since the days of the Greeks; it made no concession whatever to the intellectual toryism of old age, the timidity and inertia of so-called experience. And if it was thus young, and perhaps even a bit juvenile, then let us not forget that Germany was young too. Here, indeed, was the youngest of all the great nations, the baby among the powers. The winds of great adventure were still sharp and spicy to its nostrils; it felt the swelling of its muscles, the itch of its palm on the sword-hilt; it gazed out upon the world proudly, steadily, disdainfully. And here, of its own blood, was a philosopher who gave validity, nay, the *highest* validity, to its impulses, its appetites, its ambitions. Here was a sage who taught that the supreme type of man was the *Ja-sager*, the yes-sayer. Here was one who drove a lance through the Beatitudes, and hung a new motto upon the point: '*Be hard!*'

One thing to be remembered clearly

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about Nietzsche — and I insist upon it because it is almost always forgotten — is that he by no means proposed a unanimous, or even a general desertion of Christian morality. On the contrary, he specifically reserved that deliverance for his highest caste, whose happiness was 'in those things which, to lesser men, would spell ruin —in the labyrinth, in severity toward themselves and others, in effort.' The true enlightenment was not for the castes lower down; it was even to be guarded jealously, lest they steal it and pollute it. For those castes the old platitudes were good enough. Did they cling sentimentally to Christianity, unable to rid themselves of their yearning for a rock and a refuge? Then let them have it! It was 'a good anodyne.' Their yearning for it was a proof of their need for it. To attempt to take it away from them was an offense against their sense of well-being, and against human progress as well.

'Whom do I hate most,' asked Nietzsche in *The Antichrist*, 'among all the rabble of to-day?' And his answer was: 'The Socialist who undermines the workingman's instincts, who destroys his satisfaction with his insignificant existence, who makes him envious and teaches him revenge.' Christianity and brotherhood were for workingmen, soldiers, servants, and yokels, for 'shopkeepers, cows, women, and Englishmen,' for the submerged chandala, for the whole race of subordinates, dependents, followers. But not for the higher man, not for the superman of to-morrow!

Thus the philosophy of Nietzsche gave coherence and significance to the new German spirit, and the new Germany gave a royal setting and splendor to Nietzsche. He got a good deal more, I often think, than he ever gave back. His ultimate roots, true enough, were in Greek soil,— it was the Athenian drama that started him upon his lifelong inquiry into moral ideas,— but he grew more and more German as he grew older, more and more the spokesman of his race, more and more the creature of his environment. His one great service was that he gathered together the dim, groping concepts behind the national aspiration and put them into superlative German, — the greatest German, indeed, of all time, — so that they suddenly rose up, in brilliant clarity, before the thousands who had been blundering toward them blindly. In brief, he was like every other philosopher in the catalogue, ancient or modern: not so much a leader of his age as its interpreter, not so much a prophet as a procurator.

Go through *Thus Spake Zarathustra* from end to end, and you will find that nine tenths of its ideas are essentially German ideas, that they coincide almost exactly with what we have come to know of the new German spirit, just as the ideas of Aristotle were all essentially Greek, and those of Locke essentially English. Even its lingering sneers at the Germans strike at weaknesses which the more thoughtful Germans were themselves beginning to admit, combat, and remedy. It is a riotous affirmation of race-efficiency, a magnificent defiance of destiny, a sublime celebration of ambition.

Not even Wilhelm himself ever voiced a philosophy of vaster assurance. Not even the hot-heads of the mess-table, drinking uproariously to *der Tag*, ever flung a bolder challenge to the gods. 'Thus,' shouts Zarathustra, 'would I have man and woman: the one fit for warfare, the other fit for giving birth; and both fit for dancing with head and legs' — that is, both lavish of energy, careless of waste, pagan, gargantuan, inordinate. And then, 'War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your pity, but your brav-

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ery lifts up those about you. Let the little girlies tell you that "good" means "sweet" and "touching." I tell you that "good" means "brave." . . . The slave rebels against hardships and calls his rebellion superiority. Let *your* superiority be an *acceptance* of hardships. . . . *Let your commanding be an obeying*. . . . Propagate yourself *upward*. . . . I do not spare you. . . . Die at the right time . . . *Be hard!*'

I come to the war: the supreme manifestation of the new Germany, at last the great test of the gospel of strength, of great daring, of efficiency. But here, alas, the business of the expositor must suddenly cease. The streams of parallel ideas coalesce. Germany becomes Nietzsche; Nietzsche becomes Germany. Turn away from all the fruitless debates over the responsibility of this man or that, the witless straw-splitting over non-essentials. Go back to Zarathustra: 'I do not advise you to compromise and make peace, *but to conquer*. Let your labor be fighting, and your peace victory. . . . What is good? All that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness. What is happiness? The feeling that power increases, that resistance is being overcome. . . . Not contentment, but more power! Not peace at any price, but war! Not virtue, but efficiency! . . . The weak and the botched must perish: that is the first principle of our humanity. *And they should be helped to perish!* . . . I am writing for the lords of the earth. . . . You say that a good cause hallows even war? . . . *I tell you that a good war hallows every cause!*'

Barbarous? Ruthless? Unchristian? No doubt. But so is life itself. So is all progress worthy the name. Here at least is honesty to match the barbarity, and, what is more, courage, the willingness to face great hazards, the acceptance of defeat as well as victory. 'Ye shall have foes to be hated, but *not* foes to be despised. Ye must be proud of your foes . . . The new Empire has more need of foes than of friends. . . . Nothing has grown more alien to us than that "peace of the soul" which is the aim of Christianity. . . . And should a great injustice befall you, then do quickly five small ones. A small revenge is better than none at all.'

Do we see again those grave, blond warriors of whom Tacitus tells us — who were good to their women, and would not lie, and were terrible in battle? Is the Teuton afoot for new conquests, a new tearing down, a new building up, a new transvaluation of all values? And if he is, will he prevail? Or will he be squeezed to death between the two mill-stones of Christianity and Mongol savagery? Let us not assume his downfall too lightly: it will take staggering blows to break him. And let us not be alarmed by his possible triumph. What did Rome ever produce to match the Fifth Symphony?

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A PROFESSOR IN A SMALL COLLEGE

BY RAYMOND BELLAMY

I

DURING the last few years, the attention of readers has frequently been called to the life of the college professor, his work, his hardships, and his compensation — or rather his lack of compensation. But, seemingly, all the information which has been offered on the subject has been concerned with the professor in the larger university, and only passing attention has been given to the teacher in the small college. And yet there are in the United States about ten thousand men and women who are teaching in colleges that enroll less than five hundred students each. These men are popularly, and perhaps correctly, classed as 'professors' along with their brothers in the more exalted positions. There is not so much distinction here between 'professors,' 'assistant professors,' and 'instructors,' for there is frequently only one man teaching each subject, and, in a surprisingly large number of cases, two or three subjects will be taught by the same man. To a far greater extent than might be supposed, these men are exerting an influence in our civilization, and their own peculiar struggles and aspirations form a unique chapter in contemporary history.

Following a strong natural bent, I have joined this army of educators and I consider myself, at present, a fairly typical specimen. There are a wife and baby to share my life, and give me an added incentive to do good work. I hold a master's degree from one of America's leading universities and am planning to take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy as soon as possible. This is the usual state of affairs with the professor in the small college, as those who already hold doctor's degrees are comparatively rare. I do not hesitate to say that I am successful in my teaching. My students are enthusiastic, the work they do compares very favorably with that done at much larger schools, and there are many other things which indicate that I have at least average ability and success. The great scholar under whom I took the greater part of my post-graduate work said to me, 'I have never known anyone who seemed to be going ahead by leaps and bounds as you are.' Being a natural teacher, I enjoy my work as I suppose few men ever enjoy their work, and altogether my life is happier and gayer than that of most of my fellow teachers.

I am teaching in a state that borders on the Atlantic, in a fine old school that for over seventy-five years has been sending out graduates who afterwards have become senators, governors, judges, ministers, and leading men in industries and professions. This school ranks high among the educational institutions of the state and, even financially, is fairly successful as schools go. The salary which I yearly receive is twelve hundred dollars, or rather I receive eleven hundred dollars and my house is furnished free; this is a very good house and it would probably cost me much more than a hundred dollars a year if I had to pay rent. It will be

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readily understood that this salary is equivalent to almost twice as much at a larger institution or in a city. This is a country school, in the midst of a rich agricultural section, and we know nothing of the great expense of life in a city or the great cost of social duties which are necessarily attached to the life of a university man. While there are a few small colleges that pay better salaries than this, there are others — and many others — that pay much less.

Altogether, my lot is as good as or better than that of the average college professor, and I feel justified in saying that the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places.

I was never a very good accountant, and it is next to impossible to make my accounts balance. Usually at the end of a month, there is a slight deficit, which may amount to as much as a dollar or two. I know that there are economic specialists who can keep accounts for years and show where every penny has gone; some of these are also very efficient in the art of living cheaply, and are inclined to censure the rest of us for not having this ability. But I have noticed that those who are so expert in this way are, as a rule, not extraordinarily good teachers. I cannot conceive how a teacher, so sufficiently wrapped up in his work as to arouse the proper amount of enthusiasm in his students, can always remember to set down the two cents which he spent for a postage stamp or the quarter which he paid for some collars when he forgot to send off his laundry — only, of course, the man of this type would not have forgotten to send off his laundry. The average college professor cannot keep accounts as accurately as this, but is sometimes absent-minded; not extremely so, but just about as much so as any other ordinary individual.

II

Without attempting to give an exact account of the way we use our income, I can give one that so nearly approximates it that it will serve our purpose very satisfactorily. Aside from my regular work, I teach in a summer school, and have found that by so doing I can make just about enough to meet the expenses of the summer. Therefore we can count out the summer months and discuss only the expenses of the school year, which is about ten months long. The following table will show the disposition which we make of the greater part of the salary: —

Clothing for all three, including hats and shoes	$200
Board (or table expenses)	200
Milk and special food for the baby	40
Household expenses	75
Fuel and light	50
Books and magazines	60
Life insurance	50
Laundry, stationery, doctor, dentist	50
Recreations, dinners, travels, Christmas, etc.	75
Religious and educational movements	100
Total	$900

It will appear from the above table, that, counting the fifty dollars for life insurance, I make about two hundred and fifty dollars above expenses each year. But it will quickly be seen that there are many calls for money which are not taken into account in the table: these are the occasional expenses which fall under no special heading. I do most of my typing, but occasionally I am so rushed that I must hire somebody to do a little of it, and a few dollars leak out in this way; a new typewriter ribbon or some repairs on my machine take their mite; unless I neglect my teaching it is impossible to split all my kindling and take care of the yard, so I must occasionally hire a boy to do some of this work for me; my wife cannot always do all her work and sometimes a colored woman comes in and helps

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her wash or scrubs the floor for her; the baby needs a carriage or at least a new toy, and, in fact, almost every day sees a draft made on the long-suffering and rapidly diminishing two hundred dollars. When I count up, I wonder that we succeed in getting through even, which is about all we can do.

I frankly admit that I could economize on some of the above items. I could spend less for books and magazines, for example, and I know some teachers do this. This may be justifiable in some lines, but to teach the subjects which I am teaching, and teach them *right*, it is necessary to do a great amount of reading and keep up with the times. And laying aside the question of what he ought to do, the teacher *wants* to keep up so badly that he will, if necessary, go without food and clothing in order to secure these books and magazines. Sixty dollars is little enough when there is no city library accessible and there is a dearth of such material in the library of the college. The textbooks alone which I use in my classes this year cost over thirty dollars, and the texts are comparatively insignificant. I grow sick with longing when I read the advertisements of books and journals which I should have. I keep lists and catalogues of these publications and occasionally read them over, just for the torturing pleasure of thinking how delightful it would be if I could afford them.

I never take any journals that are taken by the library, I never buy any that I can borrow, and I work every scheme of which I can think to gain access to as many as possible, spending every cent that I can afford for some of the best that are most closely related to my work. But how many there are that I ought to have and cannot get! There is the *Eugenic Review*, published in England: if my students are to leave their Alma Mater as well-informed, efficient, enthusiastic citizens, I ought by all means to have access to this magazine. Then there is the *Harvard Theological Review;* sometimes I finger the announcements concerning this journal with much the same fondness that a small boy has when he fondles his painted bow and arrow, and longs to get out into the deep cool woods. Some of my students will be preachers and I could do much better work by them if I only had this publication; and of perhaps equal importance is the theological journal issued by the University of Chicago Press. Then there are the *Psychological Bulletin*, *Mind*, the *British Journal of Psychology*, the *Journal of Race Development*, the *Journal of Animal Behavior*, the — but why name them? There are at least fifteen or twenty such, costing from two to five dollars each, which I could use to great advantage, both to myself and my students; but they are hopelessly beyond my reach.

And books! Here I become sick in earnest. There's Stefansson's account of his life with the Eskimo, Ellen Key's writings, some of Bergson's works; Pfister, of Germany, has written a new book on Freudian psychology, *Die psychoanalytische Methode*, which, from its descriptions and commendations, must be the best thing in this line that has ever been written; there is a book, just off the press, that gives the life of G. Stanley Hall, and my relations to him have been such that I can hardly be resigned to do without this book. I should have no trouble whatever in spending an additional hundred dollars for seemingly necessary books.

A number of my students will enter universities to take up graduate work next year, and I would like to give them at least a speaking acquaintance with some of these recent books before they go. What would it not mean to them if I could give them the gist of these books

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while we walked round the campus or sat in an informal visit — which, after all, is by far the best kind of teaching. And besides what it would mean to my students, I need these books for my own personal good. I need them in order that I may remain fresh and keep on growing, and escape the danger of mental ossification.

It will be noticed that I make no mention of any books that are not closely connected with my work. This is not because I do not like other books, for I am passionately fond of poetry and good fiction, but I cannot afford to invest in any books for pleasure or because of the binding of the book. This year, I have been especially fortunate with my books. I made a sort of bargain by which fifty dollars of the hundred that I yearly give to church and educational matters might be given to the college library in the form of books. Of course, I secured the use of the ones that I put in the library, and that was just as good as if I had bought them for myself. That is, I secured as much objective good from them, but subjectively, I frankly admit that I get much pleasure from the act of owning a book myself that is lacking when I read one that does not belong to me. Altogether, I hardly see how I can spend less than sixty dollars yearly for books and magazines.

III

Probably there are few who will be inclined to think that two hundred dollars is an extravagant sum to spend for the clothing of three. This practically means clothing for the entire year, as we buy very little clothing out of the summer's salary. It must be remembered, too, that I am supposed to dress like a 'professor,'—although the standards are very different for different places,—and my wife must be attired as a 'professor's wife.' There are probably some who could dress more cheaply, but, as I said above, I specialize in teaching and not in being an economic expert.

It is really funny, sometimes, when I think of the way I manage my clothes. Only a few days ago, one of the other professors apologized to me for the appearance of the suit he was wearing (he was having troubles, too, poor man), and intimated that my clothing looked very neat and new. Well, at that particular time, I did have on the best suit I own, but I have worn it three winters, and there was a hole at the bottom of one trouser-leg, which, however, did not show very badly. My wife has darned that hole now, and let me say, just here, that she is very efficient in darning and cleaning my clothes. I wonder how many of the readers know that men's clothing can be washed? Last winter my wife fished an old suit of mine out of the rags and decided to see what she could do with it. I had worn this suit in a chemical laboratory for a year and the acid had eaten it full of holes. I had caught the coat on a barbed-wire fence and torn it badly, and I had spilled some paint on it. She washed this suit in a tub with warm water and Ivory soap, dried it, darned the many, many holes with ravelings from the raw edges, pressed it nicely and I put it on and wore it — and everybody admired my new suit.

This was a thin summer suit she had washed, but it turned out so successfully that she tried her hand at a heavy old black suit which I had thrown away because it was so old and dirty — you know those black suits never wear out. This she washed with as much success as the other, and when she had put new lining in the sleeves it was a very respectable suit. She has washed them again this year, and they seem to look about as well as ever, and I laughingly

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tell her that I shall be wearing one of those coats when I receive my doctor's degree — that far-distant mystic event toward which we both look with much the same feeling that we have when we speak of the time when 'our ship will come in.'

There are many little tricks that a 'professor' employs — at least I do. I wear 'low-cuts,' or slippers, the year round and explain that I like them better than high shoes, which is strictly true; but the real reason is that a pair of shoes will last me longer than six months, and I wear them until they are entirely worn out before buying a new pair. Therefore I am apt to be wearing half-worn slippers when the fall winds begin to blow and, instead of buying a new pair of high shoes, I buy gaiters. They cost only fifty cents a pair, and one pair will last me two years. And I never have a strictly dress shoe, but always buy shoes that will serve for school and street wear after they are too worn for 'best' functions.

I own no dress-suit and never wear one. As long as I am associating with 'professors' I am safe, for few of them own dress-suits and, even if they do, they understand. I should greatly enjoy attending functions where suits of this kind are in demand, and my natural social instincts would make me at home there, but I am one of the many efficient, well-educated, up-to-date teachers who never appear at such places — and for a reason.

Even in the matter of hair-cuts and shaves, I have learned to economize, and I usually let my hair grow very long before having it cut and thus the barber's bills are kept small. I usually remark when I get into the chair (a guilty conscience will always force one to make some explanation) that I used to play football — which I did — and that I still wear my hair long — which I do — but again there is a reason. Fortunately, I look fairly well with long hair and I have become somewhat proficient in trimming my neck and temples with the razor. I am something of an expert with a razor, and during the last three years I have been shaved by a barber only once.

I speak of this as a kind of record whenever the subject comes up, and show that I am proud of it, but still there would have been no such record if it did not cost money to be shaved by barbers. The ordinary man, who detests shaving himself as much as I do, and who also enjoys the luxury of a good shave by a barber as well as I do, will know something of what this means. I received fifty dollars more than I had expected for my last summer's work and I celebrated by getting a shave. Do not think that I am the only man in intellectual work who goes to such an extreme. I know a man who took a doctor's degree in philosophy last spring from one of America's leading universities, who acknowledged in a private conversation — a very private conversation — that he had never been shaved by a barber and had never eaten a meal in a restaurant.

I do not stand alone in my wearing of fixed over and antedated clothes. My wife has worn the same hat and the same coat for four winters and yet, some way, she manages to look neat and well dressed. This year she did shrink from going to formal affairs and managed to wear a becoming little wool cap most of the time. Sometimes I imagine how splendid it would be if I could afford to get her some furs and elaborate gowns, but all such unnecessary and luxurious things as furs and Paris gowns are hopelessly tabooed. Of course she could afford some of these if she bought an inferior quality, but she rightly prefers a few simple dresses and suits of really good quality. Oh, well, sometime maybe I can afford

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to get her some furs and things — after I get my doctor's degree or our ship comes in.

IV

It has already been noticed that we keep no servants, and yet it is a physical impossibility for my wife to do all her housework and take care of the baby. We have wrestled with this problem in different ways at different times during the last few years. I have had considerable training in dishwashing, sweeping, caring for the baby, and even cooking, especially when my wife was not well. Just now we are solving it in a fairly satisfactory way by taking our meals out. We board at one of the regular college boarding-houses and — how she does it I do not know — the landlady gives us very good board for two dollars and a half a week.

When she is relieved of the cooking, my wife manages to do practically all the rest of the housework, including sewing and washing. We could certainly not board at home as cheaply as this, especially when one considers the extra servant hire and the extra fuel that it would necessitate. And again, let no one think that I am alone in helping my wife with her work. I could name a rather long list of college professors of my own acquaintance who give much of their valuable time to helping with the housework.

Household expenses are deceitful, as one is always thinking that they are over for a while, and yet they are always cropping up. This year we had to buy some book-shelves and stoves and a few window-blinds and curtains. We then had a feeling of relief as if we were settled, but on stopping to think, we saw where we shall have to expend about as much for such items next year. We need a bed and furniture for a guest-room, and some new screens, and another stove to take the place of one that wore out this year, and a rug for the hall and numerous other things. And then there are always brooms and coal-buckets and shovels and all sorts of things which one never takes into consideration until one finds they are necessary. I do not see how we can do with less than seventy-five dollars a year for household expenses — at least we shall probably average that for some years to come.

My laundry bill is not large, as my wife washes all my clothes except my collars, cuffs, and stiff shirts. On the other hand, my outlay for stationery amounts to nearly twenty dollars a year. I have many very good friends, and besides I keep up a heavy correspondence with publishing houses, libraries, teachers in other schools, educational boards, and through this semi-business correspondence I strive to keep abreast of the times in my line. With the correspondence is also counted the cost of the paper which I use in the numerous outlines and question-lists that I get out in connection with my teaching. The doctor and dentist bills are usually very light, but they demand their portion, and these four items wrest half a hundred dollars from our hands before the year has passed. And if the doctor is needed more than three or four times, there is another onslaught on that hard-pressed two hundred dollars which must serve as a reserve fund for all such emergencies.

It may seem too much to allow seventy-five dollars for recreations and kindred items, but careful consideration shows that it is certainly small enough. Christmas alone costs us over twenty-five dollars, and this is an absurdly small sum when we have so many good friends whom we so like to remember. We always combine business and pleasure in giving to each other, and give something which we must have anyway. In fact, we 'save

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up' for some time before Christmas, putting off the buying of many necessities just for the pleasure of receiving them on that day. I go out into the hills and bring in our own Christmas tree and we trim it ourselves, but even then the Christmas season costs us a little bit, aside from the small presents we give.

Because the word 'travel' is included in this list, it must not be inferred that we indulge in many pleasure trips. Whenever we do any shopping, we must go to the city, and that costs a dollar or two each trip; we make only two or three trips during the year, but they count up along with everything else. And then there are always institutes and teachers' meetings and meetings of science associations, and it is necessary for me to attend some of them, though the number is very small. This seventy-five dollars must also pay for the few little dinners and luncheons which we give to students and friends, and must provide tickets to the Y.M.C.A. banquets, athletic banquets, other college and community functions, and the lyceum numbers and lectures that we attend. And the 'professors' are expected to buy tickets for them even if they are too busy to use them. They are also expected to pay membership dues to the athletic association and often to contribute to other organizations. About all of this seventy-five dollars that is expended for what can really be called 'recreation' in the strictest sense, is the small sum which I spend for tennis balls and an occasional pair of tennis shoes or some repairs on the racquet.

It may be that I have fallen from grace, and on the other hand it may be that I have grown into a broader conception of Christianity, but in either case, I do not feel the binding necessity of living by rule-of-thumb that I did when in my adolescent years. There was a time when I was very orthodox, and I considered it very essential to live by the old Puritan standards and faithfully to tithe whatever income I might receive. I no longer feel that we should be bound by the old Jewish customs, but I still hold it as true that a man should be sufficiently interested in the welfare of the world and the advancement of science and civilization to give approximately a tenth of his income for religious and educational matters. I do not say this in the spirit of preaching to any one else, but merely to explain why I give a hundred dollars to such causes each year. I sincerely believe that the average college professor gives this much, though he may not think he does. To be sure, many do not give lavishly through the churches, but they generously support athletics, Young Men's Christian associations, educational organizations, and respond to a hundred and one other calls that arise in connection with church or school. Every college has some kind of financial campaign on all the time, regardless of how rich it may already be. This statement may be overdrawn, but the exceptions are a decided minority. And, of course, the 'professors' are often called upon to start some special fund with a liberal donation. These men, in so far as I have been able to observe them, whether church members or not, are a very liberal class and respond readily and generously to such calls.

Altogether, it is nearly or quite impossible for us to get through the year with very much money left to lay by—except the fifty dollars which goes for life insurance. If we save more than a hundred dollars, I consider that we do well. However, let me say again that I am not an economic specialist, nor do I want to be. I would rather be an 'A No. 1' teacher even if I do have a difficult time with my finances.

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V

So far the discussion has all centred around the compensation, and it is as well that we turn our attention to another phase of the professor's life and see what he does. Regularly, I *teach* twelve hours a week — just two hours a day. That is, I have four classes, each of which recites three times a week. This looks easy enough and the man who works twelve hours a day is apt to smile at the difficult toil of the teacher. In this connection, I am reminded of what I once heard a high-school teacher say. Although it is the general impression that a school-teacher works from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, he stated that he must just reverse those figures and work from four A.M. until nine P.M. and even work some on Sunday. And this is true not of him alone, but in general of all teachers, from the primary teacher to the university president.

My father was a farmer and he used to get up at three o'clock and be out in the field ploughing while the stars were yet shining. How easy would he consider my life if he were still alive and knew that I do not get up sometimes until eight o'clock! But it must also be remembered that some nights I do not go to bed until about the time that he got up. Many a night have I studied until after two o'clock and then reluctantly gone to bed, thinking how much there was to do and how little I had succeeded in doing.

In common with most teachers in the small schools, I have several subjects to teach and this makes my work much harder. My four classes are in three subjects, psychology, education and sociology; and even logic and ethics are incorporated in the year's work in psychology. Could I teach only one of these, or even two of them, I could do the work well and still feel no special hardship, but as it is, I must be reading in three different fields all the time. There are a great many people who think that a teacher should know what is in his textbooks and teach it, and that, after having taught a year or two and learned his books well, he has nothing to do. This is, of course, a very erroneous idea, as the *textbook* bears about the same relation to the field which the teacher must cover as the preacher's *text* does to the sermon. In fact, I have found that I can always teach a new book better and with more ease than one with which I am already over-familiar, and for that reason I change texts as often as possible. During the course of the year, I read — and I believe digest — between twenty and thirty thousand pages of material on the subjects which I teach. Most of this is from journals, and nearly all is from the most recent publications. Of course, I could neglect this reading if I wanted to, but it would be simply lying down on my job, as we say, for I must do it if I would keep up and do the best kind of teaching. If I were teaching only one or two subjects, this reading would be cut in half and I should have time for a little drama, poetry, and general literature.

Because the professor enjoys this reading, there is a general impression that it is not work; and it is difficult, anyway, for the layman to think of reading as really being work. But I doubt if the professor enjoys his reading any more than others who have found their proper sphere enjoy their particular kind of work. I used to enjoy ploughing and cutting corn and pitching wheat in much the same way that I now enjoy the feast of new scientific information which I get from some well-written clear-cut book. I was raised on a farm, and when I was a husky youngster, — only a few years ago, — I counted it a delight to get out

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into the wheat-field, and it was glorious to pitch the heavy bundles and feel myself completely master of the situation. Even since I have been in school work, I have spent one summer working at hard manual labor for its recuperating effect. It had been a very strenuous year and I was greatly run down physically. I worked that summer in a sawmill, carrying heavy lumber for ten hours each day — and I gained fifteen pounds. I remember one man who was cruelly hard worked who for a few minutes every afternoon would snatch an opportunity to lie in a hammock and rest; but even as he rested, every fibre of his nervous system calling for release from the constant strain, he would have his books with him and put in the time studying. It was not a very satisfactory rest, but it was the best he could get. Just at that time of day many people would be going by from their work and they would look up to where he was lying and call out, 'Taking it easy, are you?' I have often thought that this is a good picture of the professor and the attitude of the public toward him.

But the work of the teacher does not consist alone in reading and recitations. I have found that I can advantageously use a list of review questions on each book covered in my courses. So, when we finish a book, I write out from one hundred to three hundred questions covering the main points and make carbon copies for the different members of the class. And as we use twelve or fifteen different textbooks during the year, this in itself is not a small job. Besides these books there are many others which we use as parallels, and I like to write out a few questions about each of these. Of course there is nothing that compels me to do this work, but I could not neglect it and keep a good conscience — just at present I could not, though I may use some other system later. It is here that I must occasionally employ some help in typing, as I said in the discussion of extra expenditures.

I stated above that I teach twelve hours a week; but that is the ideal rather than the actual. Just at present I am teaching an extra class, which had to be handled by some one and there was no one else to take it, and that adds another three hours a week and another subject in which to read. And the teacher must always hold extra classes for those who have been out on account of sickness or for some other reason. It is hardly worth mentioning that I teach a Sunday-school class and a Y.M.C.A. Bible class, and do a few things like that. Occasionally, too, I go to neighboring schools and teachers' institutes and make talks or, as they call it, lecture. This is tacitly understood to be a part of my regular work as it advertises the college. Really, I can hardly consider this as work, for the trips are such a change and such a break in the monotony of the regular programme that they furnish an agreeable pleasure.

One of the biggest parts of my work — and I wish it were bigger — is the personal work. I can usually find that each of my students is more or less interested along some line that is included in my work, and I try to guide him to some literature on the subject and keep up his interest, and this takes no little portion of my time when there are forty or fifty students, each reading on a different subject. And what a pleasure it is to have some of the fellows drop in occasionally and ask me about an oration or a debate, or even a sermon. I have often thought that I could give a student as much education in an hour or two of personal conversation of this kind as I could in a whole term of classroom work. But this, along with everything else, means work

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and time, and the outcome of it all is that the life of the professor is a constant strain, with no let up. Every day in the week, not excepting Sunday, he must be at his best, questioning, explaining, watching, drawing out; and when he is out of the class, he must be planning and studying lest he fall behind or fail in his mission.

VI

Does the teacher have any right to ask for better pay or easier conditions? To answer this question, we should look a little further into his personal life. A few months ago, I awoke one morning with an acute case of rheumatism which was so painful that I could not get out of bed. I treated this as something of a joke and was at my work again in a day or two, but this rheumatism has never completely left me. I do not anticipate any great amount of trouble with it and it ought to leave during the summer, but why has it clung so long, and why does it not go away now? I am persuaded that my naturally vigorous system would have handled that little touch of rheumatism in a few days if it were not for the fact that I have practically no reserve store of energy upon which to draw. I have realized ever since this little attack that I have been overworking and am perilously near the breaking point.

Now, just suppose that this rheumatism did not leave, but persisted in growing worse? Suppose the doctor forbade me to teach for a year and ordered me to go to some hot springs for a few months? Suppose, suppose — sometimes I think of my life insurance and wish it were ten times as much. What would become of my wife and baby if anything should happen to me? What should we do if I did have to quit teaching for a year? In the midst of such thinking, the sweat has a tendency to start out, and such situations are not good when one is not yet thirty.

And this is not an isolated case, for the teacher must constantly stand under the menacing danger of a break — a sword of Damocles. But it is comparatively rare for a teacher to succumb to a complete break-down, — *comparatively* rare, I say, for the actual number of those who have suffered in this way is considerable. Much more often he settles down instead of breaking down, and, at times, I am inclined to think this the more tragic of the two. He loses the freshness of delight when he turns to read an especially worthy article along his line, and he finally grows to neglect his reading almost entirely; he learns a few books well and does not have to study; he drops behind; he gets into a rut; and, though he is still successful in a way, his life becomes humdrum to him and his work distasteful to his students. Society would be benefited if the teacher could be shielded from this kind of settling down as well as from breaking down.

It must also be borne in mind that the successful teacher could make more money at something else and make it with less effort. Twice have I stood at the threshold of remunerative careers which were seeking me rather than I seeking them; once, indeed, I was urged to reply by long-distance telephone accepting a position at least twice as lucrative as the teaching position which I held. And these opportunities come to most of the teachers. Some occasionally accept them, and they usually advise the rest of us to quit teaching as soon as possible. Just a few months ago, a professor of my acquaintance, who had been trying to pay off a little debt for about twenty-five years, at last gave it up and quit teaching for a position which gave him better pay.

The teacher needs recreation as well

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as rest. I am a natural hunter, camper, and fisherman, and before I was a 'professor' I spent a few summers among the beauties of the Rockies. What would it not mean to me — and to my classes — if I could spend the summer in these mountains? I would come home as brown as a bear and about as hairy, and my whole being would be strung and thrilling with life and ready to pounce upon the tasks of the coming year with all the vigor of a wild thing out of the woods. I know what a difference it would make, for the last time I was there I was ten pounds heavier than I have been since. But such a thing is out of the question. Commencement day is on Tuesday and the next day, Wednesday, I begin work in the summer school. There are about three weeks during the late summer which I have left for rest and recreation. This is largely spent in catching up with the correspondence that has been gradually falling behind throughout the year, and in reading and planning for the coming year's work. I usually spend a few days visiting my own and my wife's people, but our trip is so hurried that it is apt to tire us more than it rests us.

I play a little tennis occasionally and really enjoy it, but my private honest testimony must be that it is a poor substitute for riding a good horse over forty miles of plateau or casting a trout-fly in foaming mountain waters. I saw a statement once to the effect that it was hard to inflict lawn-tennis habits on a football soul, and I have a football soul in all I try to do; and I believe that if I cannot get a physical expression of this occasionally I cannot long sustain a football attitude toward my work. My wife and I have been planning a delightful trip to the Panama Exposition at San Francisco; I say we *have been*, for even now, eighteen months before the event, we realize that it is utterly beyond the possible.

Of course the conditions will probably become somewhat better as time goes on. If we stay in one place long enough, the household expenses will become smaller, some of the other items of expense may be lowered, we may learn how to manage better, and we may even get a little better salary. Perhaps a more honest way to put it would be to say that I would settle down a bit and have some time and money for other things besides my work. I may even get to the place where I can spare time to keep chickens or a cow, and that would help immensely; but I am so constituted that chickens or a cow would certainly cripple my work.

VII

In all this, I have taken for granted that I shall get no more schooling; but this is an unbearable thought to me, for I am hungry, yes, craving, for the research laboratory. The university has even a greater drawing power than the smell of damp sage-brush and rabbit-weed on the mountain plains. I stated in the beginning that I am not a failure, and I know I would 'make good' in advanced work if I only had the chance. I know from the letters of the president (and I have been surprised at their friendliness and personal tone) that there is a place for me there and a fellowship for me if I want to ask for it. But a fellowship pays only a fraction of the expenses, and even if no sickness comes to us, no disaster happens, and we indulge in no trips or recreations, it will take us about five years to save enough to justify my reëntering the university. But by then I would have fallen far behind the times, and very probably would have settled down to a more or less listless life. And besides, what may not hap-

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pen in that time to sweep away all the money that I might save, a few dollars at a time? And what future would there be for me if I did return? I might secure a bigger position after I had taken a doctor's degree, but the men higher up tell us that with the bigger salaries there go greater expenses, and that there is no better chance to save money there than here. This being the case, can I dare to go in debt for some more schooling?

It was with all these thoughts in mind that I appealed frankly to the university president and asked him what to do. And the big-souled man realized my longings and desires and yet could not advise me to borrow the money to return. 'You know how we all want you here,' he said, 'and it is hard to give an impartial reply.' But he went on to tell me that many who had gone on and finished their work did not have as good a place as I, and said that he did not believe I would ever again find a place where, all things considered, I could do as much good and do it with as much pleasure to myself.

Many of these details will seem very crude, even to other teachers in small colleges, and I suppose there are no others who meet their problems in exactly the same way that I do; but they all have struggles, and each has his own individual way of waging the warfare. Many keep cows and sell milk, hundreds keep chickens, and some even raise their own hogs, and in this way secure their meat. There are some fortunate professors who have other sources of income aside from their salary, money perhaps which they have inherited or married, and some of these get along very well and are able to do splendid work. I know one man who takes orders for clothing and advertises in the college paper; some lecture in institutes and chautauquas, some sell books through the summer and make more at it than they do by their teaching, and many a professor's wife keeps lodgers and some even keep boarders. As a rule they say very little about all this, but go quietly ahead with their work and fight their battles out in silence.

As I recall the ones I have intimately known, I realize how very true it is that each has had his struggles. I know one especially capable professor who for twenty years has been planning and looking forward to a whole year at Harvard. Occasionally he spends a summer in research work, but his year at Harvard seems as far off as ever. His hair is gray and is rapidly turning white, but he laughs heartily and says he is still planning his full year of university work and expects to have it before he dies.

Professors are accused of being visionary and impractical. It would take another paper the length of this to handle this question, but it will not be out of place here to say that in a certain sense, they are visionary; but the visions they cherish are being certainly and surely realized and made manifest to the world. If they did not possess vision they would never stay in their chosen profession, but would seek more lucrative fields elsewhere. Also, if they did not possess vision the world would stagnate, and science and civilization would remain at a standstill or revert to primitive conditions. Knowing better than any others that 'Though the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small,' they almost unconsciously take for their motto 'Let there be light,' and quietly and determinedly go on with their work. For make light of the statement as we will, it is still true that there are some things better and greater than money.

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THE READING OF BOOKS NOWADAYS

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

I

LOOKING backward to the days of my youth in the late sixties and early seventies, however my memory may be dimmed by the mists of the intervening years, I seem to recall those days as a very earnest time in comparison with the present. The automobile, making it possible to go quickly to distant places, on pleasure bent, and thus to while away many precious hours, had not yet come, even though Mother Shipton's prophecy, alleged to have been made in 1448, — 'Carriages without horses shall go,' — had foretold its advent. 'Canned music,' as it has been called in the apt and hurried modern slang, was unthought of, and the motion picture, with its new, amusing, and interesting ways of wasting time, had not yet occurred, even as a possibility, to inventive minds.

Of course we had some amusements. Baseball was a real game instead of a business. We played croquet, which I remember as a most uninteresting game. We shot, usually very badly, at archery, and the young people occasionally went to dances, but the delirium of the tango and the maxixe was, of course, unknown at our staid parties, where due decorum usually reigned. Also, on great occasions we visited the theatre, now in danger of being superseded, I am told, by the 'movies' of the better class; but generally, — after the children's pantomime period, which was a sort of forerunner of the modern circus and included many of its trick performances, — in order to see Shakespearean reproductions, or some play believed to be 'improving' or educational in its tendencies.

So we young people lived in those days, as I recollect it, in a vast seriousness. Our first years at school were not made easy and joyous to us by the modern methods of the kindergarten and other similar systems of acquiring knowledge without effort, and we thereby escaped the effects of the fallacy that learning and education can be attained without pains and concentration of the mind. We were constantly drilled at school in mental arithmetic and other studies of a kind not much relished, I am told, by the youth of to-day and unfashionable with modern educators of young children; and at home we were urged, in season and out, as we then thought, to improve our minds, to contemplate serious things, and especially and most frequently, to read good books, particularly those books which required effort for their understanding and mastery.

In the period after I left school to enter business, the young people with whom I most associated were reading such books as Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Proctor's *Other Worlds than Ours*, Green's *Short History of England*, and many others of a similar character, and we discussed these among ourselves, and bought them, or had them given to us for our libraries — which it was the fashion of the time to encourage young people to accumulate. I remember having been particularly proud when I

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had acquired a score of such books, all of which I knew intimately by constant re-reading; and I can well say with an old author whose identity is lost in anonymity, 'I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.'

II

That this was not an experience confined to any particular group of young people is plain, I think, when the very large sales and wide distribution of books of a serious, or apparently serious, appeal at about that time is considered.

Beginning about the middle of the last century we find works on popular science, such as Hugh Miller's *Footprints of the Creator* and *The Testimony of the Rocks*, in great demand; these were to be found in every household, as was also Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, which had an extraordinarily wide sale, over five hundred thousand copies having been sold in the United States alone. Works on philosophy and religion were also in vogue, among them *Christianity the Logic of Creation*, by Henry James the father, which was widely read.

There was a very large demand, a little later on, for works of real scientific interest and value, and often the supply of books by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and kindred writers, was insufficient to meet the call for them, both at the libraries and in the bookstores. In this same period, too, there was a considerable interest in the philosophy of Carlyle, Emerson, and Holmes, and the rationalism of Lecky. In poetry, the religio-philosophical verse of Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning, the pagan pessimism of Swinburne and the naturalism of Whitman were in demand. Somewhat after this period I remember an extraordinary interest on the part of the reading public in Kidd's *Social Evolution* and Henry Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, of both of which more than one hundred thousand copies were sold within a few months of publication. Other well-known and widely circulated works of this time were John Fiske's *Idea of God* and *Cosmic Evolution*, Marx's *Capital*, and Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*.

In our great and complex modern communities the observations of a single individual can be of very little value, owing to the limited possibilities of observing any large percentage of our multitudinous population with its many varying characteristics; but it seems to be true, in general, that the observer, at any rate in our great cities, sees among the young people of to-day, in whatever class his observations extend, almost unlimited opportunities for amusement and pastime. Among the young people with whom I am most familiar, tennis and golf, swimming and sailing, automobiling and attending the professional, or semi-professional, games and matches, in what many of them call 'the good old summertime,' the tango and maxixe, teas and bridge, the opera and theatre (in winter), seem so to fill their time that there is little left for serious pursuits. Even necessary duties and the care of health apparently get slight attention in the rush for exciting amusements. Education, by some still considered desirable, is acquired with much aid, by special tutoring, which has become a regular game of preparation for passing examinations and which usually imparts no knowledge whatever of the subject of study beyond that which is necessary

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to pass, by rote, the usual examination paper.

In other classes of the community I am told that the league baseball games, and the cheap dance-halls, and the 'Ten, twent, thirt' movies, form the amusement and almost the sole topics of conversation.

If this indictment is true of any large proportion of our young people of to-day, — and for the reasons already stated it may do injustice to our serious-minded young people who, undoubtedly, are to be found in large numbers in all classes of our communities, — they need not necessarily be too severely censured. Golf and tennis are certainly health- and joy-giving employments which may be infinitely preferable to a too serious study of books, even though, as Clarendon truly says, 'He who loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age, will hardly love them enough afterward to understand them.' And the modern dance craze, to which I have referred, has affected not only the younger people but many of their elders also. One circle of about fifty couples, whose average age was fifty-five, met twice each week during the past winter in one of our large cities, to learn the modern dances. One of the members of this class, aged sixty-five, recently explained to me his want of knowledge of a serious work which had been under discussion, and his failure to keep abreast of the current thought of the time, by saying that he danced twice a week until three A.M. and was too tired to read in the remaining time that he could spare from the labors of his profession.

Yet this tendency of the times for mere amusement, which my observation seems to show as prevailing among the younger element to-day, must inevitably be the result of the greatly increased opportunities for excitement and pastime in modern life, which foster what has been aptly termed the butterfly habit of mind. This is born in early years of the 'play method' of teaching in school, and strengthened by the habits of a society which votes continued serious conversation a bore. That this tendency is shown through all classes and ages in the community may be gathered by consulting the reports of books taken from our principal public libraries; the Newark Public Library, probably the most representative in the New York metropolitan district, in a recent year showing that fiction, which led by far all other classes of literature, was circulated to the number of 117,394 volumes, a larger figure than that recording the circulation of all other classes of books.

If we could obtain the figures from the circulating libraries in our cities, the preponderance of the reading of fiction would be much more manifest; the greater part of these circulating libraries, which are now to be found in great numbers in all our large cities, existing only for the purpose of circulating current novels, often of the 'six-best-seller' type. The librarians now tell us that there is a very considerable falling off in circulation of all classes of books at present, and they attribute this to the counter-attraction of the 'movies.'

III

Farmers are not the only class in the community prone to grumble at existing conditions. A few days ago, at one of the clubs in New York, much affected by authors and consequently also greatly frequented by publishers, a well-known member of the latter profession was heard to complain that the selling of books to the public had been curtailed in turn by the multiplication of cheap magazines, by the increasing use of the automobile, by the invention

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of the Victrola and other mechanical producers of music, by the invention of the motion-picture film, and, last but not least, by the new fashion of dances which absorbed, he said, the attention and time of young and old alike. I was reminded of the saying of an old-time New Englander that 'Life was just one durn thing after another.' It was the favorite remark of one of the principal printers at Cambridge, who used to set up and print most of the important books at the time when that part of New England held, by undisputed right, the literary leadership of the country, and who, undoubtedly, had troubles of his own in dealing with the authors of his time.

Whether the reasons given by my brother publisher for the falling off of interest on the part of the public in the publication of books were well and properly ascribed, it would be difficult to say. Many other causes are doubtless contributory to a fact which is only too patent to all who are engaged in the publishing and selling of books. Even at the public libraries throughout the country, where books, of course, cost the readers nothing, the circulation of books is, as I have said, steadily falling off.

Hardly as this state of things has borne on the publishers themselves, — more than one of the large, honored, and long-established houses of twenty years or so having been brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the changed conditions of the trade to which they have been unable to adjust themselves, — it has borne with even greater hardship on the authors. Especially has it been disastrous to authors of the more serious books of recent literature, whose earnings are often insufficient to pay for the typewriting of their manuscripts. This fact has become so widely known as to discourage the production of works of interest and value to the community, so that no surprise is expressed when our Ambassador to Great Britain, himself formerly an author, and more recently a member of a well-known publishing firm, is reported recently to have advised writers 'against such a precarious career.' 'Gambling,' he is said to have added, 'is more likely to yield a steady income.'

Works of scientific interest similar to those to which I referred in the earlier part of this article have very few examples in the literature of the day, and even the best of the volumes of this sort which now appear, find apparently few readers. A recent example which at once occurs to me is Sollas's *Ancient Hunters*, a book of great value and almost fascinating interest, of which a large edition was sold, almost at once, in London. It has been distributed here in the number of less than two hundred copies, and Professor Scott's monumental work on American Mammals has had almost as few readers.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, which has had such an honored career in the encouragement and production of good literature, and the editors of which seem to find genuine satisfaction in making good books known to its readers, published not long ago an article on the works of H. Fielding-Hall, which referred especially to his *The Soul of a People*. I read the paper with much interest, this work having long been favorite reading of my own. To my surprise I found, on making inquiry a few days ago, that the sale of the book had been limited to a few, a very few, hundred copies.

Why is it that the American people, rich beyond the peoples of other nations, with boundless facilities for education offered at a far less cost than in most other countries, fail to encourage by purchase and use the best works of our modern writers? Why is it that works such as those mentioned above

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can find only a few hundred purchasers in a wealthy and well-educated community of one hundred million souls? Why is it that works of serious and universal interest such as Thayer's *Life and Times of Cavour* and Theodore Roosevelt's *Autobiography*, to name no others, should fail to find a sale large enough in numbers to supply each public library in the country with even a single copy?

We cannot, in these cases, fix the responsibility on an excessive price for the books, because in several of the instances named the total number of copies sold is not sufficient to supply even a single copy to one in ten of the public libraries, where at least it is to be hoped that the price is not the prime factor in selection and purchase. Must we then blame the public for its apparent complete indifference to the best thought of the time in literature and in science? Is my publishing friend right in attributing this indifference to a too great enjoyment of the material opportunities for pastime of this age of mechanical wonder and advancement? Or have the scare headlines of modern journalism and the short, scrappy, but interesting methods of the cheap magazines so enhanced the 'butterfly' habit of mind that we are no longer capable of continued concentration, and have lost the power of reading books requiring serious attention?

The author too often believes that the publisher is to blame for the failure of his book to sell, and the friends of the author, members of the reading public, usually tell him that they have never seen the book advertised and that, anyhow, the high price at which (because of the small demand) it must be sold, prevents its sale. All publishers do not resent criticism; most of the fraternity, I believe, recognize the inadequacy of methods of book-distribution, and are, in their efforts to improve them, constantly trying experiments which they, usually vainly, believe will open to their wares the door which will induce the vast multitude of the general public to buy them.

Having so frequently heard publishers criticized in the strain referred to in the preceding paragraph, I recently tried the experiment of selecting about forty volumes of recent issue on serious subjects, and taking care to choose only those which had proved popular in the expensive first editions, I published them at fifty cents each. To meet the complaints in their entirety I devoted the sum of ten thousand dollars to advertising these cheap editions in periodicals of the widest general circulation; one of the journals used, I remember, claimed a circulation of nearly two million copies, and charged accordingly. The results of this experiment were not fortunate. The books in the cheap editions sold in less numbers in most cases than in the original more expensive editions, and the direct returns, in sales of books, amounted to three hundred dollars, or three per cent of the amount of the advertising bills.

This experiment and some of the other facts in regard to the sale of books cited in this article do not, of course, prove that there is not a large and eager public for the best works of modern literature, but they do lead, in the mind of one observer at least, to the query as to whether books in these days have not lost the preëminence they formerly enjoyed as the principal, and for many people the only, means of whiling away pleasantly, or instructively, the unoccupied hours of life.

IV

In my younger days, as I have pointed out, and up to a time which may be roughly estimated at twenty or thirty years ago, we had three main resources

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for the spending of idle hours, and these, in their order of importance, were reading, the art of conversation, and letter-writing. Most people who remember the letters of this earlier period will remember them as giving, with charm and style, descriptions of the life and the news of the day. The necessity for such letter-writing, removed by an overzealous and much too evident daily and hourly press, has passed away, and with it has passed one of the chief resources of our earlier years. The art of conversation, a constant resource and delight of older generations, and of which Emerson says, 'Wise, cultivated, genial conversation is the last flower of civilization, and the best result which life has to offer us,' has also passed away, or at any rate, is no longer understood as it formerly was, and there are certainly no adepts in its practice now to be found. Can it be true that reading also is to go out of fashion, that books will no longer be bought or read, and that their place is to be taken by other means of passing the time similar to those to which I have elsewhere referred?

The value, to the mind and character, of the reading of good books cannot be overestimated. The reading of such books as I have mentioned, and others of a similar sort, as the occupation of my earlier years, was a liberal education in my case, and has stood me in better stead than my other educational opportunities of the school and college; and if it is true that we are in danger of losing our taste for serious reading, as many of the facts of our times seem to prove, we should bestir ourselves to avert, in time, what must otherwise prove a terrible misfortune, not only to ourselves, but to the character and intelligence of those who come after us.

It is evident that the dangers of the growth of a distaste for reading are attracting the attention of the foremost of our educational authorities. In many parts of the country already something is being done to endeavor to train our young people in the reading of books which require thought and concentration for their proper understanding; but because so much of the reading material now placed before the younger generation is doubtful, not to say trashy, in character, the movement needs enlargement and discriminating supervision, in order that it may gain the proper momentum to make it a part of the daily life of the children, and also in order that the taste for good reading may be developed early.

In this connection I am reminded too of the widely followed plan of including the reading of English classics as a part of the regular work in the secondary schools, a movement admirable in itself but not without its dangers to the cause of good reading, in that it does not seem to encourage that love of reading which is the one greatly desired end to be attained. One, at least, of my acquaintances has confided to me that he attributed his antipathy to the reading of good books to having been obliged to read such works as a task in the schoolroom.

In response to a former article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the circulation of books, I received a large number of letters, many of them containing suggestions which were both timely and helpful, and some of which I have, indeed, made use of in one way or another. It may be, if I have rightly stated the problem of serious reading in this paper, that I may again receive similar assistance in helping to solve it.

Of one thing I feel quite certain, that the reading of good literature is necessary to the growth of the mind and the strengthening of character, especially in young people, and that there is no resource for all periods

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of life so helpful, so satisfying, and so enduring as a love of good books. Channing well says: 'God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race.'

THE IMPULSE TO FUTURISM

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I

THINK what it means to be born, like Marinetti, in Egypt, to have a lawyer as one's father, to be taught at a Jesuit College, and to be an Italian!

To be born in the tomb of the world, the habitat of mummies, the ash-pit of seven thousand years, the home of unchanging arts which took twenty dynasties to die, the temple where the worshiped cat had, not nine lives, but nine times nine hundred!

To be surrounded from childhood by the law — that codification of custom, that consecration of precedent, the dead hand of the obsolete, the fetter upon change, the executioner of hope!

To spend youth in a Jesuit College — to live always in church — in a Church eternal and immutable! To be told that the highest wisdom lies behind us; to derive knowledge from 'the Fathers'; to regard criticism, interpretation, and innovation as mortal sins; to contemplate an unchanging eternity behind and before; to repeat with profound reverence several times in a day, 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end!'

And then to be an Italian and live in Italy; to listen morning, noon, and night to the lamentations of that weeping Niobe; to inhabit a museum haunted by tourists, antiquaries, and guides; to be disregarded by thousands and thousands of German and English visitors as something out of place and insignificant — something that hardly exists — just because you are alive, because you are not a genuine antique, but an imitation, a forgery, a modern copy of old times! To be faced at every corner by some ancient master of poetry, of eloquence, of painting, sculpture, or architecture, who once reached perfection, and whom everyone is still taught to imitate, but whom no one can ever surpass! To be the son of a country 'with a past' — a country which, instead of decently covering up her past, lives upon its scrappy keepsakes and memorials, exposes them to public view, and rejoices, as over a lucrative investment, when any old relic is raked from oblivion!

To be suckled by mummies, swaddled by the Law and the Church, reach manhood in a museum, a picture-gallery, a resort of tourists on the lookout for antiquities — that was Marinetti's fate. Here was a man of passionate southern nature, alert, self-assertive, as choke-full of vitality as a shell of Lyd-

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dite, and such was his fate. No wonder he rebelled. No wonder his first thought was to defy precedent, to shatter tradition, to explode antiquity; and his second thought to demand life, and explore new paths for its expression. No wonder he is a Futurist.

We, too, in England are nursed on mummies and trammeled by the past. Our schooldays are governed by a rigid tradition of 'good form.' Our law courts are governed by the belief that legal decisions upon questions of good and evil are binding for ever; that what has been done once should always be done again; that a statute ordained by Edward III to control the vagabonds, 'pillors and barrators' of his French Wars should naturally be used to control a Suffragette speaking in Trafalgar Square. We also, like the City Fathers at their banquets, broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent, and the broadening of City Fathers is rapid compared with our freedom's.

Till quite lately, nearly all of us were educated on an ancient collection of writings or traditions, solemnly believed to contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. To criticize or question was impious; even to suggest that the strength of the Bible lay in its beauty and religious morality rather than in its historical accuracy, was a blasphemous presumption. And though that time has now gone by, the habit of all our churches keeps our eyes fixed steadily on the past. We are taught that the highest revelation of divine wisdom — indeed, its only revelation — lies two thousand years behind us. That the age of sanctity is passed. That the best we can do is to imitate the examples of apostles, disciples, and long-departed saints. That the present world is rolling further and further away from the highest ideal of holiness.

For arts and literature, we also are brought up, like Marinetti, in a museum, although the English museum is neither so beautiful nor so stupefying as the Italian. For architecture, the greatest of all arts, we are instructed to study and imitate the remaining specimens of Greek, Byzantine, Mediæval, and Renaissance building; to select one of these styles and copy it as closely as we can; or, if we must be original, to take two or three of these styles and mix them up adroitly. The result of our imitation and combination is the British Museum, the Houses of Parliament, the War Office, and the National Liberal Club — fit homes for the mouldering antiquities there enshrined, but in themselves destitute of vitality, creative invention, or the spark of living genius.

So in the subordinate arts, such as painting, sculpture, and handicrafts, we have been commanded either to go on imitating the Greeks, with the results we see in the still-born little pictures of Leighton and Alma Tadema, or in the Victoria Memorial, where that worthy woman sits, clothed and in her right mind, amid corybantic groups of naked men and women, pagan deities of dubious morality, and nymphs who would never have been admitted to her Court in their present costume; or else we have been commanded to imitate the blessed ages of romantic mystery and touching faith, when happy craftsmen chipped and chaffered in the cheaping-steads, knights quested for distressed damsels in haunted forests, and John Ball founded the Fabian Society. Under these behests we have worshiped Burne-Jones and his yearning dreams; we have stocked our minds and homes with mediæval trumpery; we have constructed battlements to our seats of learning, towered walls for our peaceful streets, angled houses for our rotund persons, ingle-nooks, beams industri-

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ously marked with the adze, maypoles, Morris-dances, and all the other artful-and-crafty contraptions of modern Oxford and the Garden Suburbs.

Or take literature. If the greatness of her old masters in the arts has converted Italy into a museum for tourists, the greatness of our old writers oppresses England in like manner. In literature we stand very high. We contend with France for the second place to Greece. But what a price we pay for our fame! How it overwhelms and depresses us, turning our eyes always backward, binding us to old models, blinding us to the changeful splendors of to-day, hampering us with suffocating loads of commentaries, biographies, variorum editions, learned societies, revivals, pilgrimages, and the American tourists to Stratford! Shakespeare has done us incalculable harm. But for him we should have had no dissertations on the character of Hamlet, no interminable dissensions on the meaning of the sonnets, no bloodthirsty controversies over the color of Mary Fitton's hair (which probably changed like the chameleon), no opportunity for leisured lunatics to waste time in discovering Baconian cryptograms, instead of employing it on ravings in Bedlam. But for Shakespeare we should not now be struggling to raise hundreds of thousands of pounds for a Memorial Theatre, that will lie heavy on our hands, no matter how empty. But for him we might now be enjoying a fresh and vital drama, and we should not have had to wait three centuries for a Norwegian to show us an escape from boredom. But for him and Milton, we might never have heard blank verse, either in verse or prose.

What is true of Shakespeare is true of others in less degree. Think of the imitators of Pope, of Wordsworth, of Dickens and George Meredith. In England our youth has long ceased to imitate Byron. We are too comfortable even to copy that noble spirit. But in Austria I noticed the other day that youth was wearing the Byronic collar, without the Byronic gloom. And among ourselves, look at the delightful young men growing more and more like Shelley every shining hour! Because of the very greatness of our literature, almost equal in greatness to the sculpture of Greece and the painting of Italy, we have fallen under the curse of immortality.

Egypt also was once a great country, but for thousands of years it lay dying of immortality. Once it had a gleam of hope, a possibility of change. It was visited by ten plagues. But no frogs or lice or flies or locusts or murrain or living darkness—not even the death of all the first-born (those natural propagators of tradition), could eradicate the pestilent germ of the greatest plague of all—the plague of immortality. We remember those Struldbrugs whom Gulliver discovered in the kingdom of Laputa. Doomed to immortality, they were peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, incapable of friendship, dead to all natural affections. Such is the curse which immortality brings. 'Immortality is a crime,' the Futurists proclaim. It is worse than a crime. It is a nuisance.

As an illustration, let me quote from a Futurist painter whose words I am bound to listen to with respect. I mean my son. Speaking as a painter in the Doré Gallery's Futurist Exhibition in June, 1914, Mr. Richard Nevinson said,

'No one could live with a singer incessantly and constantly singing in a room. So it is impossible to live with a picture. This applies to all pictures, past, present, and future. Why is it that no one would take the Mona Lisa as a gift? It is n't a very bad picture. It is simply because we cannot walk or go anywhere in Europe without getting

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a reproduction of her smile, which by its very monotony becomes that of a grinning imbecile.'

Alas for immortality that has become a nuisance and a bore! Alas, and yet again, alas!

II

I am not immortal. My smile will never be reduced to the grinning of an imbecile by monotonous repetition. But I am old. I am strongly conservative by nature. I was brought up in the most rigid form of unchanging religion, was trained upon the oldest masters in literature and the arts, and taught to fear and detest every innovation, every sign of 'progress,' every departure from established rules and from accepted or natural beauty as hideous, dangerous, sacrilegious, and vulgar. Yet very early in life I made one great discovery for myself. I found afterwards that Aristotle had made the discovery also, and had expressed it in the succinct beauty of Greek: Δὶς δὲ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται. 'Twice is impossible,' we must translate it, or 'You can do nothing twice,' or 'Two into one won't go.'

Nothing can be done twice. That is why my son is right in saying that only bad work goes on forever. He is told, he says, that the Royal Academy of this year is exactly the same as the Royal Academy of the last fifty or sixty years. More than a generation has passed to the grave since I went to the Academy. But I looked at an illustrated guide lately, and I found he was quite right. Subjects, sentiments, portraits, representations of nature and domestic scenes, were exactly the same as I remembered from my early boyhood. Yet nothing can be done twice, as Aristotle and I discovered. Only bad work goes on forever. No matter how men may come and men may go, bad work goes on forever.

How then are we to shake off this incubus of imitation? How emerge from the putrefying charnel of museums? How shatter, disintegrate, or explode? In painting many have struggled for liberty, sometimes with brush, sometimes with fist, as in the animated and bloody contests recently waged against the Passéists in Milanese and Roman theatres. I cannot here pause to distinguish minutely between Divisionists, Pointillists, Intimists (who belonged to the same group), Fauvists (savages), Orféists, Cubists, Expressionists, Vorticists, and Dynamists. In so far as all are in alliance against the Passéists, despite violent and bloodthirsty disagreements among themselves, all may be called Futurists.

But the Futurist proper has a place by himself, though when you reach his place, you generally find he has gone somewhere else — somewhere onwards, as his name implies. For the moment — perhaps for this passing week — we may say that the Futurist painter refuses to paint representations. He leaves representation to the Passéist and photographer. He paints what he calls a plastic abstraction of an emotion, an expression or concentration of life as it appears to a spectator. He paints a state of mind. But the mind is usually, perhaps always, in a state of excitement under the stress and stimulation of modern life, under the excitement of noise, of danger, of mechanical power, but especially of speed: the speed of galloping horses, — horses with twenty legs, — of motors so rapid that the houses lean sideways, of aëroplanes roaring like dragons over a terrified world, of rebel crowds rushing forward in acute angles of scarlet passion that impinge upon the habitations of established custom and knock them into cocked hats.

Painting to the Futurist is no pretty, soothing art to be hung in a room and discussed at discreet dinner-parties.

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Like all Futurist work, it is inspired by adventure and discovery. It is a violent stimulant, to be taken only now and then, — deadly as whiskey, if too often repeated; but never an opiate, never narcotic with sleep. The Futurist destroys everything soft, gracious, effeminate, subdued, and moribund. He works with brilliant colors and sharp angles. He strives to find plastic equivalents for all appearances of our actual life — its noises, smells, music-halls, factories, trains, and harbors. He tells us that noises and smells may be in form concave or convex, triangular, elliptical, oblong, conical, spherical, spiral; and as for their color, he says the smell of machinery and sport, for instance, is nearly always red; the smell of restaurants and cafés is silvery, yellow, or violet; the smell of animals yellow or blue. Let us not laugh too soon. Noises and smells are only states of mind, and we talk of jealousy (which is a state of mind) as green or green-eyed; in anger we say we 'see red;' in melancholy we 'have the blues.'

In sculpture, even more than in painting, we are overwhelmed by the past. 'All sculpture galleries,' says Boccioni, the Futurist sculptor, 'are reservoirs of boredom, and the inaugurations of public monuments are occasions for irrepressible laughter.' The Italians feel this even more than we do, for they are oppressed by memories of Michael Angelo as well as by Greeks and Romans; the working of marble is a specially Italian craft; and they cannot take their monuments like us with a kindly shrug as the inevitable penalty of fame, or an inscrutable decree of Providence. In sculpture, therefore, the Futurist must readily obey his master's precept, 'to spit every day on the altar of Art.'

Away with this imitation, this moribund immortality, this monotonous nudity of nymphs and Psyches, Ledas with swans, Dianas in boots, Venuses in nothing — all these weary vistas of plumpy breasts and rounded thighs that the words 'sculpture gallery' call up! No more nudes! Futurist sculptors and painters agree on that: not that nudity is immoral, but that it has become a bore. It is lifeless, and art must display action and vitality. Let the sculptor work in what material he likes, even in marble, if he likes it. But his figures must hint at their surroundings — their 'ambiance.' They must reveal the emotion of the spectator, and not represent the final lines of eternal form. The sculptor must throw his subjects open like a window. Even portraits should not necessarily resemble the model. Above all, the emotion conveyed must be modern, unconnected with classical mythology, 'ideals of beauty,' or other tombstones.

In Futurist music we find the same violent reaction against the monotonous repetition and elegant ecstasies of the past. Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Wagner, says the Futurist, were all very well in their time. They held the advance-posts of their day; so did Pheidias and Michael Angelo; so did the builders of Venice and Oxford. Let us leave them where they stand. Let us honor them with an annual concert, just as we may visit a picture-gallery or museum once a year without perishing of putrefaction. But the modern world has emotions, and lives under conditions, which the composers of the eighteenth and even of the nineteenth century could not conceive.

Noise, for instance, is a modern creation. There is very little noise in nature — only earthquakes, thunder, waves, winds, waterfalls, lions roaring, parrots screaming, nightingales singing. In the last fifty years, what an immense advance man has made upon those primitive sounds! Think of the express train as it yells and roars!

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Parrots and lions are child's play in comparison. Think of a cotton-mill, a printing press, an iron-foundry! Think of the pistons of an ocean liner, the cannonade of a dreadnought, the clang of shipyards! Think of the shriek of circular saws, the hooting of motors, the clatter of milk-cans, the aëroplanes whiffling and burbling through the sky! By an ideal or imaginative combination of such noises, is it not possible to create a new acoustic pleasure, a new development of music, adapted to modern emotions and modern ears?

At the Coliseum in London we have lately (June, 1914) seen and heard what the Futurist can do with sound. There stood the enormous instruments, a dream of elephantine megaphones, for the most part worked by the turn of a handle, like barrel-organs. Oh, what a saving of the singer's shrieks, the pianist's practicing, the violinist's inflictions! The Roarer, the Whistler, the Murmurer, the Screamer — so were the instruments named. Other instruments supplied the outcries of mankind and animals; others the clang of blows upon metals. The first and most beautiful composition or combination aroused the emotion we feel at the 'Awakening of a great City.' We can imagine it. The very houses have been asleep. With a faint murmur the giant heart begins to stir. The mail-carts rumble in the distance. The market carts plod to Covent Garden. A belated taxi rushes by. The workmen's trams begin to roar and ring. There comes a sound of hurrying feet upon the pavement. The war-whoop of the milkman echoes down the street. Doors slam. Cooks scour the steps. Machinery hisses and screams. Hammers crash upon iron plates. Trams, motor 'buses, and taxis reduplicate their rumbling, their clangor, and hoots. City trains rage shrieking past the very windows. All these noises and sounds combine into a rich diapason, varied and illuminated by outstanding notes, like flashes of lightning against the background of a storm. The sun rises. The city wakes. Man goeth forth to his labor until the evening.

Again I would say, let us not laugh too soon. I remember with what laughter, with what mockery, Wagner was received — Wagner with his 'Music of the Future' — his Futurist music!

III

And then there is literature — poetry, imaginative utterance, the expression of emotion in words. Of this art Marinetti himself is the Futurist master. I will not here examine his theory of 'free verse' — verse released like Walt Whitman's from metre, rhyme, and form; nor his later practice of abolishing all stops, adjectives, adverbs, tenses, and moods (except the infinitive), of introducing mere sounds to express the sense, and marking expression or coupling sentences with the usual algebraical signs for addition, multiplication, and so on. His poems are now a series of violent and unconnected nouns, infinitive verbs, and strange sounds, interspersed with mathematical signs that make the printed page look incomprehensible. But to the layman a page of musical score looks incomprehensible too. Wait till the musician begins to play! I have heard many recitations, and have tried to describe many scenes of war. But I listened to Marinetti's recitation of one of his poems on battles and then I knew what he meant by 'wireless imagination.'

I may very well have witnessed the event he described, for he was with us in the Bulgarian second army outside Adrianople in the autumn of 1912. But I have never conceived such a description, or heard such a recitation.

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The poem described a train of Turkish wounded, stopped and captured on its way by Bulgarian troops and guns. The noise, the confusion, the surprise of death, the terror and courage, the grandeur and appalling littleness, the doom and chance, the shouting, curses, blood, stink, and agony — all were combined into one great emotion by that amazing succession of words, performed or enacted by the poet with such passion of abandonment that no one could escape the spell of listening. Mingled anguish and hope as the train started; rude jolts and shocks, and yet hope; the passing landscape, thought of reaching Stamboul. Suddenly, the air full of the shriek and boom of bullets and shells; hammering of machine-guns, shouting of captains, crash of approaching cannon. And all the time one felt the deadly microbes crawling in the suppurating wounds, devouring the flesh, undermining the thin walls of the entrails. One felt the infinitely little, the pestilence that walks in darkness, at work in the midst of gigantic turmoil making history. That is the very essence of war. That is war's central emotion.

I know all that can be said against such methods in literature as in other arts. Free verse and words without syntax may become too easy for beauty, since the beautiful is always hard. (Though, on my conscience, I believe it is easier to write verse than prose!) I know all the objections. I only insist upon the meaning, the intention of Futurism, and the impulse that drives to it. With Goethe, I say, 'If you insist on telling me your opinions, for God's sake, tell me what you believe in! I have plenty of doubts of my own.' A well-known poet and critic, Mr. Newbolt, has, I believe, sought to discredit Marinetti's method by transposing Keats's 'Ode to the Nightingale' into Futurist language — a succession of nouns, infinitive verbs, and mathematical signs. The mockery is beside the point. Keats expressed the emotion called up by the nightingale exactly right. But the nightingale has had a long innings. He has been in from Sophocles to Keats, and perhaps it is time now to declare his innings over. Let the new emotions of a new age have their turn. 'We sing the love of danger,' cried the Futurists, in their first manifesto (February, 1909). There is nothing about nightingales in that manifesto. It says: —

'The essential elements of our poetry shall be courage, daring, and rebellion.

'There is no beauty except in strife.

'We shall glorify war, patriotism, the destructive arm of the Anarchist, the contempt for effeminacy.

'We shall sing of the great crowds in the excitement of labor, pleasure, or rebellion; of the multi-colored and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capital cities; of the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and workshops beneath their violent electric moons; of the greedy stations swallowing smoking snakes; of factories suspended from the clouds by their strings of smoke; of bridges leaping like gymnasts over the diabolical cutlery of sun-bathed rivers; of adventurous liners scenting the horizon; of broad-chested locomotives prancing on the rails, like huge steel horses bridled with long tubes; and of the gliding flight of aëroplanes, the sound of whose screw is like the flapping of flags, and the applause of an enthusiastic crowd.

'Your objections? Enough! Enough! I know them! It is agreed! We know well what our fine and false intelligence tells us. We are, it says, only the summary and the extension of our ancestors. Perhaps! Very well! . . . What matter? . . . But we do not wish to hear! Beware of repeating those infamous words! Better lift your head!

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'Erect on the topmast pinnacle of the world, once again we fling our defiance to the stars.'

It is violent, it is insolent. But as I listen to it, I seem to myself like Moses, when he came from Egypt's land of tombs and solemn pyramids — from among monuments of never-ending death in life — from among monstrous cats and bulls and crocodiles sanctified by the inexhaustible stupidity of custom — and stood upon Pisgah, gazing out over the land of promise. As Robert Browning, one of our antiquated poets, said last century: —

> Over the ball of it,
> Peering and prying,
> How I see all of it,
> Life there, outlying!
> . . . . .
> Honey, get gall of it!
> There's the life lying,
> And I see all of it,
> Only, I'm dying.

Standing on such a Pisgah height, with dying eyes I look out upon a Futurist world of strife and tempest and struggling crowds, — a world of revolt and rebellion, smitten by the acute angles and crimson bars of rage, — a world risen in violent reaction against weakness and sentimentality, invalidism, comfort, softness, luxury, and effeminate excess, — against the toy woman (*la femme bibelot*), the worship of precedent, of research, of rules, of uninspired morality. Such a world shudders at the monotony of regulated habit and established reputation. That a thing has been done once is for it a sufficient reason why it should never be done again. And moving about in that world of hard and dangerous life that is full of rapid contrasts and calls out the highest human capacities from hour to hour, I appear to see magnificent and adventurous men, tempestuous and proud, fighting their way side by side with magnificent and adventurous women, virile, gigantic, devoid of shame, loathing effeminacy, giving the breast to superb and violent infants, turbulent as Titans of the earthquake and volcano.

As I gaze, I sometimes think that the Futurist parents are in for a stormy time. But no matter! Let us hand on to them our motto: 'De l'audace, de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!' Which one may translate: 'Be bold, be bold, there is not the smallest fear that any one will be too bold.'

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MIND IN PLANTS

BY ADA WATTERSON YERKES

I

MAETERLINCK has entitled one of his charming essays 'The Intelligence of the Flowers.' It may seem like taking a long step beyond this to attribute mind to the whole plant kingdom. We human beings are inclined to regard the possession of mind as our own special prerogative and to grant grudgingly that a few of the higher animals exhibit forms of behavior which approach the intelligent. There are, indeed, many philosophers who deny that one can know the existence of any mind except one's own. But once admit that other men may share this great possession, the door is wide open, and the path leads thence down through vertebrates and invertebrates, one-celled animals, and many-celled plants, till who can tell where one may stop and say, 'Beyond this there is no consciousness.'

The essayist has applied the term intelligence to those curious and wonderful adaptations which, in plants, promote the reproduction and distribution of species. Conspicuous among these are the marvelous contrivances and processes by which cross-fertilization is effected, and the dispersal of fruits and seeds by wind, waves, animals, and other agents promoted. But this use of the term is open to criticism, for such adaptations of form and function as those cited are examples of the intelligence of Nature rather than of flowers. By the student of behavior or of comparative psychology, intelligence is to-day defined as 'the power of learning by individual experience.' Maeterlinck himself warns us that his essay should not be considered a scientific treatise. His choice of terms, however, strongly emphasizes the difference between the popular and the scientific conception of the meaning of words, and the misunderstandings to which this difference gives rise.

Perhaps nowhere are these misunderstandings, because of difference in the usage of words, more evident than in the case of such terms as mind, soul, and consciousness. The average man boasts that he has a soul and that he himself is master of it; insists, often pugnaciously, that his favorite horse and dog have minds and are capable of intelligent, and even of reasoned, behavior. But if you allude to the consciousness of the carrot, he feels that you have entered the realm of the fantastic, and refuses to discuss the matter in any save a humorous way. It behooves us, therefore, to inquire carefully into the meaning which the scientist gives to these words, and the ways in which he uses them.

E. B. Titchener, one of our most eminent psychologists, defines mind as 'the sum-total of human experience considered as dependent upon the experiencing person.' He rejects a use of the term consciousness in the sense of a 'mind's awareness of itself' as being not only unnecessary but also misleading, 'unnecessary because, as we shall see later, the awareness is a matter of observation of the same gen-

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eral kind as observation of the external world; it is misleading because it suggests that mind is a personal being instead of a stream of processes.' He therefore takes 'mind and consciousness to mean the same thing.'

Later in the same discussion he says, 'If, however, we attribute minds to other human beings, we have no right to deny them to the higher animals. These animals are provided with a nervous system of the same pattern as ours; their conduct or behavior, under circumstances that would arouse certain feelings in us, often seems to express, quite definitely, similar feelings in them. Surely we must grant that the highest vertebrates, mammals and birds, have minds. Indeed, it is difficult to limit mind to the animals that possess even a rudimentary nervous system; for the creatures that rank still lower in the scale of life manage to do, without a nervous system, practically everything that their superiors do by its assistance. The range of mind thus appears to be as wide as the range of animal life.

'The plants, on the other hand, appear to be mindless. Many of them are endowed with what we may term sense-organs, that is, organs differentiated to receive certain forms of stimulus, — pressure, impact, light, and so forth. These organs are analogous in structure to the sense-organs of the lower animal organisms; thus plant "eyes" have been found, which closely resemble rudimentary animal eyes, and which — if they belonged to animals — might mediate the perception of light: so that the development of the plant-world has evidently been governed by the same general laws of adaptation to environment that have been at work in the animal kingdom. But we have no evidence of plant-consciousness.'

We see, therefore, that the scientists themselves sometimes hesitate to follow their statements and assumptions to their logical conclusions. If plants possess rudimentary eyes so similar in structure to those of animals that 'if they belonged to animals they might mediate the perception of light,' why should we not assume that they really serve as eyes? Such an assumption seems natural enough, unless, perchance, it can be shown that animals and plants are essentially different in nature, — a view, however, which all the biological work of recent years has tended to refute.

II

Primitive men evidently regarded plants as living, acting, and feeling creatures. A poetical expression of this is found in the dryads who were part of each tree, living and dying with it. The Russian and the Norwegian folk-songs are permeated by the same idea. Aristotle, however, announced that while both animals and plants have souls, plants lack sensation or feeling. The pith he assumed to be the seat of the soul of plants and the controlling centre of physiological processes. In the era of Linnæus a somewhat different idea prevailed. It finds expression in his phrase: 'Stones grow; plants grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.'

It is safe to say that Linnæus did not think of plants as possessing souls, or minds, or any form of consciousness. Under the influence of this eminent systematic botanist, the study of plants was restricted to collecting, drying, and pressing specimens, and to wrangling over names. It is only within the last century that students of plants have freed themselves from the influence of Linnæus, and have begun to study the complex processes of life as they occur in the plant world.

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Experimentation has largely replaced collecting and preserving. This study of plants as living things has gradually broken down the Aristotelian boundary wall between animals and plants. And from the ruins of the wall has arisen a common biology which is quite as much concerned with the likenesses between animals and plants as with their differences.

The discovery that the unit of structure, the cell, is strikingly similar in plants and animals was one of the first great advances in this common biology. The cell indeed has been found to possess almost identical properties in the two kingdoms. 'Living protoplasm,' exclaims the noted botanist Haberlandt, 'whether its origin be animal or plant, hides in itself all the great riddles of life, whose solution we are always joyfully, but with varying success, striving for.'

A second important step in the establishing of a strictly scientific botany resulted from the recognition that the power of intelligent movement, which previously had been regarded as an attribute of animals alone, exists equally among the lower plants. This discovery was made with the aid of the microscope, which revealed to the observer myriads of tiny plants, creeping, crawling, whirling, with a rapidity and complexity of motion equal to that of animals. Bacteria, Diatoms, Desmids, and the swarmspores of many algæ and fungi, were discovered to be capable of extreme and varied activity.

Yet another step forward was taken when leading botanists came to admit the existence of irritability in certain plants.

Says Haberlandt, 'The existence of living substance is so sharply distinguished by no fundamental property as by *irritability*. Not only animal but plant protoplasm is fitted to receive different external changes as stimuli. When the sensitive plant at a rough touch lowers its petioles and clasps its leaflets together; when a stem, illuminated on one side, turns toward the source of light; or when bacteria swarm together upon a piece of nutrient substance, we have to do with irritable movements which are fully analogous to those which play such an important rôle in the life of animals.

'The irritability of animals has been regarded for ages as indicative of sensation and perception. Nothing can deter us, once the similarity of sensory movements in the animal and the plant kingdoms is fully recognized, from ascribing to plants both sensation and perception.'

It is interesting that this view of the plant world should have been prophesied long ago by Fechner the philosopher, in his book entitled *Nanna, oder das Seelenleben der Pflanzen*, wherein, to quote Haberlandt again, 'the most delicate phantasies of the "Märchenerzähler" twine like blossoming branches around the strong scaffolding of scientific thought.' Fechner ascribed to plants a richly developed sensory life. He would have taken keen satisfaction could he have lived to see the confirmation of his views which has resulted from the studies of the structure and behavior of plants made during the last twenty years.

III

In applying the term 'mind' to plants, we should of course note that we are dealing with extremely elementary or simple mental processes. We have no reason to assume, or even to suspect, that such complex experiences as our human perceptions, emotions, and thoughts, exist in plants. The psychologist whom we have already quoted presents three classes of *ele-*

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mentary mental processes: sensations, images, and affections. Of these several simple varieties of consciousness, sensations are the only ones which we can safely attribute to plants.

By the work of many observers, and especially by that of the ingenious physiologist Jagadis Chunder Bose, it has been established, recently, that changes occurring about plants may act as stimuli, and thus, through the releasing of vital energy, occasion forms of response which are no less interestingly adaptive than are those exhibited by animals. By means of marvelously sensitive devices, the essential feature of which is the 'optical lever,' Bose has been enabled to detect movements in response to stimulation in many plants, organs, and tissues. It has also been amply demonstrated that in plants, as in animals, the organ which responds to a stimulus may be at a considerable distance from the place at which the stimulus is received.

Darwin it was who noted that a root placed horizontally receives the stimulus of gravity in the root-cap, while the bending which causes the root to turn downward occurs at some distance from the cap. It is evident that this spatial separation of point of stimulus and point of response indicates the existence of something similar to nerve-impulses, and indeed most students of the subject freely admit that plants exhibit certain physiological processes analogous to the so-called conduction of impulses by nerves. In some plants this conduction is pretty obviously a purely mechanical process. This is the case in the well-known sensitive plant, *Mimosa pudica*, wherein responsiveness to stimuli or sensitivity was first observed and is to-day most widely known.

The pressure of fluid in a peculiar system of tubes conveys the effect of a touch or jar to distant parts of the sensitive plant, and these, in their turn, so act as to occasion movement. Thus a light touch at one point causes a very pronounced movement of the leaves of mimosa. And by striking a group of these plants with a stick, one may cause a wave of response which resembles the effect of a strong wind on a field of grain. For the majority of plants, however, it has been discovered that conduction occurs in the living substance of the cell in which delicate threads of protoplasm, extending through the boundary walls of the cell, form continuous paths suggestive of the form of nerve-fibres in animals.

But even after the process of sensory response and transmission of impulses had been thoroughly established, plant physiologists were loath to believe in the existence of special sense-organs for the reception of stimuli in plants. For a time, it was thought that their sensitivity was merely an expression of a capacity given to all living cells. It was Haberlandt who, on the assumption that division of labor is the rule in connection with the varied processes of both plants and animals, undertook a thorough search for definite sense-organs.

As a result of this search, he was able to distinguish and to describe in detail three degrees of complexity in sensory development. There is, first, a generally distributed irritability or sensibility to stimuli. This is a condition to which the term sense-organ does not strictly apply. As a result of its diffused or general irritability, a plant may respond to a stimulus in much the same way wherever it happens to act. A more complex condition is that in which the stimulus-receiving organs are situated in a particular portion or tissue of the plant. Thus it has been found that the outer layer of cells or epidermis of many plants serves the

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protective function, but is also sensitive to light and to contact. Finally, the third degree of specialization is exhibited in plants which possess certain cells, parts of cells, or cell-groups, which, by their form, are highly adapted for the reception of changes which may act as stimuli. These latter structures are truly sense-organs, and they are in a variety of ways comparable with the sense-organs of animals.

There are known, in animals, special organs for the reception of a great variety of stimuli. Thus we recognize organs for the reception of heat and cold, light, sound, contact, pressure, and a variety of chemical changes. But in the plant, the range of special sense-organs is more narrowly limited. We know, to-day, of special organs in certain plants, for the reception of mechanical stimuli, such as contact, friction, pressure, shock, or jars; for the influence of gravity or the pull of the earth on the plant; and for certain kinds of light. It is practically certain that plants are affected in varied ways by changes in temperature and in chemical conditions, yet no special organs for the reception of these stimuli have been discovered.

The principle of construction which appears in the sense-organs of plants is that of an outer stationary layer of protoplasm, which lines the sensitive cell, and of varied and peculiar contrivances which limit and direct the stimulus to the sensitive portion of the cell. Precisely what takes place in the living substance of the sensitive plant-cell, we do not know, but a series of processes, supposedly chemical in nature, occur, the last of which is a motor event which is appropriately described as a response to the stimulus which initiated the chain of events.

There are three kinds of organs for the reception of mechanical stimuli. They are known as sensitive spots, sensitive papillæ, and sensitive hairs or bristles.

Sensitive spots were first observed by Pfeffer on the tendrils of the family of vines called *Cucurbitaceæ*. This family includes such plants as the cucumber, melon, squash, gourds, and pumpkins. Near the tip and on the concave or under side of the tendrils of these vines, Pfeffer located highly sensitive areas. They proved to be thin spots in the outer wall of cells, filled with protoplasm in which appear crystals of calcium oxalate.

The so-called papillæ are projections of the cells which form the outer layer or epidermis of the plant, are thin-walled, and filled with living substance. They are found on such organs as the filaments of various flowers, and to the observer who is familiar with sense-organs of animals, their structure is highly suggestive of a receptive function. When touched, they cause a rapid bending of the entire stamen of the flower, and thus the pollen is scattered over the intruding cause of stimulation. This cause, to be sure, is frequently an active insect which, in turn, serves as a carrier of the pollen to other flowers. In a most interesting way, the flower is itself thus enabled, by responding to mechanical stimuli, to further the process of cross-fertilization.

The sensitive hairs or bristles may be simple or complex, constituted by one or by many cells. A typical example of this sort of sense-organ is the bristle of the cushion-like enlargement of that portion of the leaf of the sensitive plant *Mimosa pudica* which is the point of attachment to the stem. This is known, technically, as the primary pulvinus of the leaf. On this cushion-like structure appear bristles, the bases of which are bedded in the substance of the pulvinus, literal 'thorns in the flesh.' Each bristle consists of a num-

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ber of thick-walled cells, but toward the tip it tapers to a single cell. When such a bristle is touched, the stimulus is immediately transmitted to the cells of the cushion, or pulvinus, and changes therein cause the petiole, or supporting structure of the leaf, to drop. The transmission of the stimulus to the pulvini of the leaflets causes them to fold together. Thus, in an instant and as the result of contact with a single bristle, the plant folds up as though to protect itself from further stimulation. Most interesting in this whole response is the surprising rapidity with which the apparently trivial stimulation of a single bristle at the base of a leaf is transmitted through the plant and effects the general response.

Yet other excellent examples of the response of plants to mechanical stimulation are furnished by the sundew and the Venus fly-trap. When an insect alights upon an open leaf of the sundew, its movements are impeded by a sticky secretion, and in its struggles to escape, it so stimulates the leaf that the glandular hairs which cover the surface of the leaf, and the edges of the leaf itself, slowly close over it and imprison it. The nutritive portions of its body are thereupon digested by the secretions of other glandular hairs. After this process is complete, the leaf reopens and the dry shell of the insect is carried away by the wind. The response of the Venus fly-trap is more startling, for by it the insect is suddenly entrapped. Sensitive bristles on the leaves are responsible for the reaction. It is when the insect comes in contact with one or more of these bristles that the leaves suddenly close. Thus, in the case of both Drosera, or, as it is popularly known, sundew, and Dionæa, or the Venus fly-trap, prey is captured as a result of response to stimulation of the plant by the ill-fated insect.

There is another group of responses, complex, and for a long time imperfectly understood, which demands examination. Since so many plants are stationary, spending most of their lives rooted to one spot, it is essential that they be able so to orient themselves as to obtain those conditions most favorable for growth and reproduction. One portion of the plant should reach down into the soil to anchor it firmly and to draw therefrom water and nutrient substances. Other portions should spread out where they may obtain air and light. The discovery of the mechanism whereby these adjustments to the environment are achieved is peculiarly interesting.

Early in the last century, experiment revealed that when a seedling is placed horizontally, the tip of its root gradually turns downward, whereas the stem of the plant turns upward. The former responds positively to the influence of gravity, seeking the earth; the other, negatively, avoiding the earth and seeking the sunlight. If the same kind of seedling be rotated slowly on a wheel so that all parts are in like manner and in turn subjected to the action of gravity, these bendings do not occur.

Charles Darwin, about the year 1881, called attention to the fact that sensitiveness to the influence of gravity was apparently limited in the seedling to the central portion of the root-cap which covers the tip of the root, although the response to stimulation by gravity occurs as the result of growth in a region of the root at some distance back of the tip. This region is that of most active growth in the root.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, largely as the result of certain zoölogical discoveries, an important step toward the explanation of the bending of root and stem in seedlings was

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taken. Zoölogists had observed in various animals little organs constructed like sense-organs which were at first supposed to be organs of hearing. They consist, in essence, of a fluid-filled sack, the walls of which are formed of living cells. In the fluid of this sack are suspended crystals or masses of inorganic material. The sack is lined with hairs or bristles, and as the crystals or groups of crystals move about as the result of changes in the position of the animal, they come in contact with these hairs and apparently stimulate them. These organs, at first called otocysts or ear-sacks, were subsequently named statocysts, and the inorganic masses, statoliths.

It is now definitely known that the statocyst is an organ, sensitive to changes in the position of an animal's body and capable of so controlling the muscles as to maintain the normal position. Thus if such a creature as the crayfish be turned on its back or side, the unusual position so stimulates the hairs of the statocyst that righting movements are set up.

Two botanists, Haberlandt and Nemeç, working independently, were struck by the similarity between the structure of the statocysts of animals and that of cells in the roots of plants. For in certain of the cells of plants they discovered starch grains suggestive of the statoliths found in animals. It was not difficult for them to imagine these starch grains acting as stimulating mechanisms and determining the direction of movement of root or stem. Indeed it is now generally believed that gravity, acting upon these solid particles in certain cells, so stimulates the protoplasm of those cells as to cause more rapid growth in some regions of the plant than in others. It is this unequal or asymmetric growth, occurring often at some distance from the point of stimulation, which causes the root to bend downward and the stem to bend upward.

Apropos of this conception, Darwin himself said, 'It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle thus endowed, and having the power of directing the movements of the adjoining parts, acts like the brain of one of the lower animals; the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body, receiving impressions from the sense-organs, and directing the several movements.'

These starch grains are found in both stems and leaves. They are stored in cells which form a layer of the parenchyma in leaves and a hollow cylinder in stems. In these positions, starch is found even when it is entirely absent in other portions of the plant. It is significant that in those few cases in which plant-roots do not respond to the influence of gravity, starch grains are lacking. Altogether, the view that these particles are chiefly responsible for certain of the important directive movements in plants is well supported by facts.

IV

But there is yet another environmental agency which obviously has much to do with controlling the movements of plants. This is light. It is a matter of common observation that in response to changes in the amount of light, certain flowers open and close and many leaves change position. Thus the appearance of many plants changes completely with the fall of night. It is also generally known that one-sided illumination has its marked effects. Plants in a sunny window need to be turned from time to time if they are to be prevented from becoming asymmetric.

In many cases it seems as if the entire plant were sensitive to light. An instance of this is found in the so-called

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sleep movements of plants, where the leaves or flowers close and droop at the approach of night. But there are other cases in which the stimulation seems to act only upon certain portions of the organism. Thus it has been pointed out that in the leaves of some plants the outer wall of the cells of the upper epidermis arches outward, thus making of each cell a plano-convex lens. The light is concentrated by this means upon the middle field of the inner wall of each cell where lies the sensitive protoplasm which receives the stimulus.

In other plants a single cell of this epidermis here and there is specialized in form to receive the stimulus. It has been found possible to print on photographic paper through the carefully removed epidermis of a leaf. The resulting print shows plainly dark spots where the light has been concentrated by the lens-like action of the cells.

There is much discussion concerning the response of plants to light, and many important matters are still unsettled. In a recent book devoted to a study of *Light and the Behavior of Organisms*, Mast has successfully presented both facts and controversies. Thus he observes with reference to the general regulatory value of light to plants, that leaves for the most part tend to take a position which facilitates the processes of food-making, and that other portions of plants likewise assume what is evidently the most favorable position for growth and reproduction. The effect of light is so to regulate the responses of a plant that it more perfectly adapts itself to its immediate environmental conditions. Thus it is noted that in intense light certain plant structures, the chloroplasts which contain the green coloring matter, assume a position in the cell parallel with the rays of light, so as to receive as little of the light as possible. Certain leaves, under intense illumination, turn so that the edge of the blade is directed toward the light.

In addition to their simple sensory responses, many examples of which have been presented, plants exhibit certain other forms or aspects of behavior which are of psychological interest. Among other things it has been demonstrated that the relation of stimulation to response, at any rate in certain cases, conforms to the Weber-Fechner law. According to this law, a certain definite relation holds between increase of strength of stimulus and appreciable change in response. It has been demonstrated, also, with plants as with animals, that a stimulus too weak to induce a response becomes effective upon repetition. This is commonly known as the phenomenon of summation of stimuli. Fatigue as the result of stimulation is exhibited by plants as well as by animals.

The behavior of plants is also variable and shows definite relations both to the internal conditions of the plant itself and the various aspects of environment. There are indeed innumerable instances of variation in response to change in the amount and character of the stimulus. Thus the seedling which bends toward a moderately strong light bends in the opposite direction if the light becomes intense. Likewise, it has been noted that many free-moving plants which swim toward a source of light of low intensity swim away from a stronger light. Such reactions as these have been observed in various marine and fresh-water algæ, in diatoms, in the tendrils of *Ampelopsis* and *Vitis*. They are obviously of importance in the life of the plant, for they tend to keep it in those conditions which are favorable.

The following quotation from Mast calls attention to an aspect of the modifiability of behavior in plants which is

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worthy of careful investigation: 'It has long been known that changes in light cause daily periodic movements in plants, the so-called sleep movements of leaves and flowers, and that these movements continue for some time if the plant is kept in continuous illumination. They are at first pronounced, both in constant light and in darkness . . . and they continue to be perceptible until after the lapse of from four to eight days.'

V

Reactions to light are not the only ones, however, in which modifiability occurs when conditions of environment change. The sensitive plant, which ordinarily closes its leaves at the slightest jar, will, if subjected to the continual jarring of a train or wagon, after a time open its leaves and let them remain open. The leaf-petioles of *Clematis vitalba* twine around any support and perform the function of tendrils. One experimenter made fast the stems of the vine, so that the clinging of the petioles was rendered superfluous and they then did not react at all. When the same stems were again freed and allowed to wave in the wind, the petioles at once took hold and began to twine. *Limnophila heterophylla*, an amphibious plant of the tropics, has finely divided leaves under the surface of the water, entire ones above it. If a stem of entire leaves is sunk beneath the surface, it develops side branches bearing finely divided leaves.

Another case of adaptation is that of the Russian teasel (*Dipsacus laciniatus*) which grows on the dry steppes of Eastern Europe. Every pair of the leaves grows together around the stem, forming a little cup which the rain fills. When the supply of water in the earth is not adequate, the plant develops suction-cells in the bottom of this cup which absorb the stored-up water. Moreover, it also sends out little protoplasmic hairs which absorb nutriment from the bodies of small insects which become drowned in the water of the cups. No other members of the teasel or thistle family have such contrivances, which seem to have been developed only as an 'occasional expedient.' May not this be considered an example of an instinct?

We speak of the bird's song in the springtime, of the display of plumage and the various antics in the courtship of birds, as expressions of the sex-instincts. What should we say of the following series of events in the life of the little water-plant, *Vallisneria spiralis?* The stamens and pistils are borne in separate flowers, entirely submerged in the water. The female flower is attached to a long stem which is coiled tightly. When the flowers are ripe, this stem uncoils and the flower rises to the surface of the water. The male flower has no such coil, so it simply breaks away from its stem, rises and floats on the surface. Pollination is effected there, whereupon the male flower floats away, withers, and dies. The stem of the female flower coils up again, drawing it down under the water, where the fruit is perfected and the seed sown.

Chemical processes? Yes, but how do they differ from the instinctive act of an animal? To say that the instinct-consciousness is lacking is beside the mark, for such a statement can rest only on the assumption that plants are unconscious. The unprejudiced observer must admit that instinctive activities appear in both plants and animals, and like similar responses to stimuli possess essentially the same characteristics in both. As for the instinct-consciousness, if the observer considers fairly the evidences upon which his admission of consciousness in animals rests, he will

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find it easier to acknowledge affective consciousness in plants than to deny it or to disprove its existence.

It is not necessary to adduce further illustrations of the activities of plants. Let us review those which have been offered in their relations to the subject of consciousness. The whole argument rests, of course, on analogy. Those philosophers who maintain that we can know or affirm nothing of any consciousness except our own, individually, will deny the possibility of mind in animals or plants. Yet most people are willing to admit that other human beings have minds similar to theirs because their words and actions are similar to their own. It is perfectly true, however, that actions speak louder than words, and on that principle, the way in which animals 'even down to the lowest forms' meet the situations of their lives, gives us cause to believe that they, too, are conscious. Yet if the lowest animals, why not the lowest plants?

The theory of evolution postulates a common or at least a similar origin for both. Many forms have in some measure the characteristics of both animals and plants, so that it is hard to decide under which head they are to be classified.

Furthermore, we have seen that plants, like animals, possess at least the simplest psychic powers, those of sensation and perception. They are capable of perceiving stimuli, having for that purpose, in many cases, sense-organs similar to those of animals. They are able to transmit these stimuli to all parts of the plant body. They respond appropriately to these stimuli, by means of movements, either 'spontaneous' or effected by growth. They are capable of varying and modifying these responses to a considerable extent. The relation of stimulus and response follows certain psycho-physical laws which have also been worked out for animals, namely, the Weber-Fechner law, and the law of summation. They perform a relatively complex series of acts adapted to a definite future end, a primitive form of instinct.

Whether further observation, experimentation, or analysis will reveal evidences of the higher forms of mental life in plants, — imagination, emotion, ideas, — who can say?

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NOVEMBER IN THE CITY

BY EDITH WYATT

To-night the rain blows down from misty places
Above the roof-tops where the pigeons fly;
And quick the steps, intent the city's faces
That say that we must hurry — you and I.
Oh, why? So much speeds through this twilight rain-time,
That's not worth keeping up with. By-and-by
We'll wonder why we always knew the train-time,
And yet knew not November — you and I.

In quiet let us hark. Not till we listen
Shall any song arise for you and me:
Nor ever this broad-stippling music glisten
Twice-told at twilight down the city sea.
The fog-horns call. The lake-winds rush. Just lately
I watched the city lights bloom star on star
Along the streets, and terrace-spaced and stately
Touch moated height and coronet afar.
November's winds blow towards the garnered grain-land.
Blue-buoyèd all the shepherd whistles bay;
And flocking down Chicago's dusk-barred mainland,
The steam and fog-fleeced mists run, buff and gray.
Silence and sound; wide echoes; rain-dropped spaces;
Deep-rumbling dray and dripping trolley-car;
Steps multitudinous and countless faces
Along the cloudy street, lit star on star.

Oh, had you thought that only woods and oceans
Were meant to speak the truth to you and me —

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That only tides' and stars' immortal motions
Said we are part of all eternity?
The rains that fall and fly in silver tangent,
The passing steps, the fogs that die and live,
These chords that pale and darken, hushed and plangent,
Sing proud the praise of splendors fugitive.
For fleet-pulsed mists and mortal steps and faces
More move me than the tides that know no years —
And music blown from rain-swept human places
More stirs me than the stars untouched with tears.
I think that such a night as this has never
Sung argent here, before; and not again
Will all these tall-roofed intervals that sever
These streets and corners, etched with lamp-lit rain
Tell just this cool-thrilled tale of midland spaces,
And lake-born mists, that black-lined building's prow
That cuts the steam, this dream in peopled places
That sings its deep-breathed beauty, here and now.

November winds wing toward the garnered grain-land.
The city lights have risen. Proud and free,
Far music swinging down the dusk-barred mainland
Cries we are part of all eternity.
Let me remember, let me rise, and sing it!
For others may the mountains be the sign,
Sun, stars, the wooded earth, the seas that ring it,
Of melody immortal. Here is mine.
This night, when rain blows down through midland spaces
And lake-born mists; a black-lined building's prow
That cuts the steam; a dream in peopled places
That sings its deep-breathed beauty here and now.

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THE DEVASTATION OF DENNISPORT

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I

My neighbor, Mrs. Captain Whorf, hung out the last of her sheets on the clothes-line that shone as yellow in the sun as the new rigging on a ship. She approached the fence that bounded our respective yards, leaned against it and spoke: —

'I hold with women bein' clean, and I hold with a woman's keepin' her house as it should be kep', but I don't hold with no woman bein' so pizen clean that she has to keep her husband in the wood-shed!'

From the hammock, Captain Dan'el Whorf, home from a week's cruise on the George, boomed forth, —

'I'd like to see any woman keep me in the wood-shed!'

'I could n't keep you in the wood-shed nor in no other place that you did n't want to be,' his wife retorted, 'but you ain't married to Zephiry Nickerson.'

'Zephiry Nickerson could n't keep me in no wood-shed!' boasted Captain Whorf.

Mrs. Whorf surveyed her husband with tender admiration. He stood six feet one in his socks, and I judged his chest to be about three feet thick. He looked shorter than he was, on account of his ample shoulders and big shaggy head, a proud figure for any woman to call husband. The coast-line of New England breeds men like this in no small quantities. Even after her fond survey of her lord, Mrs. Whorf was forced to say: —

'Zephiry would keep you or any other man in the wood-shed, or in the cellar, if she thought you was goin' to track dirt. Cleanness is a principle with Zephiry.' She said it as one who had lived in a community where principles were not vain beliefs, but where they were the mainsprings of the lives of people.

Captain Whorf lit another cigarette and said musingly, half to me and half to himself, —

'It's a queer thing to think of Captain Ephraim Nickerson not darin' to set foot over the door-sill of his own kitchen except in his socks, and an engraved invitation from his wife in his mitt. Why, he would n't no more make free with his own front room than a ship's boy would make free with the Ole Man's bunk. He who's owned his own ship when he was n't no more 'n twenty-five! Why, Nickersons, Mis' Towner, have owned their ships since there *was* Nickersons. Clipper ships they've owned, fleets of 'em. My pa can remember when down there,' he pointed to the receding tide, 'there was a wharf and alongside an waitin' 'd be twenty or more schooners and square-riggers, all Nickersons! You always saw Nickersons comin' and goin', some to the South Seas for whale and elephant, and some to the West Injys, and others to the coast o' Africky, not countin' coast-wise packets.'

I looked out, and where his hand pointed were stumps of green and rotting piles, stretching out and out, green spots in the low-tide sand, mute testi-

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mony of the early days when our merchant marine was a glory, and when families like Nickersons sent their vessels out to the four quarters of the earth.

'Nickersons,' Captain Whorf continued, 'was always drivers and killers, mostly made like Cap'n Ephraim Nickerson. You know, Mis' Towner, the kind that looks fat and ain't. The kind that's all solid meat from keel to pennant, an' soft-spoken too with their men. You'd ought to seen the men jump when Nickerson spoke soft to 'em! I remember old Cap'n Nickerson saying to my pop, —

'"I hear so much talk all the time about us masters o' vessels bein' rough with our men! I've been in the Chiny trade twenty years and I was never rough with no man"; and he stooped down his big shaggy head and looked just like a bull who was agoin' to charge, and sez in his low husky voice, "*I did n't hev ter be!*" You bet he didn't hev ter be! There was *heft* to the words he spoke.'

Thus did Cap'n Dan'el Whorf paint to me the puissant graces of the Nickersons. 'An' then when steam come,' he went on, 'most families like Nickersons was bust and bankrupt. But they knew how to save themselves. Look at Cap'n Ephraim Nickerson in a steam-whaler sailing from Seattle, — look at him now he's gettin' along, ownin' shares of a quarter of all the fresh fishermen sailin' from this port.'

He waved his hand out toward the harbor. My eyes followed, and lying at anchor I saw mirrored in the calm surface of the bay the fleet of fresh fishermen — hundred-foot schooners, painted black, as beautiful as any racing yacht, the last, most perfect children of a romantic and dying race, whose very life is even now threatened by the hideous encroaching steam-trawlers. There they lay at rest, lifting up their proud masts, some of them flying half-mast flags, which is a signal for bait. Even as I looked, one and then another made sail, and then, beautiful and majestic, floated off beyond the point; one of the most perfect and ideal expressions of the imagination of man, they seemed to me, lovely and dignified and poetic.

The voice of Captain Whorf broke in on me. 'Yes; he owns shares in a quarter o' 'em and has to set in his woodshed when he wants to smoke.'

To me it seemed high romance to own even one little share in one of those beautiful and stately boats, now progressing swan-like out of the sheltering harbor.

Captain Whorf followed them with his eyes and murmured, —

'Got everything on to-day, ain't they? Bet Nickerson wishes he was followin' the sea yet, some days!'

'H'ssh,' admonished Mrs. Whorf, 'speakin' of angels!' Then in a low undertone to me, 'That's her now!'

There sailed down the board-walk a woman as majestic as any of her husband's ships. She was large-framed, finely set up for all her fifty-odd years, wide-browed, large-eyed, with large but delicately carved features that were not unreminiscent of those of the father of our country. She had the same firm jaw, the same implacably calm mouth was hers; her face was framed by grayish curls. She herself was garbed — I use the word advisedly — in a gray dress of rather flowing cut, reminiscent of the sixties. She would have looked a personage anywhere. *August* was the only word I could think of that applied to her adequately, and the thing she was most like was a splendid if somewhat antiquated vessel under full sail. She lacked, just a little, the magnificent serenity of the ships that sailed the sea, but none the less she was magnificent. As though reading my

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thought, Mrs. Whorf whispered in my ear: —

'An' he tops her by a half head or more!'

She bore down upon us superbly and came to anchor near Mrs. Whorf. Introductions were effected, and it was my good luck to make friends. I found myself engaged to go next day and look at a collection of fur robes and Arctic things.

The impression her house left upon me was of a marvelously immaculate ship now being used as a museum, but a museum kept more exquisitely and wonderfully clean than anyone could imagine.

I expressed my wonder at the arrangement and perfection of her collection of Arctic things.

'It must be hard to keep them in such good condition,' I said; 'it is hard to keep dirt from any house.'

She looked at me with her clear eyes. 'I fight It day and night!' she said, and her mouth bent itself into a firm line, and her shoulders squared themselves.

I saw indeed that she fought It day and night, even if she had to pay a price for it and even if Captain Nickerson had to remain in the wood-shed as part of the price.

I saw that I had before me a splendid if tyrannical perfectionist. The nature of women must be satisfied and if it does not find itself satisfied in one way it will in another — it makes no difference at what cost.

Such thoughts, half-formed, floated through my mind as for some seconds of silence my eyes and those of my hostess rested upon the beautiful outgoing boats.

'I can never look at 'em,' said Mrs. Nickerson, 'without thinking what whited sepulchres they are! The scent of a fresh fisherman is nothing for a decent Christian woman to dwell upon, and yet, I can't see them go past without thinking of the state the gurry-butts is in, and what the bilge is like that is a-sloshing about the keel! Oh, you should have seen the clipper ships of my father's day, Mis' Towner, with their decks holy-stoned so that they shone in the sun like a white beach at noonday! And the smell of some of the spice-ships from the Injys — the scent is in my nostrils yet! And the look of them, with their cordage all coiled like it seems no seaman knows how to coil rope these days. There! that is what irritates me so with *Man!*' The emphasis which she gave to this word stamped her opinion of men. 'Look how they keep their ships, and then see how they keep their houses on land! What ails 'em?' she cried, 'holy-stoning their vessels, going daft if a bit of cordage is adrift; and get 'em ashore and they wallow! Wallow in the mud of the street, bringing it through their clean houses with no more thought than if they were senseless animals. Off their clean vessels they come to wallow! What ails 'em?

'Look,' she went on, her deep voice rising under the pressure of her emotion, 'look at this beach, look at this street! I like to stand with my back to it! It's gettin' so I can't think of out-of-doors. Garbage on the beach, Mis' Towner, and refuse and tomato cans in the back country. Yes, the back country's littered till there's no peace for the eye till you reach the clean sands of the dunes and the peace of the open sea.'

The slanting rays of the sun struck her as she stood there in her window, and gilded the gray of her dress. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glowed dark under the stress of her emotion. She seemed like some reincarnation of an ancient prophetess, like some force of nature, powerful and dominant, restrained for the moment in the form of a majestic woman.

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I understood her emotions more than was seemly, and with the instinct which makes us poor human beings forever hasten away from the too revealing moment, I began prattling of the cleaning-up of a Western town, while Mrs. Nickerson listened with a disquietingly hungry air.

II

The next day I was given a glimpse into the nature of the terrific force with which I had unwittingly trifled.

Captain Dan'el Whorf was lounging at ease in his Gloucester hammock. I was pottering about my sweet peas, which I hoped would in time bloom next their fence. The windows of his house were open, and from within came noises as of furniture being moved.

The handsome head of Mrs. Whorf emerged through the open window. Her hair was in a dust-cap; her face was pink and her eyes sparkled with some deep and inner emotion.

'Dan'el!' she called, 'Dan'el, you come in and help me heave this living-room rug on to the line. Isaiah's comin' to beat to-day.'

Captain Whorf stirred his powerful frame uneasily in the hammock. A strange look crept over his face, a look one might have called timorous, almost fearful. He was profoundly disturbed.

'I thought you warn't going to do It till my next trip?' he said wretchedly.

'Warn't going to do It till your next trip!' she echoed, with sparkling eyes, 'I'd never do It if I waited for you, Dan'el Whorf!'

She was usually soft and good-tempered in her manner to her husband. Now her words came with a crackling crispness as of a pennant snapping in the breeze of a great wind.

'I can't live in such dirt no longer!' she blazed. 'It's no good sweeping no more. There's dirt in every crack and corner of this house.'

'But,' moaned Captain Whorf miserably, 'you said you'd wait till I got home next time?'

'And how'll I know what the weather's going to be next time? Do you think I'm going to fly in the face of Providence with the weather bureau saying fair weather for a spell? Do you suppose I'm going to let every woman in all Dennisport have her house cleaned before me? Come and heave out this living-room rug!'

He rose slowly, painfully, and unwillingly; but he obeyed his master's voice.

It was then that I witnessed the metamorphosis that is so terrifying and disquieting to the heart of man. For eleven months and some days Mrs. Dan'el Whorf was a woman who had for a man's erring ways the tolerance of a mother for a little child. Then, between one day and the next she became transformed. Within her was unleashed a demonic fury, and under its spell she fell upon her house and cleaned it. But it was no mere house-cleaning that I witnessed: what I saw had an element of the orgiastic, it took upon itself the proportions of a great natural cataclysm. Now I would catch glimpses of her, scrubbing and cleaning with tense fury. Again with the aid of Captain Whorf, she would hurl forth the rugs and carpets of the house. She drove him before her to do her bidding as a wind of autumn drives the dry leaves, his occasional protests as futile as the fluttering of a leaf itself.

Her orgy communicated itself to Mary, her sixteen-year-old daughter. There was something madman-like in their swift ascents and descents of staircases, their rapid flights out-of-doors. Captain Whorf did the bidding of his two furious women, while an old

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man called Isaiah kept staccato time to the wild doings within, thumping perpetually from dawn to dark on the carpets and rugs that were suspended on the clothes-line.

I realized then what a force woman has hidden within her. I realized how it is compelled to wreak itself upon house-cleaning, circumscribed as its energies now are in our shrunken homes. As contagion goes its devastating way, so did the lust for cleaning devastate the village. Clothes-lines on all sides blossomed with hand-woven rugs, with comforters of many colors, and with carpets.

The air was full of the smell of fresh paint and varnish, for the women of Dennisport are not content with mere cleaning. They have learned a trick or two from their husbands, the owners of vessels. They do not merely clean their houses, they overhaul them, and paint them and varnish them yearly as though they were boats, until their mahogany furniture becomes encrusted with thick translucent layers of varnish.

With superb and relentless energy the Dennisport women wantoned and rioted in cleanliness. The distraught males, when their services were not required at home, skulked unhappily in stores and on the ends of wharves and spat, in melancholy mood, seaward. Each year when the cleaning mania recurred they found themselves as disturbed as before. They never got used to it; nor did they ever see the sense of it.

Not with such tense enthusiasm did they attack their boats. Overhauling a boat was a time of leisure, of conversations, of fair peaceful hours spent, now spoke-shaving a mast, now sitting on the shady side of a boat, painting or caulking. A peaceful, reposeful time, the overhauling season, with nothing whatever in common with the spirit that was now breaking up homes and devastating the town.

From time to time Captain Whorf would pause to mop his streaming face with his bandanna, lean over his fence and let fall words like, 'The deck of a vessel's a peaceful place.'

III

It was with this fury spending itself that Mrs. Ephraim Nickerson returned my call.

'I want you,' she said, 'to come and say the words you said to me, and more of them, about those Western women that straightened out their town. I want you to come and speak to the ladies of the Shakespeare and Literary Association.'

To this club belonged the flower of the womanhood of Dennisport. Most of them were women in the prime of life, women of forty and upwards; capable women they were.

They listened to my words, exchanging significant glances. They beheld wider fields and a broader scope for their mature activities. There unfolded before them the vision of stupendous house-cleaning, a gigantic, cataclysmic affair which made the cleaning of the Augean stables as insignificant as an infant's brushing up of the sand with a toy broom on the Dennisport beach.

Up to this time they had wallowed in little private orgies of cleaning, each one in her own home. For the first time in their lives the mob-spirit seized them.

The cleanings-up which I had witnessed in Western towns were brisk, efficient affairs, conducted with good humor and with no emotion. With those women, house-cleaning had not partaken of the nature of a pagan religious festival. Not in the West did clothes-lines flower with patchwork

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quilts as irresistibly as in spring the sap flows in the trees. House-cleaning there was a duty rather than an emotional outbreak.

But it was in this religious spirit that the Dennisport Ladies Sanitary and Health Association was formed. They set forth on Dennisport with the mad and covetous lust of looters. In Dennisport the venerable selectmen nodded over their books as they had these many years. The Board of Health confined itself to tacking occasional pink or red cards labeled 'Contagious disease' on houses. This they did with the greatest possible infrequency, and paid a small sum to three aged men whose duties were supposed to be burying dead fish which had floated up on the beach.

It was the custom for these sinecures to be given to one half-blind grandsire and two other aged and infirm men. The Board of Health had never thought of imagining their functions to have a wider range than this. Why should they?

The day after the formation of the Society the town looked as usual: egg-shells and refuse floated out with the receding tide as people had thrown them into the sea; papers blew about the street, and the back country flowered with many a dump.

Captain Dan'el Whorf, upon whom his duties as a member of the Board of Health sat jauntily, was engaged in caulking the seams of his hen-house. Peace reigned when I saw coming down the street under a full head of steam, Mrs. Whorf and three other ladies of the Sanitary and Health Association. They dropped anchor beside him.

'Dan,' said Mrs. Whorf, 'as a member of the Board of Health, you are requested by the Ladies Sanitary and Health Association to go and tell Hen Morse he's got to quit throwing everything in creation into the bay!'

'Tell my own brother-in-law to quit throwing things into the bay?' was Captain Whorf's first exclamation; and 'What in Tophet 's the Ladies Sanitary and Health Association?' was his next.

With classic simplicity his wife replied, —

'The Ladies Sanitary and Health Association is *US*, and Zephiry Nickerson is the president!'

'Ah, ha!' he cried, 'I might 'a' known Zephiry was behind anything as loony as fighting with your relatives over a coupler egg-shells!'

Hen Morse was a baker by trade, and in common with all the other tradespeople of Dennisport he threw the refuse of his shop into the bay. Every morning at an early hour, banana stalks, empty crates, spoiled melons, sprouted onions, and tin cans were floated out by the outgoing tide and floated back on the incoming, accompanied by newspapers, sweepings, and tin cans from almost all the private houses facing on the beach. Later, one might have thought, from the way the beach looked, that the kitchen of some vast hotel had been wrecked somewhere near by.

Garments, too, one could find on the shore; old shoes, corsets, and overalls were numerous, being indestructible. Indeed, one could have picked up a whole wardrobe for Lazarus and his wife, in the course of a short stroll, and a ruined bed-tick for them to sleep upon.

As is the custom in New England, the inhabitants showed due deference to the laws they did not intend to keep, by making these offerings to Neptune in an unostentatious fashion; for your New Englander, even when he is a seafaring man and comes of seafaring stock, does not defy the law — he merely breaks it with as little noise as possible.

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'I'm not going to make bad blood between me and my sister because of a coupler tin cans, for any Zephiry Nickerson,' protested Captain Whorf again.

'Don't worry about your sister,' his wife responded dryly. 'It's she who's asked this committee to speak to you because you've got so much influence with Hen! She's talked and talked to him, but God knows what comes of a wife's talking! Not a woman in town whose husband's got a work-shop or a store anywhere but what his wife's ached to get her fingers on it and give it a good house-cleaning! But now,' she concluded triumphantly, 'we've got a way better than that! The Sanitary and Health Association is going to look after you. Yes, sir, after every one of you, till you've cleaned up! We're going to look into the fish factories. We're going to clean up the gurry-butts on the ends of the wharves. We're going to stop this here taking the livers out of dog-fish to make cod-liver oil, and then throwing the dog-fish over the ends of wharves, floating in and out till they 're et by crabs.'

She talked in a triumphant way, like a religious zealot reading the Psalms of David. 'Yes, sir; and we've got the law behind us. *Laws is goin' to be obeyed in this town, Dan'el Whorf!*'

A more revolutionary sentiment could not have been uttered by the lips of woman.

'You made the laws; now our Sanitary and Health Association will see you keep 'em! An' while we're about it you'd better tell Sy Medders to get rid of his blind pig if he don't want to get arrested. Oh, don't look at me! I don't care if he is my cousin! I know why his pool-room is so popular! And Gideon Boyden can just stop asking folks to come into his shop and look at the new dory he's building, at ten cents a look!'

Thus did the ladies of the Sanitary and Health Association taste the power of solidarity.

'Now,' continued Mrs. Whorf, 'Dan'el, step right in along of us ladies and write a letter to Hen warning him. Tell him we're not going to stop at a constable. Tell him his own wife's come to an end of her patience along of his dirty, messy ways, like all of us ladies have done with all Dennisport, and, — yes, sir, — with all our husbands! Tell him Zephiry Nickerson's the only woman in all Dennisport that acted like she felt up to now, but there's *one hundred and twenty-three Zephirys* this minute in Dennisport all fightin' with the law behind 'em!'

In her tone of voice there was a quality of triumph, and that tone of decision and command which women employ when they are about to 'house-clean.' All women have these moments when the dread words, 'I can't live in such dirt any longer,' pass their lips. Even the man who is most 'master in his own house' recognizes its voice.

Captain Dan'el Whorf was not a man to argue with the fury of the hurricane. He went into the house.

'There's three things we're going to do,' Mrs. Whorf told him, with the wild house-cleaning light in her eye. 'We're going to warn you you've got to clean, and we're going to see you do clean, and we're going to keep after you so you'll keep clean!'

The men of Dennisport seem lazy to the outsider. They probably work when on their vessels, but when ashore there are long hours spent in whittling on the ends of wharves, other hours spent in painting and varnishing their boats, and very long hours of grave inspection of a new boat. Indeed, when ashore, they give the impression of the lilies of the field; and the men who stay ashore habitually have the manner

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born of extensive and spacious leisure, of those who have the 'Lords of Time to friend.'

Now from one day to another this calm was broken; from one day to another a feverish activity was manifest in the streets. Everywhere were seen men raking up beaches, the State Forester was kept busy all day issuing permits for bonfires, one could not get a teamster who would cart off rubbish, — not to miscellaneous dumps, but to the town dump — that is to say, to a place appointed by the town to be filled in.

The classic calm which had always before reigned among the selectmen in the Town Hall was shattered, as one woman after another went to lodge complaints against violations of town ordinances by Dennisport's chief citizens. Small worried knots of men met to discuss things in the street, and to ask one another, 'Has all the women folks gone daft?' only to sweep asunder like leaves before a northeaster, as one or another of the committees would be seen bearing down on them.

It is bad enough for a man to be caught up in the maelstrom of his wife's house-cleaning, but he miserably looks forward to this cataclysm; he knows that it must come; but out of the peaceful blue of a May morning to have his women-folk transform themselves into dragons and swoop down upon him, insisting that he 'house-clean' all his own domain, his barn, his wood-shed, his store, his fish-house, his carpenter shop; that he clean up the beach and the sea and the back country, — this is more than can be borne.

IV

It was several days after the cyclone had left the men of Dennisport in darkness that I happened to pass the house of Captain Ephraim Nickerson. Peace reigned in his yard. On one side of his house nasturtiums bloomed profusely in an old boat. A whale's vertebra sat austerely on either side of his doorstep. A bed of petunias was edged with pink-lipped shells. This was as usual. But something had been added to the front yard. It was a Gloucester hammock, and in it, his stockinged feet in the sun, lay Captain Ephraim Nickerson, peacefully whittling long curly shavings from a stick, on the hitherto speckless grass.

Before him stood two of the venerable selectmen. I heard one of them remark, —

'Say, Ephraim, you know as well as me that woman's place is in the home!'

Captain Nickerson shaved off another long ringlet.

'I don't see why,' he said slowly; 'I think we're better off for women partakin' of our national life.'

Something like a groan went up from the selectmen.

'You would n't say that if you was a selectman,' said one of them. 'You don't know what it's ben like, bein' a selectman. Women's too delicate and fragile to be fussin' with dirty things like gurry-butts and water fronts.'

Captain Nickerson's eyes twinkled, but the muscles of his face did not relax their serious reflective calm. He let a moment elapse before he said, —

'I believe in trusting woman's instinct; the instinct of a pure woman won't lead her to any place where she had n't ought to be.'

I heard no more, but I saw them standing before him pleading in words which meant, 'For the sake of peace, for the sake of decency, for the sake of our sanity and that of all the other men in Dennisport, call off your wife and her friends!'

For two weeks I watched the progress of Dennisport's clean-up. It was no little clean-up week. Within and

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without, Dennisport was cleansed of its sin.

Over Dennisport towers a Sailors' Monument, a shaft tall as a lighthouse; and presently, dropped down its surface, I saw men on scaffold boards. I saw them painstakingly and laboriously scrubbing the face of the Monument.

One rainy day I had occasion to call on Mrs. Nickerson. The door was opened by Captain Nickerson, and there rushed out the smell of fragrant tobacco smoke. He was in his socks and in his hand he carried a pipe.

'Come in,' he said, 'come in and wait. Zephiry 'll be home before long.'

He led me into the sitting-room. I could see that he had been taking his ease in two chairs in his own bow-window, looking at the ships as they floated out beyond the Point.

A very slight but pleasant sense of disorder prevailed, although perhaps disorder is too strong a word. It was as though the room had relaxed its former rigidity. An open book lay on the table, sofa-cushions showed signs of use, the perfume of good tobacco hung in the air.

'Zephiry,' said Captain Nickerson, 'is out with a stop-watch lookin' after speedin' automobiles and arrestin' folks who's breakin' the laws. I tell you it takes women to do things! I ain't got no patience with folks who don't want women to vote or to take part in makin' an' keepin' the laws of the land.'

Our eyes met.

'I don't mind if you want to smoke, captain,' I suggested.

He struck a match. Slowly a smile dawned in his eyes and spread over his face, and for a moment in silence we grinned at each other in perfect understanding.

'I've got something to show you,' he whispered. 'Look behind them shells on the mantel!' I did. A fine, very fine film of dust marred its brightness. 'I ain't seen a sight as comfortin' as that these twenty years,' said he. He puffed for a moment at his pipe; then he let drop, —

'Did you ever consider why 't is that women live longer 'n men? Don't talk to me about woman's place bein' in the home! Talk about the vote bein' what eight million women want! I tell you what eight million women want is what eight million men *must have* if our longevity's ever goin' to equal theirs!'

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GERMAN LITERATURE AND THE AMERICAN TEMPER

BY KUNO FRANCKE

[The writer of this article wishes to state that it was written last spring, and is printed here without changes, although in the present condition of European affairs, the opening paragraph sounds grimly irrelevant.]

I

In this age of exchange professorships, peace dinners, and other means of cementing friendships between great nations, it is a somewhat ungrateful, if not dangerous, undertaking to emphasize differences of national temper. If, then, I make bold to venture a few remarks upon the essential dissimilarity of the American and the German temper, and upon the effect of this dissimilarity on the standing of German literature in America, I had better preface them by saying that nothing is further removed from my mind than the desire to sow seeds of international discord, even if it were in my power to do so. Indeed, having entertained for some thirty years relations to both Germany and the United States which might be described as a sort of intellectual bigamy, I have come to be as peaceable a person as it behooves a man in such a delicate marital situation to be. But while I have honestly tried in these thirty years to make the two divinities presiding over my intellectual household understand and appreciate each other, I have again and again been forced to the conclusion that such a mutual understanding of my two loves was for the most part a matter of conscious and conscientious effort, and hardly ever the result of instinctive give-and-take.

Perhaps the most fundamental, or shall I say elementary, difference between the German temper and the American may be expressed by the word 'slowness.' Is there any possible point of view from which slowness might appear to an American as something desirable? I think not. Indeed, to call a thing or a person slow seems to spread about them an atmosphere of complete and irredeemable hopelessness. Compare with this the reverently sturdy feelings likely to be aroused in a German breast by the words 'langsam und feierlich' inscribed over a religious or patriotic hymn, and imagine a German Männerchor singing such a hymn, with all the facial and tonal symptoms of joyful and devout slowness of cerebral activity — and you have in brief compass a specimen-demonstration of the difference in *tempo* in which the two national minds habitually move.

It has been said that the 'langsamer Schritt' of the German military drill was in the last resort responsible for the astounding victories which in 1870 shook the foundations of Imperial France. Similarly, it might be said that slowness of movement and careful deliberateness are at the bottom of most things in which Germans have excelled. To be sure, the most recent development of Germany, particularly in trade and industry, has been most rapid, and the whole of German life of to-day is thoroughly American in its

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desire for getting ahead and for working under high pressure. But this is a condition forced upon Germany from without through international competition and the exigencies of the world-market rather than springing from the inner tendency of German character itself. And it should not be forgotten that it was the greatest German of modern times, Goethe, who, anticipating the present era of speed, uttered this warning: 'Railways, express posts, steamships, and all possible facilities for swift communication, — these are the things in which the civilized world is now chiefly concerned, and by which it will over-civilize itself and arrive at mediocrity.'

As to German literary and artistic achievements, is it not true that — for better or worse — their peculiarly German stamp consists to a large extent in a certain slowness of rhythm and massiveness of momentum? Goethe himself is a conspicuous example. Even in his most youthful and lively drama, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, what a broad foundation of detail, how deliberately winding a course of action, how little of dramatic intensity, how much of intimate revelation of character! His *Iphigenie* and *Tasso* consist almost exclusively of the gentle and steady swaying to and fro of contrasting emotions; they carry us back and forth in the ebb and flow of passion, but they never hurl us against the rocks or plunge us into the whirlpool of mere excitement. No wonder the American college boy finds them slow. And what shall we say of *Wilhelm Meister?* Not only American college boys, I fear, will sympathize with Marianne's falling soundly asleep when Wilhelm entertains her through six substantial chapters with the account of his youthful puppet-plays and other theatrical enterprises. And yet, what thoughtful reader can fail to see that it is just this halting method of the narrative, this lingering over individual incidents and individual states of mind, this careful balancing of light and shade, this deliberate arrangement of situations and conscious grouping of characters, this constant effort to see the particular in the light of the universal, to extract wisdom out of the seemingly insignificant, and to strike the water of life out of the hard and stony fact — that it is this which makes *Wilhelm Meister* not only a piece of extraordinary artistic workmanship, but also a revelation of the moving powers of human existence.

Schiller's being was keyed to a much higher pitch than Goethe's, and vibrated much more rapidly. But even his work, and above all his greatest dramatic productions, from *Wallenstein* to *Wilhelm Tell*, are marked by stately solemnity rather than by swiftness of movement; he too loves to pause, as it were, ever and anon, to look at his own creations, to make them speak to him and unbosom themselves to him about their innermost motives. No other dramatist has used the monologue more successfully than he as a means of affording moments of rest from the ceaseless flow of action.

As to the German Romanticists, — who has decried more persistently than they the restlessness and hasty-shallowness of human endeavor? Who has sung more rapturously the praises of the deep, impenetrable, calm, unruffled working of nature, the abyss of silent, immovable forces in whose brooding there is contained the best and holiest of existence? And must it not be admitted that, in the best of their own productions, such as parts of Novalis's rhythmical prose, some Romantic lyrics, some Romantic paintings, above all in the work of Beethoven and his peers, we receive the impression of a grand, benign, heavenly, all-comprehensive being, slowly and majestically

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breathing, slowly and majestically irradiating calm and joy and awe and all the blessings of life.

Something of this same slowness of movement we find throughout the nineteenth century in many of the most characteristically German literary achievements. We find it in Kleist's *Michael Kohlhaas*, with its seemingly imperturbable, objective, cold, and circumstantial account of events which make one's blood boil and one's fist clench. We find it in Otto Ludwig's *Between Heaven and Earth*, with its constant reiteration of the fundamental contrast between the two leading figures, and with its constant insistence on the relentlessness of Fate, which gradually, imperceptibly, but inevitably drives them to the deadly clash with each other. We find it in the diffuse, lingering, essentially epic style of most of Gerhart Hauptmann's dramas. We find it even in a man of such extraordinary nervous excitability and sensitiveness as Richard Wagner. Nothing perhaps is more German in Richard Wagner than the broad, steady, sustained onward march of his musical themes, — notably so in *Tristan*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Die Walküre*. Surely there is no haste here; the question of time seems entirely eliminated; these masses of sound move on regardless, one might say, of the limitations of the human ear; they expand and contract, gather volume and disperse, in endless repetition, yet in always new combinations; they advance and recede, surge on, ebb away and rise again to a mighty flood, with something like rhythmical fatality, so that the hearer finally has no other choice than to surrender to them as to a mighty and overwhelming pressing on of natural forces. To be sure, I have known people — and not only Americans — who would have preferred that the death-agonies of Tristan in the last act should be somewhat accelerated by a stricter adherence of Isolde's boat to schedule time.

A striking consequence of this difference of tempo in which the American mind and the German naturally move, and perhaps the most conspicuous example of the practical effect of this difference upon national habits, is the German regard for authority and the American dislike of it. For the slower circulation in the brain of the German makes him more passive and more easily inclined to accept the decisions of others for him, while the self-reliant and agile American is instinctively distrustful of any decision which he has not made himself.

Here, then, is another sharp distinction between the two national tempers, another serious obstacle to the just appreciation of the German spirit by the American.

I verily believe that it is impossible for an American to understand the feelings which a loyal German subject, particularly of the conservative sort, entertains toward the State and its authority. That the State should be anything more than an institution for the protection and safeguarding of the happiness of individuals; that it might be considered as a spiritual, collective personality, leading a life of its own, beyond and above the life of individuals; that service for the State, therefore, or the position of a state official, should be considered as something essentially different from any other kind of useful employment, — these are thoughts utterly foreign to the American mind, and very near and dear to the heart of a German. The American is apt to receive an order or a communication from a public official with feelings of suspicion and with a silent protest; the German is apt to feel honored by such a communication and fancy himself elevated thereby to a position of some public importance.

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The American is so used to thinking of the police as the servant, and mostly a very poor servant, of his private affairs, that on placards forbidding trespassing upon his grounds he frequently adds an order, 'Police take notice'; the German, especially if he does not look particularly impressive himself, will think long before he makes up his mind to approach one of the impressive-looking *Schutzleute* to be found at every street corner, and deferentially ask him the time of day. The American dislikes the uniform as an embodiment of irksome discipline and subordination, he values it only as a sort of holiday outfit and for parading purposes; to the German the 'King's Coat' is something sacrosanct and inviolable, an embodiment of highest national service and highest national honor.

With such fundamental antagonism in the American to the German view of state and official authority, is it surprising that a large part of German literature, that part which is based on questions touching the relations of the individual to state and country, should have found very little sympathy with the average American reader? It has taken more than a hundred years for that fine apotheosis of Prussian discipline, Heinrich von Kleist's *Prinz von Homburg*, to find its way into American literature through the equally fine translation by Hermann Hagedorn; and I doubt whether this translation would have been undertaken but for its author's having German blood in his veins.

As for other representative men of nineteenth-century German literature who stood for the subordination of the individual to monarchical authority,—men like Hebbel, W. H. Riehl, Gustav Freytag, Ernst von Wildenbruch, — they have remained practically without influence, and certainly without following, in America.

II

Closely allied with this German sense of authority, and again in sharp contrast with American feeling, is the German distrust of the average man. In order to realize the fundamental polarity of the two national tempers in this respect also, one need only think of the two great representatives of American and German political life in the nineteenth century: Lincoln and Bismarck. Lincoln in every fibre of his being a son of the people, an advocate of the common man, an ideal type of the best instincts of the masses, a man who could express with the simplicity of a child his ineradicable belief in the essential right-mindedness of the plain folk. Bismarck with every pulse-beat of his heart the chivalric vassal of his imperial master; the invincible champion of the monarchical principle; the caustic scorner of the crowd; the man who, whenever he notices symptoms in the crowd that he is gaining popularity with it, becomes suspicious of himself and feels inclined to distrust the justice of his own cause; the merciless cynic who characterizes the futile oratorical efforts of a silver-tongued political opponent by the crushing words, 'He took me for a mass meeting.'

But not only the political life of the two countries presents this difference of attitude toward the average man. The great German poets and thinkers of the last century were all of them aristocrats by temper. Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, the Romanticists, Heine, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche — is there a man among them who would not have begged off from being classed with the advocates of common sense or being called a spokesman of the masses? What a difference from two of the most characteristically American men of letters, Walt Whitman and Emerson: the one

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consciously and purposely a man of the street, glorying, one might say boastfully, in his comradeship with the crudest and roughest of tramps and dockhands; the other a philosopher of the field, a modern St. Francis, a prophet of the homespun, an inspired interpreter of the ordinary, — perhaps the most enlightened apostle of democracy that ever lived. Is it not natural that a people which, although with varying degrees of confidence, acknowledges such men as Lincoln, Walt Whitman, and Emerson as the spokesmen of its convictions on the value of the ordinary intellect, should on the whole have no instinctive sympathy with a people whose intellectual leaders are men like Bismarck, Goethe, and Richard Wagner?

To be sure, there is another, a democratic side to German life, and this side naturally appeals to Americans. But German democracy is still in the making, it has not yet achieved truly great things, it has not yet found a truly great exponent either in politics or in literature. In literature its influence has exhausted itself largely, on the one hand, in biting satire of the ruling classes, such as is practiced to-day most successfully by the contributors to *Simplizissimus* and similar papers, sympathizing with Socialism; on the other hand, in idyllic representations of the healthy primitiveness of peasant life and the humble contentedness and respectability of the artisan class, the small tradespeople and subaltern officials — I am thinking, of course, of such sturdy and charming stories of provincial Germany as have been written by Wilhelm Raabe, Fritz Reuter, Peter Rosegger, and Heinrich Seidel. It may be that all these men have been paving the way for a great epoch of German democracy; it may be that some time there will arise truly constructive minds that will unite the whole of the German people in an irresistible movement for popular rights, which would give the average man the same dominating position which he enjoys in this country. But clearly this time has not yet come. In Germany, expert training still overrules common sense and dilettanteism.

The German distrust of the average intellect has for its logical counterpart another national trait which it is hard for Americans to appreciate — the German bent for vague intuitions of the infinite. It seems strange in this age of cold observation of facts, when the German scientist and the German captain of industry appear as the most striking embodiments of national greatness, to speak of vague intuitions of the infinite as a German characteristic. Yet throughout the centuries this longing for the infinite has been the source of much of the best and much of the poorest in German intellectual achievements. From this longing for the infinite sprang the deep inwardness and spiritual fervor which impart such a unique charm to the contemplative thought of the German Mystics of the fourteenth century. In this longing for the infinite lay Luther's greatest inspiration and strength. It was the longing for the infinite which Goethe felt when he made his Faust say, —

> The thrill of awe is man's best quality.

This longing for the infinite was the very soul of German Romanticism; and all its finest conceptions, the *Blue Flower* of Novalis, Fichte's *Salvation by the Will*, Hegel's *Self-revelation of the Idea*, Schopenhauer's *Redemption from the Will*, Nietzsche's *Revaluation of all Values*, are nothing but ever new attempts to find a body for this soul.

But while there has thus come a great wealth of inspiration and moral idealism from this German bent for reveling in the infinite, there has also come from it one of the greatest national defects:

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German vagueness, German lack of form, the lack of sense for the shape and proportion of finite things. Here, then, we meet with another discrepancy between the American and the German character. For nothing is more foreign to the American than the mystic and the vague, nothing appeals more to him than what is clear-cut, easy to grasp, and well proportioned; he cultivates 'good form' for its own sake, not only in his social conduct, but also in his literary and artistic pursuits, and he usually attains it easily and instinctively, often at the expense of the deeper substance. To the German, on the contrary, form is a problem. He is principally absorbed in the subject-matter, the idea, the inner meaning; he struggles to give this subject-matter, this inner meaning, an adequate outer form; and he often fails. To comfort himself, he has invented a technical term designed to cover up his failure: he falls back on the 'inner form' of his productions.

German literature and art afford numerous examples of this continuous and often fruitless struggle with the problem of form. Even in the greatest of German painters and sculptors, — Dürer, Peter Vischer, Adolph Menzel, Arnold Böcklin, — there are visible the furrows and the scars imprinted upon them by the struggle; rarely did they achieve a complete and undisputed triumph. Does the literature of any other people possess an author so crowded with facts and observations, so full of feeling, so replete with vague intimations of the infinite, and so thoroughly unreadable as Jean Paul? Is there a parallel anywhere to the formlessness and utter lack of style displayed in Gutzkow's ambitious nine-volumed *Kulturromane?* Did any writer ever consume himself in a more tragic and more hopeless striving for a new artistic form than did Kleist and Hebbel? Among the greatest of living European writers is there one so uneven in his work, so uncertain of his form, so inclined to constant experiment and to constant change from extreme naturalism to extreme mysticism, and from extreme mysticism to extreme naturalism, as Gerhart Hauptmann? And who but a German could have written the Second Part of *Faust*, that tantalizing and irresistible *pot-pourri* of metres and styles and ideas, of symbolism and satire, of metaphysics and passion, of dryness and sublimity, of the dim mythical past, up-to-date modernity, and prophetic visions of the future — all held together by the colossal striving of an individual reaching out into the infinite?

III

I have reserved for the last place in this review of differences of German and American temper another trait intimately connected with the German craving for the infinite; I give the last place to the consideration of this trait, because it seems to me the most un-American of all. I mean the passion for self-surrender.

I think I need not fear any serious opposition if I designate self-possession as the cardinal American virtue, and consequently as the cardinal American defect also. It is impossible to imagine that so unmanly a proverb as the German —

> Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
> Der ist kein rechter Mann —

should have originated in New England or Ohio. But it is impossible also to conceive that the author of *Werthers Leiden* should have obtained his youthful impressions and inspirations in New York City. 'Conatus sese conservandi unicum virtutis fundamentum' — this Spinozean motto may be said to contain the essence of the American decalogue of conduct. Always be master of

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yourself; never betray any irritation, or disappointment, or any other weakness; never slop over; never give yourself away; never make yourself ridiculous — what American would not admit that these are foremost among the rules by which he would like to regulate his conduct?

It can hardly be denied that this habitual self-mastery, this habitual control over one's emotions, is one of the chief reasons why so much of American life is so uninteresting and so monotonous. It reduces the number of opportunities for intellectual friction, it suppresses the manifestation of strong individuality, often it impoverishes the inner life itself. But, on the other hand, it has given the American that sureness of motive, that healthiness of appetite, that boyish frolicsomeness, that purity of sex-instincts, that quickness and litheness of manners, which distinguish him from most Europeans; it has given to him all those qualities which insure success and make their possessor a welcome member of any kind of society.

If, in contradistinction to this fundamental American trait of self-possession, I designate the passion for self-surrender as perhaps the most significant expression of national German character, I am well aware that here again, I have touched upon the gravest defects as well as the highest virtues of German national life.

The deepest seriousness and the noblest loyalty of German character is rooted in this passion.

> Sich hinzugeben ganz und eine Wonne
> Zu fühlen die ewig sein muss,
> Ewig, ewig —

that is German sentiment of the most unquestionable sort. Not only do the great names in German history — as Luther, Lessing, Schiller, Bismarck, and so many others — stand in a conspicuous manner for this thoroughly German devotion, this absorption of the individual in some great cause or principle, but countless unnamed men and women are equally typical representatives of this German virtue of self-surrender: the housewife whose only thought is for her family; the craftsman who devotes a lifetime of contented obscurity to his daily work; the scholar who foregoes official and social distinction in unremitting pursuit of his chosen inquiry; the official and the soldier, who sink their personality in unquestioning service to the State.

But a German loves not only to surrender himself to a great cause or a sacred task, he equally loves to surrender himself to whims. He loves to surrender to feelings, to hysterias of all sorts; he loves to merge himself in vague and formless imaginings, in extravagant and reckless experience, in what he likes to call 'living himself out.' And thus this same passion for self-surrender which has produced the greatest and noblest types of German earnestness and devotion, has also led to a number of paradoxical excrescences and grotesque distortions of German character. Nobody is more prone to forget his better self in this so-called 'living himself out' than the German. Nobody can be a cruder materialist than the German who has persuaded himself that it is his duty to unmask the 'lie of idealism.' Nobody can be a more relentless destroyer of all that makes life beautiful and lovely, nobody can be a more savage hater of religious beliefs, of popular tradition, of patriotic instincts, than the German who has convinced himself that by the uprooting of all these things he performs the sacred task of saving society.

In literature this whimsical fanaticism of the German temper has made an even development of artistic tradition, such as is found most conspicuously in France, impossible. Again and

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again the course of literary development has been interrupted by some bold iconoclast, some unruly rebel against established standards, some impassioned denouncer of what thus far had been considered fine and praiseworthy; so that practically every German writer has had to begin at the beginning, by creating his own standards and canons of style.

No other literature contains so much defamation of its own achievements as German literature; no writers of any other nation have spoken so contemptuously of their own countrymen as German writers of the last hundred years have spoken of theirs, from Hölderlin's characterization of the Germans as 'barbarians, made more barbarous by industry, learning, and religion,' to some such sayings by Nietzsche as, 'Wherever Germany spreads she ruins culture'; or, 'Wagner is the counter-poison to everything essentially German; the fact that he is a poison too I do not deny'; or, 'The Germans have not the faintest idea how vulgar they are, they are not even ashamed of being merely Germans'; or, 'Words fail me, I have only a look, for those who dare to utter the name of Goethe's *Faust* in the presence of Byron's *Manfred;* the Germans are incapable of conceiving anything sublime.'

Is there cause for wonder, when Germans themselves indulge in such fanatically scurrilous vagaries about their own people and its greatest men, that foreigners are inclined to take their cue from them and come to the conclusion that German literature is after all 'merely German'?

IV

We have considered a number of peculiarly German traits: slowness of temper, regard for authority, distrust of the average intellect, bent for vague intuitions of the infinite, defective sense of form, passion for self-surrender, whimsical fanaticism; and we have seen how every one of these German traits is diametrically opposed to American ways of thinking and feeling. We cannot therefore be surprised that the literature in which these peculiarly German traits find expression should not be particularly popular in America.

As a matter of fact, there has been only one period, and a brief one at that, when German literature exercised a marked influence upon this country, when it even held something like a dominant position. That was about the middle of the nineteenth century, the time of Emerson, Longfellow, Hedge, and Bayard Taylor. That was the time when the creations of classic German literature of the days of Weimar and Jena were welcomed and exalted by the leaders of spiritual America as revelations of a higher life, of a new and hopeful and ennobling view of the world.

At that time there did not exist in America, as to-day, millions of citizens of German birth, the great majority of whom have little in common with the ideals of Goethe and Schiller. At that time the age of industrialism and imperialism had not dawned for Germany. Germany appeared then to the intellectual élite of America as the home of choicest spirits, as the land of true freedom of thought. *Wilhelm Meister* and *Faust*, Jean Paul's *Titan* and *Flegeljahre*, Fichte's *Destiny of Man*, Schleiermacher's *Addresses on Religion*, were then read and reread with something like sacred ardor by small but influential and highly cultivated circles in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. And the few Germans who at that time came to America, most of them as political refugees and martyrs of the Liberal cause, appeared as living em-

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bodiments of the gospel of humanity contained in German literature, and were therefore given a cordial and respectful reception.

Things are very different to-day. To be sure, the noble bronze figures of Goethe and Schiller by Rietschel, which stand in front of the Ducal theatre at Weimar, also look down, in the shape of excellent reproductions, upon multitudes of Americans at San Francisco, Cleveland, and Syracuse; and one of the finest monuments to the genius of Goethe ever conceived has recently been dedicated in Chicago. But are these monuments in reality expressions of a wide sway exercised by these two greatest German writers upon the American people? Are they not appeals rather than signs of victory — appeals above all to the Germans in this country to be loyal to the message of classic German literature, to be loyal to the best traditions which bind them to the land of their ancestors, to be loyal to the ideals in which Germany's true greatness is rooted?

The most encouraging aspect of the present situation is to be found in the study of German literature in American colleges and universities; for there is not a university or a college in the land where there are not well-trained teachers and ardent admirers of what is truly fine and great in German letters. And in spite of all that has been said to-day, there is plenty in the German literary production of the last hundred years which is, or at least should be, of intense interest to Americans, —plenty of wholesome thought, plenty of deep feeling, plenty of soaring imagination, plenty of spiritual treasures which are not for one nation alone, but for all humanity.

For it is a grave mistake to assume, as has been assumed only too often, that, after the great epoch of Classicism and Romanticism in the early decades of the nineteenth century, Germany produced but little of universal significance, or that, after Goethe and Heine, there were but few Germans worthy to be mentioned side by side with the great writers of other European countries. True, there is no German Tolstoi, no German Ibsen, no German Zola, but then, is there a Russian Nietzsche, or a Norwegian Wagner, or a French Bismarck? Men like these — men of revolutionary genius, men who start new movements and mark new epochs — are necessarily rare, and stand isolated among any people and at all times.

The three names mentioned indicate that Germany, during the last fifty years, has contributed a goodly share of even such men. Quite apart, however, from such men of overshadowing genius and all-controlling power, can it be truly said that Germany, since Goethe's time, has been lacking in writers of high aim and notable attainment?

It can be stated without reservation that, taken as a whole, the German drama of the nineteenth century has maintained a level of excellence superior to that reached by the drama of almost any other nation during the same period. Schiller's *Wallenstein* and *Tell*, Goethe's *Iphigenie* and *Faust*, Kleist's *Prinz von Homburg*, Grillparzer's *Medea*, Hebbel's *Maria Magdalena* and *Die Nibelungen*, Otto Ludwig's *Der Erbförster*, Freytag's *Die Journalisten*, Anzengruber's *Der Meineidbauer*, Wilbrandt's *Der Meister von Palmyra*, Wildenbruch's *König Heinrich*, Sudermann's *Heimat*, Hauptmann's *Die Weber* and *Der arme Heinrich*, Hofmannthal's *Elektra*, and, in addition to all these, the great musical dramas of Richard Wagner — this is a century's record of dramatic achievement of which any nation might be proud. I doubt whether either the French or the Russian or the Scandinavian stage of the nineteenth century,

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as a whole, comes up to this standard. Certainly, the English stage has nothing which can in any way be compared with it.

That German lyric verse of the last hundred years should have been distinguished by beauty of structure, depth of feeling, and wealth of melody, is not to be wondered at if we remember that this was the century of the revival of folk-song, and that it produced such song-composers as Schubert and Schumann and Robert Franz and Hugo Wolf and Richard Strauss. But it seems strange that, apart from Heine, even the greatest of German lyric poets, such as Platen, Lenau, Mörike, Annette von Droste, Geibel, Liliencron, Dehmel, Münchhausen, Rilke, should be so little known beyond the borders of the Fatherland.

The German novel of the past century was, for a long time, unquestionably inferior to both the English and the French novel of the same epoch. But in the midst of much that is tiresome and involved and artificial, there stand out, even in the middle of the century, such masterpieces of characterization as Otto Ludwig's *Zwischen Himmel und Erde* and Wilhelm Raabe's *Der Hunger Pastor;* such delightful revelations of genuine humor as Fritz Reuter's *Ut mine Stromtid;* such penetrating studies of social conditions as Gustav Freytag's *Soll und Haben.* And during the last third of the century there has clearly developed a new, forcible, original style of German novel-writing.

Seldom has the short story been handled more skillfully and felicitously than by such men as Paul Heyse, Gottfried Keller, C. F. Meyer, Theodor Storm. Seldom has the novel of tragic import and passion been treated with greater refinement and delicacy than in such works as Fontane's *Effi Briest,* Ricarda Huch's *Ludolf Ursleu,* Wilhelm von Polenz's *Der Büttnerbauer,* and Ludwig Thoma's *Andreas Vöst.* And it may be doubted whether, at the present moment, there is any country where the novel is represented by so many gifted writers or exhibits such exuberant vitality, such sturdy truthfulness, such seriousness of purpose, or such a wide range of imagination, as in contemporary Germany.

It is for the teachers of German literature in the universities and colleges throughout the country to open the eyes of Americans to the vast and solid treasures contained in this storehouse of German literary production of the last hundred years. They are doing this work of enlightenment now, with conspicuous popular success at the universities of the Middle West. And I look confidently forward to a time when, as a result of this academic instruction and propaganda, German literature will have ceased to be unpopular in America.

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BRITISH LIBERALISM AND THE WAR

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

ANY attempt to forecast the probable tendencies of Liberal opinion in England, whensoever peace shall have been restored, must be based on the assumption that Germany will be completely defeated and Europe be relieved, once and for all, from the overshadowing menace of Prussian militarism. For the ultimate issue of the present titanic struggle resolves itself, so far as the great mass of our wage-earners is concerned, into the question whether the rights of men or the rights of autocratic power shall hereafter dominate their political and economic destinies. Say what we will of the splendid achievements of German science and culture, the spirit which controls and directs the life of the German people is that of Prussia's blood-and-iron despotism, a spirit that frankly denies and despises the rights of man and exalts those of a privileged military caste.

If it were possible that the command of the sea should now pass from England to Germany, its passing could mean only the substitution of military for industrial civilization throughout Western Europe. Liberalism, that great force of progressive public opinion which, above and beyond all party politics, stands for freedom of social development and ethical ideas, would find no place of refuge on this side of the Atlantic until that tyranny was finally overthrown. If England were defeated and invaded by the triumphant Teuton, Liberalism, in the accepted sense of the term, must be submerged, for a generation at least, in the wreck and ruin of our national life.

But it cannot be. This war can end only with the final uprooting of the Bismarckian tradition and a wider freedom for the nations. The struggle of armed hosts is also a conflict of vital ideas; it is essentially a war between the fundamental principles of autocracy and those of democracy; and democracy must triumph. It is true that in the turmoil of conflicting impulses of nationalism, Russia, an autocratic power, finds herself ranged on the side of democracy for the furtherance of Pan-Slav ambitions, which, in the past, have had little enough to do with Liberalism; but the movement, and the racial instincts of self-preservation which have inspired it, are in themselves full of promise for the future liberties of Poland, Finland, and the Jewish subjects of the Tsar. Russian Liberalism cannot fail to derive a new sanction and a new inspiration from the disappearance of the cult of the German War Lord, and the Russian bureaucracy must of necessity acquire a broader and more humane outlook, by virtue of its alliance with the forces which stand for the liberties of the smaller nations.

Assuming, then, that Western Europe is destined to be relieved of the overshadowing menace of German hegemony, it is evident that, as this war draws to its close, the minds of thoughtful men will be deeply concerned with the social and political changes which

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must naturally follow upon so vast an upheaval. But with regard to Great Britain's domestic affairs (closely affected as they are by the still unsolved Irish problem and the undefined attitude of the Labor party) the future of Liberalism, and the constitution of its leadership, must evidently depend in no small measure on the duration of the war.

If, as Lord Kitchener appears to expect, the struggle should be protracted for two or three years, not only those who now direct the nation's affairs, but the leaders of public opinion throughout all classes of society, will inevitably approach many of our national problems from standpoints either completely new, or greatly modified by the psychological effect of so prolonged a conflict. Industrial England cannot leave its factories and warehouses for two or three years, to follow the drum in Belgium and France (and, let us hope, in Germany), without acquiring new and fruitful ideas concerning the nation's foreign policy, alliances, and diplomatic relations.

If, on the other hand, as many believe, the war is brought to a much earlier conclusion, — either by the defeat of the German forces in the field or by the economic exhaustion of Western Europe, — its effect on the laboring and industrial classes in England would naturally be less marked; in that case, Liberalism might confidently expect speedily to reorganize its political forces and reassert its domestic policy on lines generally based on those which have been laid down by the present administration. Questions of foreign policy and of national defense would require to be adjusted to changed and changing conditions, but it may safely be predicted that the nation's chief attention would speedily revert to matters of social legislation, to the lesser conflicts of class interests and party faction, unless the people itself had learned, by the chastening discipline of a prolonged struggle, that 'nations, like individuals, have souls as well as bodies.'

A short, successful war would probably tend to confirm the industrial population of England in its somewhat narrow outlook on life, in its well-ordered but unsatisfied materialism; a long one, waged in a just cause for the greater freedom of democracy, could not fail to create a higher type of intelligent nationalism in the masses. Clearly, then, the future of Liberalism, both as regards its leadership and its dominant principles, depends greatly on the duration and results of the war.

But, whether it be long or short, there can be no doubt that the memory of these days, in which the people has heard and answered the higher call of patriotism in the hour of national peril, must infuse into Liberalism, as into Conservatism, a broader view of the public interest, something less parochial and more truly national in its attitude. The spirit of comradeship, of kindly sympathy of class for class, the common hopes and sorrows and fears, that have united the nation to confront a common danger, these will not lightly be forgotten. War, despite all its horrors, undoubtedly calls forth in men some of the noblest virtues. Tried in its cleansing fires, the gold of humanity is purified. From this great upheaval of all our comfortable securities, the nation will emerge with new and broader conceptions of duty and self-denial and discipline.

Our class wars will not end, but they will surely be made less bitter, at least during the life of the present generation, by recollection of the days when dukes' sons and cooks' sons fought side by side in the trenches and together stormed the deadly breach. Conservatives will remember that, in the supreme hour of

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trial, it was the leaders of the Liberal party, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George, who upheld the nation's honor, and refused to parley with the 'infamous proposal,' which would have bought peace at the price of Belgium's freedom and the utter humiliation of France. And Liberals will remember that, when the storm broke, there was no voice of recrimination or reproach from the ranks of their political opponents, from the men who, following Lord Roberts, had for years urged the utter inadequacy of the nation's military defenses.

When this war is over and done, and civilization comes to count its appalling cost, there must be a strong reaction against militarism, and especially against that which Mr. Wells calls Kruppism; but never again, we may be sure, will England consent to be an unarmed nation amongst nations in arms. Pacifists and humanitarians will continue, as Liberals, to proclaim their traditional principles and policies; Nonconformists and the Society of Friends will continue to work for the day when arbitration treaties and mutual goodwill between the nations shall be the guarantees of universal peace; but Liberalism, both among the classes and among the masses, has been rudely awakened from dreams to the tough world of realities. If Lord Roberts lives to see England's house set in order after this war, he should have the satisfaction of knowing that his life work has been crowned by the nation's recognition of the need for national military service, organized on an equitable and democratic basis.

II

As we look back on the record of Liberalism in recent years, it is impossible to deny that, under the baneful influences of the party system, many of its noblest aspirations have been dulled by contact with the sordid warfare of professional politicians. The people, while pursuing their business and their pleasures in a narrow groove of uninspired commercialism, have looked on with almost callous indifference at a game in which principles have been frankly subordinated to the spoils system, and in which public honors and titles have been sold for cash, to replenish the party funds. They have seen the business of Parliamentary representation gradually degraded to the point where the Labor Party may deliberately record its vote against Labor interests, in order to keep its salaries and its seats under a Liberal government. They have seen vital national questions, such as the future government of Ireland and Woman Suffrage, treated by all parties alike, not on their merits, but as stakes in the party game of Ins and Outs, — the splendid traditions and principles of English Liberalism abused as vote-winning catchwords by a soulless caucus.

Had there been no war with Germany, these growing evils must surely have been purged from the body politic, and the nation's political conscience awakened, by the civil strife which the Irish question had rendered inevitable. Throughout all classes of society, from the landed gentry to the leaders of the Independent Labor Party, a strong force of public opinion has been steadily growing for the past few years against the callous cynicism of the party system. Is it too much to hope that, strengthened and purified by the ordeal of this war, this force of public opinion will hereafter devote itself to the cleansing of the Augean stables, and that Liberalism may become once more, as it was under Gladstone and Bright, a definite and disinterested solicitude for the moral and material well-being of the people?

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Indeed, there must be good reason to hope and believe that the spirit of Liberalism will emerge greatly invigorated from a struggle which, in a few short weeks, has brought home to every one of us the truth that, in a vital crisis of the nation's life, all these party questions, that lead us to such bitterness and wasteful strife, sink into utter insignificance. At the first breath of a common danger, the jarring voices of class and party faction are hushed to silence. The war must needs bring great evil of sorrow and suffering to England at large, but from this evil great good will spring if it teaches the nation that the government of the country need not necessarily and eternally be hampered by the unworthy discords of professional agitators and politicians. Already it has learned that, if their patriotism and their pride are aroused, Conservatives and Liberals can forget their bitterest difference in order to serve a common national purpose. The lesson will not lightly be forgotten.

If one may judge by the current writings of representative men, one of the first results of this war in its effect upon Liberal opinion must be to increase and emphasize its humanitarian and pacifist activities. Already the keynote of that opinion is unmistakably given in the Liberal press. In the *Nation*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *New Statesman*, and many other influential organs, the conclusion is unanimously voiced that 'it must never happen again.' Mr. Wells, in particular, stands out as prophet and advocate of a world-wide movement for the moral regeneration of the nations, a movement in which the pacifist forces of the United States are expected to play a leading part. There is to be, there must be, throughout Europe (to quote the words of Mr. Massingham), 'a complete change of political organization,' a federation of powers firmly pledged to keep the world's peace.

Mr. Wells is splendidly optimistic in his visions of the Utopia of an industrial civilization that shall now, at last, replace the civilization of militarism. He admits indeed 'that it is no good to disarm while any one single power is still in love with the dream of military glory,' but he looks to see that dream definitely abolished, and the peace of the world permanently established, by a consensus of human intelligence and morality. He would begin by 'the abolition of Kruppism, — the sordid, enormous trade in the instruments of death,' — and the neutralization of the sea. He would make national wars on land impossible, by giving to the confederate peace powers charge and command of the ocean highways, making the transport of armed men and war materials contraband, and impartially blockading all belligerents. 'The Liberalism of France and England must make its immediate appeal to the Liberalism of all the world, to share in the glorious ends for which this war is being waged.' He would have a new and enlightened Democracy '*impose upon this war* the idea that this war must end war . . . that henceforth no nationality shall oppress any nationality or language again in Europe for ever.'

The *Nation* (an organ identified with the Radical wing) advises Liberalism to seek the same end by other means. It advocates 'the cutting down of purely national forces in favor of something that we can truly call an International Police, controlled by an International Parliament.' This result will not be attained, it foresees, merely by the abolition of Kaiserism — 'all will, and must be, changed: the inner thoughts of men, the power of the masses to safeguard their simplest rights.' For the nation has gone into

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this fight, 'not perhaps with full consciousness of the character of the issue, but with the desire, and we pray with the result, of moderating the play, not only of the more primitive lusts of successful war, but of seeing a new Europe emerge from it.'

I quote these opinions of Mr. Wells and of the editor of the *Nation* because they are influential, as well as typical of a frame of mind which is certain to determine the future attitude of a considerable section of Liberalism, not only as regards matters of national defense and of foreign policy, but toward what may be called its higher moralities. The practical value of these proposals for abolishing militarism and radically changing the tendencies of nationalism, may be open to dispute; but the moral effect of such an attitude cannot fail to be important. When, with the restoration of peace abroad, party war breaks out again (as it needs must) at home, it may safely be predicted that a definite line of cleavage will present itself, from the outset, between Liberalism and Conservatism on these issues of pacificism, international arbitration, and disarmament.

Once more we shall witness the old-world battle joined between the Idealists and the Realists; between the followers of Plato and those of Aristotle, believers in what-ought-to-be, against those who prefer to deal with things as they are. While it is impossible to withhold admiration for the splendid optimism of the pacifists (applied to the uncertain soil of human nature in Europe, in much the same spirit in which Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan are endeavoring to apply it in Mexico), it is equally impossible to forget that (as Herbert Spencer sums up the matter), 'human nature, though indefinitely modifiable, can be modified but very slowly, and that all laws and institutions and appliances which count on getting from it, within a short time, results much better than present ones, will inevitably fail,' — in other words, that human nature cannot be radically changed by modes of repression or international agreements, but only by educative processes, which must necessarily extend over considerable periods of time.

What you put into the school, said Humboldt, you take out of the State — and, if this be true, the abolition of war must be preceded for a generation at least by the provision of a new type of schoolmaster, not only in Germany, but in Japan, Russia, and other countries. There are times and places where his services might have been useful during recent years even in England and America.

Many peace-advocates and humanitarians prominently identified with Liberalism unconsciously admit the weakness of their position in this matter. The *Nation*, in a striking article entitled 'Utopia or Hell' (August 15), declares that 'the future turns mainly on the readiness of all nations to abstain from crushing or humiliating any . . . The limitation of armaments must be universal, and it must be voluntary . . . The civilian mind must impose itself upon the pugnacity of the soldier.' The Society of Friends (Liberals all), in a remarkable manifesto recently published, declares that, after this war, civilization will be able 'to make a new State and to make it all together.' They hope and trust 'to reconstruct European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation — mutual trust and goodwill'; to lay down 'far-reaching principles for the future of mankind, such as will insure us forever against a repetition of this gigantic folly.'

Yet even while they proclaim this splendid vision, their minds are not a little disturbed by the thought of Rus-

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sia. Mr. Wells, it is true, has endeavored to reassure his friends on this score, to convince Liberalism that its dread of that semi-Oriental autocracy 'is due to fundamental misconceptions and hasty parallelisms': but they refuse to be entirely comforted. The Tsar's proclaimed intention of liberating Poland and Finland, his promises of kindlier treatment for his Jewish subjects, and his undertaking to respect the independence of Sweden, are accepted by the Nonconformist conscience with evident misgivings, which suggest an almost Spencerian attitude of doubt in regard to the sudden diminution of original sin in the soul of the Slav. And so, before ever the vision of universal peace can find practical expression in statesmanship, new causes of racial antagonism are casting their shadows of strife.

Evidently the first task of Liberalism must be to determine its future attitude toward European alliances in general, and the Triple Entente in particular. It will have to consider and decide, as a matter of high national policy, whether by any means (for example, by the establishment of an American-Anglo-French Peace Federation) a measure of international disarmament can be attained; and, if it cannot, what should be Great Britain's future rôle on the Continent of Europe.

And here, at the outset, its difficulties are obvious. To oppose a good understanding with Russia must in the long run involve support to Japan's ambitions in the Far East, a line of policy that could hardly fail to antagonize public opinion in America, — which is the last thing that either Liberalism or Conservatism wants to do. It would also mean giving further countenance to the 'unspeakable Turk,' who, at this moment of writing, appears to be bent on tempting Providence to the utmost and selling the remnants of his birthright in Europe for a very doubtful mess of German red pottage.

III

So far as may be inferred from the views currently expressed, a considerable body of English Liberal and Labor opinion will, in future, be opposed to the whole policy of alliances and ententes. Already this attitude finds frequent and forcible expression in the press. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, nominal leader of the Labor Party, has publicly denounced Sir Edward Grey because 'under his management we have been weaving round ourselves for eight years the mesh of entanglements which has brought us to our present confusion.' He and those who think with him maintain that, come what may, the tremendous issues of war and peace 'can no longer be entrusted to the soldiers and diplomats who now control them.' They denounce all the machinery of the Balance of Power, holding it to be futile at its best, and dangerously provocative at its worst; and they would replace it by 'the forms and the reality of a European concert.'

These, it must be admitted, are rather the opinions of extreme Radicalism than of Liberalism, — the views of men who approach the wide field of European politics from narrow lanes of insular thought. Experienced Liberal leaders, like Lord Morley and Lord Rosebery, are not likely to pin their faith on any concert of Europe as a regenerating moral force. They know that it is an expedient which has been tried and found wanting. Was not Bismarck, single-handed, able to reduce its good intentions to impotence, and to prove, long before Algeciras, that voluntary respect for the sanctity of international treaties is not an effectively restraining force in the

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world's affairs? At the conference of the nations, which must surely assemble to revise the map of Europe after this war, the humanitarian idealists are likely to find, as they found more than once at The Hague, that, even beyond the frontiers of the Balkans, necessity and force and national ideals are still powerful factors in determining the destinies of peoples.

On the whole, it seems most likely that, in the domain of foreign policy, constructive Liberalism will direct its humane activities toward consolidating a good understanding with Russia along lines which shall involve no forfeiture of our own national ideals as a democracy. For by this means only can its main object be secured, namely, the avoidance of any cause of misgivings or misunderstanding on the part of the American people.

In expressing this opinion, I do not forget that, in America, as in England, there exist very real and widespread misgivings about Russia, and particularly among that Jewish element of the population which plays so important a part in the high places of international finance. But when all is said and done, a nation's policy instinctively follows the lines of least resistance and least danger, and it requires no powers of divination to foresee that, while Russia will continue to stand in need of the friendship of England and France after this war, her political activities in the immediate future are not at all likely to threaten either English or American interests. As a commercial competitor, she will continue to be a negligible quantity and, with regard to her internal politics, the cause of humanity has everything to gain from her association with the Liberalism of England and France.

Among thoughtful politicians and writers, a clear understanding as to the country's future foreign policy is recognized as a matter of paramount importance. Without going so far as Mr. Macdonald, who in his wrath advocates the suppression of diplomatists, Liberal opinion as a whole would welcome any departure from the existing system, which might allow Parliament and the press to form clearer ideas concerning the international situation at any given moment, and concerning England's obligations. Democratically speaking, it is absurd that a nation should be called upon to make war in defense of obligations (such as those of the Anglo-French naval entente) which have been neither published nor defined. Yet, under our present political system, there are obvious and almost insuperable objections to the detailed discussion in Parliament of international relations, — objections which would continue to exist even if, in the interests of peace, Europe could be persuaded to intrust the execution of a concert's decisions to an international police force.

It is not easy to see by what means constructive Liberalism, however well-intentioned, is to supersede the existing machinery of statecraft in England or to improve upon the conduct of its foreign relations as handled by Sir Edward Grey. Take away all power of making war from kings and governors, replace them by whatsoever other machinery we will, and still, at the end of the long chain of 'isms' and grouped authorities, there remains ever the fallible human equation.

Next to the question of our future foreign policy, and in a great measure dependent thereon, Liberalism must face the problems of national defense. With the removal of the German invasion bogey, those who advocate a great reduction of expenditure on armaments, both on economic and on moral grounds, will be in a strong position. That position will be reinforced

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by the financial exhaustion of the country; the best of patriots, faced with a ten per cent tax, must look about him for relief. Expenditure on progressive legislation, social reform, and the relief of distress, is bound to increase steadily, and the country's taxable resources are not unlimited. All this is indisputable; nevertheless, the people whose children are now being taught, when they say grace, to 'thank God for the British navy which secures them a good breakfast,' are not likely to forget the lesson which this war has brought home to all sorts and conditions of men.

A general reduction of armaments throughout the civilized world, the abolition of private ownership in munitions of war, the extension of arbitral machinery to international disputes under conditions that would make it effective — all these things might well come within the range of practical politics. They are certain in any case to come within the programme of advanced Liberalism in England. But neither Mr. Norman Angell's exposition of the economic futility of war, nor all the moral pacifists' visions of a Federation of United States in Europe, will ever persuade the present generation of Englishmen to endanger Great Britain's command of the sea.

Before this war, the warning of Lord Roberts, Admiral Mahan, and other seers, had fallen upon ears that heard not; the masses, though sympathetic, remained unconvinced. To-day, they have learned and know that England's daily bread, her commerce, her colonies, her very existence, depend upon the supremacy of the British Navy. With a dislike for militarism quite as deep-rooted as that of the American people, the great majority of Englishmen will therefore continue to oppose any attempt to weaken the country's naval defenses. The vital importance of sea-power has now been brought home to the man in the street by arguments and facts which have completely convinced him.

Therefore, whatever be the humane aspirations of Liberalism, Liberal politicians are not likely to follow Mr. Wells on that new path of his which is to lead to Utopia by way of 'the neutralization of the sea,' by placing all armed ships under the control of a confederation of peace powers. They will prefer to work for an all-round, but fairly proportionate, reduction of armaments, both on land and sea; opinion in the moderate Liberal press already foreshadows this line of policy.

IV

It will be observed that, so far, I have discussed the principles and future policies of Liberalism without reference to the dominating personalities with which they are generally associated in the public mind, or the exigencies of their party tactics. As matters stand to-day, although vital movements of opinion are taking place in many directions and finding tentative expression, — movements which, in days to come, will produce world-wide effects, — these are due, not to the surface activities of politicians, but rather to a stirring of the great deeps of national life, to an awakening of moralities and humanities which the even tenor of that life had long left dormant.

Forasmuch as there are no party politics to-day (when even press discussion of the Home Rule question is deprecated by common consent), it is impossible to foretell either the ultimate direction of these movements of public opinion or their probable actions and reactions upon the political life of the country. He would indeed be a bold man who should prophesy even concerning the constitution, leader-

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ship, and platforms of the two great parties in the state at the close of this war. To a great extent, as I have already observed, these things must depend upon the duration and varying fortunes of the struggle. For example, it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive the possibility of a coalition war government, pledged to carry on the campaign to its bitter end in Berlin, if a section of Russophobe Liberals were to move in Parliament (as it is already doing in the press) for the conclusion of a peace which might leave Prussian militarism partly unbroken and wholly unrepentant.

The government of England at this moment is neither Liberal nor Conservative, but only National. Its *de facto* leaders are the Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the business of the politician is definitely in abeyance. The Independent Labor Party's half-hearted attempt to break the united front has been promptly repudiated by the labor unions.

But many things might occur, such as a disaster to the fleet or, if the war be protracted, a great increase of unemployment at industrial centres, which would bring new party issues to the front, and create divisions in the state. In such an event, either great changes would have to take place in the constitution of the Liberal government, or a coalition ministry would have to be formed (confronted by an active opposition) to serve during the continuance of the war.

It is an open secret that a coalition government was seriously discussed for several days before that fateful Sunday (August 2) when the peace-at-almost-any-price advocates in the Cabinet were finally persuaded by Sir Edward Grey — backed by the Premier, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George — to indorse his policy of opposing by force of arms the violation of Belgium's territory.

Not all foolishly did German diplomacy rely upon England's internal differences to secure her neutrality. The resignation of Lord Morley and Mr. Burns was the only sign vouchsafed to the public of the Cabinet's momentous crisis, but the pacifist views of many ministers—notably Mr. McKenna and Mr. Birrell—had been sufficiently proclaimed to indicate the nature of that crisis, and to cause the most acute anxiety among those who actually knew what was occurring in Downing Street and Whitehall during the three days which preceded the declaration of war. And, even to-day, if we bear in mind the pacifist convictions and the German sympathies which have been so frankly displayed from time to time by Lord Haldane, Mr. Samuel, and other ministers (not forgetting the influence of Berlin on our high finance), we may form an idea of the difficult situation in which Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, would be placed, if hereafter compelled by circumstances to choose between adherents to his 'fight-to-a-finish' policy and the pacific tendencies of his Nonconformist supporters in the constituencies.

A similar problem may possibly confront individual leaders of the Liberal party in connection with the Irish question. As matters stand, Sir Edward Carson has definitely relegated the Home Rule dispute to the background, and encouraged his Ulster Volunteers to enlist for service at the front. Mr. Redmond and the Nationalist leaders hung back for a time, stipulating that the Home Rule bill should be placed on the statute book before they authorized the Nationalist Volunteers to place their services at the disposal of the Crown; and this, despite the loyal enthusiasm of many of their followers. It was bad generalship. A

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spontaneous and unconditional manifestation of loyalty would undoubtedly have done more to reconcile wavering opinion in England to Home Rule than this display of party tactics.

If, at a time when India and all the dominions overseas are sending their contingents to the front, Nationalist Ireland refuses to come forward and crowd the recruiting offices in sign of its renewed loyalty, there must inevitably occur a powerful revulsion of feeling throughout the British electorate. Such a policy would do more to justify the Ulster Convenanters than all the prophecies and pleadings of their political representatives at Westminster; and it would inevitably react with deadly effect upon the Liberal government. But Mr. Redmond is no novice in strategy; he has certainly counted the cost of this manœuvring for position, and, having attained his end and justified himself in the eyes of his supporters in Ireland and America, he is now calling upon his Nationalist forces to fight side by side with the Ulstermen, in the cause of Catholic Belgium and France. And thus Liberalism may reckon on having found a happy issue out of all its Irish afflictions.

On the question of Woman Suffrage, the opinion is steadily growing in the ranks of Liberalism that its attitude has hitherto been lacking in courage and intelligent anticipation. A referendum on the subject would undoubtedly show an enormous majority of Radical and Labor opinion in favor of giving the vote, upon reasonable terms, to women. One of the chief obstacles in the path of this necessary and equitable extension of the franchise has hitherto lain in Mr. Asquith's personal opinion in the matter, and in the vague fears entertained by a certain section of his followers that to confer the vote on women would mean an accession of strength to the Conservative party. But in this, as in many other questions, the effect of this war upon the public conscience is likely to prove a broadening and stimulating influence. The public spirit, patriotism, and common sense which women of all classes have displayed since war broke out, have greatly impressed public opinion. If the Liberal party hereafter refuses to put Woman Suffrage in its political platforms, it will assuredly find its short-sighted Conservatism condemned by a majority of the constituencies.

But the future of Liberalism, as of the Empire itself, lies now on the knees of the gods. With all Europe seething in the melting-pot of war, it may indeed seem presumptuous thus calmly to discuss the chances and changes of principles and policies, which an adverse fate might utterly submerge tomorrow. Yet, seeing this England of ours, a friend to peace, yet staunch in war, drawing loyal men to her side from the four corners of the earth, because her cause is just and brave — may we not rightly hope that she will come forth victorious from this struggle, and that, in the day of victory, English Liberalism also may emerge triumphant from the fettering conditions of party, and, with a broader vision of wisdom and truth, lead the people in the way that they should go?

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BLUE REEFERS

BY ELIZABETH ASHE

I

'THE child will have to have a new dress if she's to take part in the Christmas entertainment.'

My mother spoke very low so as not to wake me, but I heard her. I had been too excited to fall asleep.

'Of course,' said my father in his big voice that never could get down to a whisper.

'S-sh,' warned my mother, and then added, 'But we should n't get it, George. You know what the last doctor's bill amounted to.'

'Oh, let the little thing have it. It's her first chance to show off.'

'S-sh,' my mother warned again. After a moment I heard her say, 'Well, perhaps it won't cost so very much, and as you say it's the first time.'

I turned over in bed and prayed, 'Dear Lord, please help my mother to get me a new dress.' For a new dress was one of the chief joys of taking part, and I had longed so to take part.

Although I had been a member of our Sunday school in good and regular standing ever since I was three weeks old, and had been put on the Cradle Roll, that being in the eyes of my parents the nearest approach to dedication allowable to Baptists, I was taking part for the first time, and I was seven. There had been numerous occasions in these seven years for taking part; our Sunday school celebrated Easter, Children's Day, Anniversary Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, with quite appropriate exercises. But it was a large school, and I had freckles and what Aunt Emma, my cousin Luella's mother, called 'that child's jaw.' Aunt Emma meant my front teeth, which were really most dreadfully prominent: in fact they stuck out to such an extent that Aunt Emma seldom failed to see them when she saw me.

Aunt Emma was n't used to children with jaws. Her little Luella had the prettiest teeth imaginable: she was pretty all over, pretty golden hair, pretty blue eyes, pretty pink cheeks, — not a freckle, — and pretty arms very plump and white. She was just my age, and she was invariably asked to take part. It seemed reasonable that she should, and yet I felt that if they only knew that I had a mind, — a mind was what an uncle once said I had, after hearing me recite the one hundred and third Psalm, the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah, and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians with only one mistake, — they would ask me too. A mind should count for something, I thought, but it did n't seem to with Miss Miriam.

Miss Miriam was the assistant superintendent. She was a tall, thin, youngish-looking woman, with fair hair and a sweet, rather white, face. She always wore very black dresses and a little gold cross, which one of the Big Girls told us was left to her by her mother, who was an Episcopalian. Miss Miriam got up all the entertainments, and it was she who made out the list of the people who were to take part in them. Three or four Sundays before an enter-

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tainment was to be given, Miss Miriam would come from the Big Room to our Primary Department with a lot of little white slips in her hand and a pad and pencil. While we were having the closing exercises she would walk very quietly from class to class distributing the little white slips. The slips said, 'Please meet me after Sunday school in the Ladies' Parlor.' If you were given a slip it meant you were chosen to take part.

Once I confided my longing to my mother.

'What makes you want to so much, Martha? You're not a forward little girl, I hope.'

Forwardness in my elders' opinion was the Eighth Deadly Sin, to be abhorred by all little girls, especially those who had heard it said that they had a mind. Little girls who had heard that might so easily, from sheer pride of intellect, become 'forward.'

'I'm not forward,' I assured her. 'I — I, oh, mother, it's so nice to be in things.'

And now at last I was in things. I could still feel the touch of the white slip which had been put into my hand only that afternoon, and I turned over in my bed on my other side and prayed with even more fervor.

'Oh, Lord, please help my mother to get me a new dress.'

He did. A week later my mother went to town. She brought back white Persian lawn, the softest, sheerest stuff I had ever felt. I could see the pink of my skin through it when I laid it over my hand.

'I'm going to have a new dress for the entertainment,' I told Luella on my way to rehearsal. 'Are you?'

'Why, of course. I always do. Mine's going to have five rows of lace insertion in the skirt and tiny tucks too.'

'Mine's to have tucks, but it won't have only one row of lace in the skirt. Mother says little girls' dresses don't need much lace.'

'I like lots of lace,' said Luella; but her tone of finality did not disturb my happiness. I was disturbed only when, at another rehearsal, Luella told me that her mother was making a blue-silk slip to wear under her white dress. Almost everyone wore slips when they spoke pieces.

I gave my mother this information.

'Isn't the white dress pretty enough, Martha?'

I fingered the soft material she was sewing. 'It's beautiful,' I said, hiding my face in her neck. Then I whispered, 'I don't mind if Luella has a slip, mother.'

I did mind, but I knew I ought n't.

My mother raised my head and adjusted the bow on one of my skimpy little pigtails. She looked as she did sometimes after my Aunt Emma had just gone.

'We'll see if you can have a slip. What color would you like — supposing you can?'

'Pink,' I answered promptly, 'like my best hair-ribbons.'

Pink china silk was bought. When I tried it under the Persian lawn it matched the ribbons exactly. I jiggled up and down on my toes — my only way of expressing great joy.

The dress, when my mother was not working on it, lay in the spare room on the bed. I made countless pilgrimages to the spare room. Once I slipped the dress on by myself. I wanted to see how I looked. But the mirror of the spare-room bureau was very small; so I inserted a hair-brush. With the mirror tipped I could see quite all of me — only I did n't see quite all. I did n't see my freckles, or my jaw, or my very thin legs. I saw a glory of pink and white and I grinned from sheer rapture. The spare room had no heat: there was a register, but unless we had company

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the register was closed. My mother found me one day kneeling by the bed shivering but in ecstatic contemplation of my dress, which I had not dared to try on a second time. She gave me ginger tea. I gulped it down meekly. I felt even then that as a punishment ginger tea is exquisitely relevant. It chastens the soul but at the same time it warms the stomach you've allowed to get cold.

I had been very much afraid that before the night of the entertainment, — it was to be given the twenty-third of December, — something would surely happen to my dress or to me, but the night arrived and both were in a perfect state of preservation. To expedite matters, as the Sunday school was to assemble at a quarter past seven, my mother dressed me before supper. Just as the last button was fastened we heard footsteps on the front porch.

'There, Martha! Go show your father.'

I ran down into the hall and took up my position in the centre of it, but when I heard the key turn in the latch of the inside door I wanted to run away and hide. I had never felt so beautiful.

My father stopped short when he saw me. 'By the Lord!' he ejaculated.

'Why, George!'

My mother was on the stairs.

'Well, by the Great Guns then — you're a — a vision, Marty.'

I could only grin.

'Here's some more pinkness for you to wear,' he said, producing a long tissue-paper package that he had been holding behind his back. He chuckled as he unwrapped it.

'Twelve, Marty; twelve solid pink carnations. What do you say to 'em? Show your mother.'

I said nothing. I only jiggled on my toes.

'George, dear, what made you? A little child like that can't wear flowers — and they're seventy-five cents a dozen!'

All the chuckle went out of my father's eyes: he looked at me, then at the carnations, then at my mother; just like a little boy who finds that after all he's done the wrong thing. I wanted to run and take his hand, but while I stood wanting and not daring, my mother had crossed the hall and was putting her arms around his neck.

'They're beautiful, George dear. She can wear three or four of them, anyway. They will make her so happy, and the rest we'll put in her room. Her room is pink too.'

'So it is.' He kissed my mother and then me. 'Say your piece, Marty — quick! Before we have supper.'

I had learned my piece so thoroughly that the order was like turning on a spigot. Four verses, four lines in each, gushed forth.

My father clapped. 'Now for something to eat,' he said.

Immediately after supper my mother and I set out, leaving my father to shave and come later. It was a cold night with a great many bright stars. At the corner we met Luella and her mother. Luella's mother was carrying over her arm Luella's spring coat, her everyday one, a dark blue reefer.

'Martha ought to have hers along, too,' said my Aunt Emma. 'If the church should be chilly they'll catch their death sitting in thin dresses.'

My mother thought it was probable we would. So I was sent back to hunt for my little reefer. It was like Luella's, dark blue with tarnished gilt anchors on the corners of the sailor collar, and like hers it was second-best and outgrown.

Luella and I parted with our mothers at the door of the Sunday-school room.

'Don't forget to take your reefers when you march in,' admonished my Aunt Emma.

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'Must we carry them while we march?' I almost wailed.

My mother came to the rescue. 'Hold them down between you and the little girl you march with. Then no one will see.'

'Yes'm.' I was much relieved.

II

The Sunday school was a hubbub of noise and pink and blue hair-ribbons. In among the ribbons and responsible for some of the noise were close-cropped heads and white collars and very new ties, but you did n't notice them much. There were so many pink and blue ribbons. After a while the room quieted down and we formed in line. Miss Miriam, who even that night wore a black dress and her little gold cross, distributed among us the eight silk banners that when we were n't marching always hung on the walls of the Sunday-school rooms. There were subdued whispers and last prinkings. Then the piano, which had been moved into the church, gave the signal and we marched in. We marched with our banners and our pink and blue hair-ribbons up and down the aisles so that all the Mothers-and-Fathers-and-Friends-of-the-School could see us. Whenever we recognized our own special mother or father we beamed. The marching finally brought us to the pews assigned to our respective classes. Luella's class and mine were to sit together that night. I turned around — almost every little girl, after she was seated and had sufficiently smoothed out skirts and sash, turned around — and saw that my mother and aunt were only two pews behind us. I grinned delightedly at them, and they both nodded back. Then I told Luella. After that I settled down.

The church was decorated with ropes of green and with holly wreaths. At either side of the platform was a Christmas tree with bits of cotton-batting scattered over it to represent snow. I had heard that there were to be two Christmas trees, and I had looked forward to a dazzling glitter of colored balls and tinsel and candles, maybe. The cotton-batting was a little disappointing. It made you feel that it was not a real Christmas tree, but just a church Christmas tree. Church things were seldom real. The Boys Brigade of our church carried interesting-looking cartridge-boxes, that made them look like real soldiers, but when they drilled you found out that the cartridge-boxes were only make-believe. They held Bibles. Still the cotton-batting did make you think of snow.

After what seemed like a very long wait the entertainment began. The minister, of course, opened it with prayer. Then we all sang a carol. As we were sitting down I felt some one poke my shoulder.

'Your mother says you must put on your jacket. She says you 'll take cold,' whispered the little girl behind me.

I had n't felt cold, but the command passed along over two church pews had the force of a Thus-saith-the-Lord. While I was slipping the jacket carefully over my ruffles some one poked Luella and whispered to her. Luella looked at me, then put on her jacket.

The superintendent was making a speech to the Fathers-and-Mothers-and-Friends-of-the-School. When he finished we rose to sing another carol, and as we rose, quite automatically Luella and I slipped off our jackets. I was very excited. After the carol there would be a piece by one of the Big Girls; then the Infant Class would do something; then I was to speak. I wondered if people would see the pink of my slip showing through my dress as I spoke my piece. I bent my head to get a whiff of carnation.

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We were just seated when there came another poke and another whisper.

'Your mother says to keep on your jacket.'

I looked back at my mother. She smiled and nodded, and Aunt Emma pointed to Luella. We put on our jackets again. This time I buttoned it tight; so did Luella. I felt the carnations remonstrate, but when one is very excited one is very obedient: one obeys more than the letter of the law.

The Big Girl was speaking her piece. I did n't hear the words; the words of my own piece were saying themselves through my head; but I was aware that she stopped suddenly, that she looked as though she were trying to remember, that someone prompted her, that she went on. Suppose I should forget that way before my father and mother and the friends of the school and Miss Miriam. It was a dreadful thought. I commenced again — with my eyes shut —

'Some children think that Christmas day
Should come two times a year';

I went through my verses five times, while the Infant Class individually and collectively were holding up gilt cardboard bells and singing about them. I was beginning the sixth time, —

'Some children think —'

when the superintendent read out, —

'The next number on the programme will be a recitation by Martha Smith.'

I had been expecting this announcement for four weeks, but now that it came it gave me a queer feeling in my heart and stomach, half fear, half joy. Conscious only that I was actually taking part, I rose from my seat and made my way over the little girls in the pew who scrunched up themselves and their dresses into a small space so that I might pass.

As I started down the aisle I thought I heard my name frantically called behind me; but not dreaming that any one would wish to have speech with a person about to speak a piece, I kept on down, way, way down to the platform, walking in a dim hot maze which smelled insistently of carnations.

But the poor carnations warned in vain. I ascended the platform steps with my reefer still buttoned tightly over my chest.

The reefer, as I've said, was dark blue, adorned with tarnished anchors, and outgrown. Being outgrown it showed several inches of my thin little wrists, and being a reefer and tightly buttoned, it showed of my pink and white glory a little more than the hem.

Still in that dim hot maze I made my bow and gave the title of my piece, 'Christmas Twice a Year,' and recited it from beginning to end, and heard them clap, all the teachers and scholars and Fathers-and-Mothers-and-Friends-of-the-School. Then, quite dizzied with happiness, I hurried down off the platform and up the aisle. People smiled as I passed them and I smiled back, for once quite unconscious of my jaw. As I neared my seat I prepared to smile upon my mother, but for a moment she did n't see me. Aunt Emma was saying something to her, something that I did n't hear, something that made two red spots flame in my mother's face.

'Is n't it just like Martha to be a little fool! She's always doing things like that.' Aunt Emma was one of those people who assume that you always do the particular foolish thing you have just finished doing.

The red spots died out when my mother saw me. She smiled as though she were very proud — and I was proud too. But before I could settle down to enjoy my satisfaction Luella's name had been called and Luella was starting down the aisle. Luella's golden curls bobbed as she walked: they bobbed over her blue reefer jacket which was buttoned snugly over her plump body.

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There was a suppressed exclamation from some one behind me, but Luella kept on. Luella's jacket was not short in the sleeves but it was very very tight. Only the hem of her blue and white glory peeped from beneath it, and a little piece of ruffle she had not quite tucked in peeped out from above it.

Luella bowed and spoke her piece. All the teachers and scholars, the Fathers-and-Mothers-and-Friends-of-the-School applauded.

A queer sound made me look round at my mother and aunt. Their heads were bowed upon the pew in front. Their shoulders were shaking. When I turned around again they were sitting up, wiping their eyes as though they had been crying.

I could n't understand then, nor did I understand late that night when my father's laugh woke me up.

'Poor Emma!' he chuckled. 'What did she say?'

And my mother answered, her voice curiously smothered, 'Why, you see, she could n't very well say anything after what she had just said before.'

'I suppose not. Poor Emma, I suppose not.' My father's laugh broke out again.

'S-sh, George — you 'll wake Martha.'

THE END OF THE GAME

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

Pounding away in a rhythm bound as in fetters of brass,
Marches the band; — behind it, the wildly rhythmical mass
Of headlong, happiest youth, with hats flung high through the space
Where the conquering ball had sailed, with arms chance-linked for the race
To join the swirling, delirious, serpentine measure of joy
That wells from the leaping heart of every precipitate boy.

What sends from my older heart the mist to my musing eyes?
Not envy, I think, for all that niggardly age denies;
But something akin to pity — even at this flaming hour
Filled with the triumph of sharing the joy of triumphant power —
Pity that ever the jubilant springs must fail of their flow,
And that youth, so utterly knowing it not, must one day know.

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THE EUROPEAN TRAGEDY

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

On the fourteenth of July I was in Paris, and curiosity took me to the grand review, held every year in the French capital on that day of national festival which commemorates the taking of the Bastille. I saw the splendid battalions file past, and I saw also, in the tribune of the President of the Republic, the accredited ambassadors to the French government, in gala attire. They were all talking tranquilly among themselves, most of them about their approaching vacations. Some were on the point of departure for the mountains or the sea, in search of a well-deserved rest. Austria and Russia, Germany and Servia, England and Belgium, were exchanging good wishes, compliments and friendly adieux, in the persons of their ambassadors. Who would have said that three weeks later these same men would exchange as many declarations of war?

The tempest broke so unexpectedly that we are still, as it were, dazed. Every one asks himself constantly if he is awake or dreaming. The European war, — that earthquake which perhaps will overturn from its foundations the civilization of the old world; the European war, of which every one has been talking for so many years, but for the most part without believing that it could occur, — just as one speaks of the day in which the sun will be extinguished in the heavens, or of the encounter of the earth with some stray comet cutting through space, — the European war broke out within a single week.

On the twenty-fourth of July all Europe, from Ionia to the Baltic, from the Pyrenees to the Urals, was still able to go to bed in peace and to dream of the approaching summer vacation, well-earned by the long labor of a year. The German Emperor, according to his custom at that season, was cruising in northern waters; the Emperor of Austria was at the Baths of Ischl; the President of the French Republic was leaving Russia, where he had visited the Tsar and toasted peace, to pay a visit to the Scandinavian sovereigns. On the morning of the twenty-fifth — it was a Saturday — Europe read in her thousand newspapers the menacing note sent from the Austrian minister to the Servian government; and on the Saturday after — the first of August — the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg handed to the Russian government the declaration of war. How did it happen? Through whose fault? From what motives?

II

Eventually, history will doubtless investigate, and recount what happened day by day, hour by hour, in the courts and in the chancelleries of Europe, during that fatal week. For the moment, every government is careful to divulge only what serves to throw back on the other governments the responsibility for the cruel catastrophe. The immediate occasion, so to speak, of

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the explosion, is therefore a mystery. Much clearer, on the other hand, is the play of the historical forces which, after forty-four years of peace, have prepared, and in the end precipitated, the terrifying disaster. This war is the supreme duel of the two European enemies who for a century have lived side by side in every state: Europe bellicose, the daughter, as it were, of the French Revolution; and Europe pacific, creature of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and of the whole social movement of the nineteenth.

The French Revolution initiated in Europe the true war of the peoples. Until the French Revolution, sovereigns and states, rather than their subjects, had fought and made peace among themselves. Armies were recruited from professional soldiers alone; the greater part of the population was exempt from the tribute of blood, as is still the case to-day in England and in America. All Europe approved when revolutionary France, in order to defend herself, made a universal obligation of military service, and inaugurated the general conscription. To compensate for the abolition of feudal servitude, for the division of the lands of nobles and clergy among the peasants, the Revolution imposed upon the people the duty of taking arms to defend the country. From one end to another of France resounded the terrible cry, '*Aux armes, citoyens!*' But the marvelous victories of the Revolution and of the Empire obliged the monarchies of Continental Europe to imitate the example of France in a greater or less degree, and to arm their peoples. In almost all Europe, the ancient system of professional soldiery was abandoned; military service became a duty of the citizen and of the subject; the tribute of blood became as obligatory as the tax in money.

Since military conditions were changed in this way, as a result of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, it was necessary to change the entire policy of the nations. In the eighteenth century, so long as armies were composed of mercenaries paid by the king, there was no need to explain to the soldiers the reasons or the motives for the wars to which the generals led them. To fight was their trade; they were paid to do battle, whatever the enemy or the motive. But this was no longer the case when the armies were recruited directly from the people, and service under the flags became a public duty. Then it was no longer possible to demand from the masses the tribute of blood, without explaining to them the reason for the sacrifice, without by some means quickening their eagerness for the conflict into which their rulers were sending them.

While the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire lasted, the task was easy. In that convulsion of the old world the French soldiers were informed that they were fighting for liberty against the tyrants of Europe; and the peoples hostile to France, that they were warring against an impious race, destroyers of civilization, — foes of order, religion, and authority. Prussia after Jena was certainly, among the monarchies of Europe, the one which knew best how to excite hatred for France in the multitude, and to inspire her people with the keenest ardor in the supreme struggles against the rule of Napoleon.

But when Napoleon had fallen and the hurricane of the Revolution was stilled, the task became more difficult. How was it possible to continue to impose upon the multitude obligatory military service for a number of years? how could the people be maintained in arms, now that Europe had at last obtained the peace so long desired?

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It was necessary to attempt a justification of such a cruel sacrifice, yet how could it be done except by persuading the troops that an enemy was encamped beyond the frontier? The army which the Revolution created by calling a whole nation to arms is responsible for the fact that, ever since the fall of Napoleon, European writers, philosophers, statesmen, and military experts have tried to convince each new generation, in one way or another, of the existence of this menace along the frontier. Sometimes it has been described as a threatening people, desirous of oppressing its neighbors; sometimes as a people or peoples who must be impressed by a show of force. And all reasons and pretexts sufficiently convincing to create, to cultivate, and to diffuse this feeling of suspicion among the masses, have been looked upon as fair play throughout the countries of Europe. Such attempts are usually resorted to whenever there is a movement to increase the size of an army or a counter-movement to decrease the term of service.

Thus the nineteenth century and the twentieth have both tried to persuade French, English, Germans, Italians, Russians, and the rest, that they ought to distrust one another because they were all rivals and enemies. Each nation, naturally, blamed all the others for the hatred it felt for them. The difference in language, in institutions, in religious beliefs, in culture; the memories of the great wars of the past; a certain antagonism in material interests, have rendered this task of so-called national education easy in every country to writers, historians, philosophers, statesmen. How many theories have been invented concerning Germanism, Slavism, the Latin spirit, the destiny of the people, the superiority of certain races and certain cultural standards; how many have been seriously discussed in universities and academies, in books and reviews, which were designed solely to intensify the distrust and hatred of one people for another. How many literary works, sciences, philosophies, dogmas, have been admired, praised, magnificently rewarded in honors and in money, not because they were full of beauty and truth, but because they set nation against nation, and gave to international disagreements high-sounding and virtuous names!

Nevertheless, if political institutions and military exigencies incited the peoples of Europe to hate one another, civilization and economic interests also brought them together in the old world. The French Revolution had been forced to set all Europe on fire in order to defend itself, but it had also promised all men peace, liberty, and brotherhood. The philosophy of the eighteenth century, which was directly responsible for the Revolution, is optimistic: it is the first philosophy which has dared affirm that human nature is not perverse but good; it says that man, when he is not hindered or corrupted or oppressed by iniquitous and tyrannous institutions, is a creature of generous sentiments. These ideas, in a society already profoundly softened by Christianity, have also brought to birth in Europe in the last century a thousand doctrines, a thousand chimeras, a thousand generous and stupendous dreams, which are the precise opposite of that hatred among the peoples in which governments have all more or less sought to educate the masses. Hence the love of peace, the dreams of universal brotherhood, the proposals for concord, the spirit of cosmopolitanism, the attempts at international arbitration; hence the vast humanitarian propaganda of the socialist groups and all the democratic parties.

The example of America and her interests has favored the diffusion of

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these ideas. A century ago every country of Europe lived on its own territory, and had no commerce with other peoples except in objects of luxury; to-day railways have bound as it were into a single sheaf the most diverse necessities of all the peoples. England, Italy, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, may distrust one another and hate their neighbors as much as they will; but each one has need every day of the products of the other in order to satisfy the constantly increasing exigencies of the masses. What will happen in a few weeks when they begin to feel the economic effects of this sudden interruption of commerce in almost all Europe!

Two souls, then, lived side by side, in every country, in every party, almost in every man of old Europe: a soul of war and a soul of peace. Hence the infinite contradictions in thought and action which have bewildered the old world from the middle of the century to the present moment, and which have at last, in the space of a week, resulted in this fearful catastrophe. For what reason has the soul of war conquered the soul of peace?

III

One cannot deny that in the last thirty years the idea of peace had made great strides in Europe. France and England, the two nations of Europe which fought the greatest wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, have been governed for ten years by parties openly averse to all aggressive intentions, by declared pacifists. Russia is governed by an Emperor who had hardly mounted the throne when he chose to connect his name with a great work of peace. In all Europe, Socialism has acquired millions of adherents among the lower classes, especially those classes from which the soldiers are recruited. Who does not know that Socialism affirms that peace ought to rule among the peoples; that the proletariat ought to clasp hands across the frontiers, and beat swords into ploughshares? It is true that during the same period all the governments were asking for money to forge new weapons; but there was not one which, in asking for them, failed to declare that cannon and guns were the surest instruments of peace.

The Goddess of Peace seemed to have found a new and singular method of enchaining the God Mars: by loading him down so heavily with arms that he could no longer move. Whence many came to suppose that European war was no longer possible. Even the writer of the present essay, while aware that in foretelling the future it is prudent to leave a little chink always open for the unexpected, was profoundly convinced in his own heart that he was destined to close his eyes without having seen the horrid spectacle of which, like thousands of others, he is to-day a terrified witness. In fine, it seemed to many, and with reason, that after forty-four years of peace the victory of peace over war was imminent. And instead, war has become again at one blow master of the old world! Why? The chief reason is the prestige and the power of the military caste in Germany.

Although the spirit of peace in the last fifteen years had found its advocates throughout all the rest of Europe, it had hardly ventured across the frontiers of Germany, and cannot be said to have obtained a foothold in the German Empire. The memories of the war of 1870, the immense prestige with which that war had invested the German army and the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns who command it, had rendered the Empire impervious, or nearly so, to the spirit of peace. Behind the frontier of Germany there

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lived a people which believed itself invincible. Noble or Socialist, Prussian or Bavarian, every German stated again and again, either in pride or in sorrow, that no army in the world was so well organized, or conducted by so intelligent a general staff, or animated by so formidable a defensive spirit, as their own. But a people that believes itself invincible through the power of its army will never, or in Europe at least, can never, be profoundly pacifist. The military caste will so rejoice in such prestige that it will never allow the desire for peace to increase beyond a certain point.

This is precisely what has happened in Germany. One might affirm that the European war of 1914 was almost an inevitable heritage from the war of 1870. Between 1900 and 1905 France had made less haste to increase her armaments, and had shown by a thousand signs her readiness to be reconciled with her old rival, to forget Alsace and Lorraine. Germany continued without pause to increase and make ready her weapons. Between 1900 and 1910 England tried more than once to come to an agreement with Germany to limit the increase of naval expenditures. Every attempt was vain. To every hint that the other nations of Europe gave of wishing, I will not say to disarm, but to arm with less fury, the German government responded by the rapid increase of its own armaments.

Since 1900, Germany has taken the initiative in all the increases of military outlay which have caused the expenditure of so many millions in Europe. The Socialists, and a certain fraction of the liberal parties in the Reichstag, were opposed to this; but what was the use of this opposition? The prestige of the army and the power of the government, allied to the military party, were too great: the parties of opposition never succeeded even in moderating the demands of the government. At every election the nation was able to increase the number of Socialist deputies who sat in the Reichstag; but what was the use?

It will suffice to recall what happened in connection with the great military law of 1912, which prepared the way for the war of 1914. The German government had proposed to increase the army to eight hundred and seventy thousand men, and to get the money by imposing an extraordinary war-tax on the rich classes. The parties of the Right in the Reichstag desired that the army should be increased, but not that the rich classes alone should be called upon to pay the cost. If the Socialists who did not wish the increase of the army had also voted against this special war-tax, the government would have found itself in grave perplexity; which might possibly have forced it, because of the financial difficulty, to moderate its requests. And perhaps then the war of 1914 would not have broken out. But the Socialists, although they disapproved the military law, were not able to resist the temptation to bleed the rich through an increased income-tax. The government was able therefore to obtain the additional troops by a majority of the Right, and to obtain the money by a majority of the Left, — in which there were more than a hundred Socialists; and within two years Europe burst into flames.

In a nation in which the military caste is so respected and powerful, pacificist ideas cannot find much of a following among the upper and educated classes, among those at least which have the most influence in public affairs. In fact, especially within the past ten years, a quite contrary policy has obtained, and ideas of German supremacy, of German culture, of

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Germany's World-Mission, and of Germany's right to illuminate the world, have been diffused through an ardent propaganda, continuous, unwearied, among the aristocracy, in official circles, in the universities, in the newspapers. Great associations like the Naval League, the Military League, aided by professors, experts, journalists, have labored with a truly Teutonic perseverance, to quicken a kind of aggressive national sentiment in the masses and in the middle classes.

Thus, little by little, while the other states of Europe were preparing themselves for the changes which might have assured universal peace, in Germany the idea was taking root pretty nearly everywhere that a new war was inevitable; that Germany could not fulfill her great historic mission without once more drawing the sword of '70; that since it was necessary to fight, it was desirable that Germany should choose the right moment, that is, some opportunity before Russia had recovered entirely from the wounds of the Russo-Japanese war.

A very intelligent but very skeptical German said to me one day, 'My friend, there is only one pacificist in Germany; it is William II. But he can do nothing because he is the Emperor!' A paradox which contains a certain amount of truth. William II will have to shoulder before the world, and in history, the chief responsibility for the war. Yet those who know the secrets of political Europe are aware that he has been for twenty-five years perhaps the most active protector of European peace. In 1905 he prevented the war which a strong party around him already wished, when the disputes about Morocco began with France. 'History,' said he one day, to a French friend of mine on board the Hohenzollern during the regatta at Kiel, 'history will give me credit for this at least, that Europe has owed its peace to me.'

By temperament, by a certain mystical tendency, by the sagacity of a statesman, William II was and wishes to be an emperor of peace. But he is also a Hohenzollern — the head of the army which is reputed strongest among them all, and invincible. Thus his ruling passion for peace was not pleasing to the very powerful military caste which surrounds and sways him; and it has been the chief reason for the covert hostility which a section of the aristocracy, of the government, and of the press, have since 1895 carried on in opposition to him, resulting finally in the setting up of the Crown Prince as the leader of the opposition to him. Every one still remembers the scandal of 1909, the cause of which was the interview granted by the Emperor to a great American magazine. When the whole history of this scandal is known it will also be known what was done on this occasion to discredit the Emperor by the military party, and by that section of the government which could not forgive him for not having declared war against France in 1905, with Morocco as a pretext.

I have no doubt therefore that this time, on the evening of August 1, the Emperor declared war on Russia and set Europe afire, not because he wished the catastrophe, but because he was unable to resist the war-party, which has increased in numbers, influence, and audacity during the past three years, since the Balkan conflicts and the war between Italy and Turkey have filled all Europe with restlessness and distress. It is sufficient to say that, in the days preceding the declaration of war, newspapers conservative in the extreme, like the *Kreuzzeitung*, published articles almost threatening William II; reminding him that he had not the right to sacrifice his duties as emperor

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to the personal hobby of his pacificism. In fine, the European war was let loose by the German military party; for among all the countries of Europe, in Germany alone the army had enough power and enough authority to compel the government to take so frightful an initiative. Destiny was fulfilled on August 1, 1914, — a date memorable and fatal in the history of the twentieth century, which posterity will perhaps remember with terror through the ages.

IV

And now, what will happen? What new Europe will arise from the ruins of that in which we were born and grew up? How will it be possible to reconstruct order out of this chaos let loose in one blow?

These are questions to which no one can reply to-day; which no one even dares suggest. The dismay of souls surprised by the catastrophe is too great. We all feel that our destiny is in the control of historic forces which elude our understanding. No one can say whether the war will be long or short, who will conquer or who will lose; and in what manner the conquered will be conquered and the victorious victor.

Nevertheless from the study of the causes of this upheaval one conclusion appears already probable. This war will either increase still more the military caste in Germany or will largely destroy it. Germany is moved to the conflict with the expectation of repeating 1870: that is, of making a rapid victorious campaign, the cost of which will be covered by the immense indemnities imposed upon the conquered. And if the General Staff succeeds in this enterprise, the German army, and the Hohenzollerns who are its leaders, will achieve such prestige in Germany, in Europe, and in the world, that no strength can oppose them. If instead Germany is, I will not say actually conquered, but not wholly successful, and is unable to snatch territorial and financial indemnity from her adversaries, then the prestige of the army and of the Hohenzollerns will receive a very heavy blow. The people will cherish eternal resentment because of the terrible sufferings which the war will have caused them: they will accuse the monarchy and the military party of having led the nation lightly into a ruinous adventure, provoking the whole of Europe.

In the first place, it is difficult to foresee what the future of Europe can be. The mind is appalled merely in thinking about it. The darkest prophecies seem legitimate. Oppressions, new wars, revolutions, a terrible crisis, economic, political, moral, in which a great part of European civilization will perish, this is what one may predict. For however great may be the qualities of the Germans and the services that they have rendered to civilization, Europe can never and will never be dominated entirely by them. As it rebelled a century ago against the French supremacy, so it would revolt to-day against the German supremacy. Europe is and will continue to be a mosaic of cultures and of diverse languages. Therefore, for real success there is need of a certain equilibrium among the diverse races which inhabit it. If this equilibrium is destroyed, Europe will no longer be Europe; and to denaturalize her in this way, to change the course of her history, the European war would not suffice. The democratic, humanitarian, pacificist tendencies are now too strong, and rooted in too large a part of the continent. Victorious Germany could impose herself on Europe only by a systematic oppression which would provoke the most terrible reactions and the greatest disasters.

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If on the other hand the second supposition should be realized, if the prestige of the Hohenzollerns and of the German army should collapse because of the horror and destruction of this war which they have willed, Europe will finally find peace and concord in a reasonable equilibrium of forces and desires. Germany will become at last democratic and pacific, like England and France. The Prussian aristocracy, so powerful to-day, will be forced to grant a reform of the Prussian electoral system, and to open the doors to the power of the middle classes. In Prussia, and in the Empire, the representative *régime,* instead of remaining constitutional, will become parliamentary; ministers will no longer be nominated by the emperor but by parliaments; the influence of the court and the general staff will diminish. The parties of the Left, and even the Socialists, will have risen to power. Germany in short will be inwardly renewed as France was renewed after 1870.

Between France and England on the one side and Germany on the other, there will no longer be that lack of harmony in impulses and political forms which has been the true reason why all the attempts at understanding, repeated during the past thirty years, have failed. Germany, like France and England, will be dominated by a liberal democratic spirit: and it will therefore be possible finally for these three peoples to reach a permanent and true understanding. On that day when all the peoples shall abandon the thought of trampling on each other, and shall desire only peaceful emulation among themselves in favor of the progress of the world,—on that day on which their governments shall be animated by the same spirit of sincere friendship and loyal concord,—there will be room under the sun for French, English, Germans—all races—to dwell together in unity.

France and England are ripe for a rule of ordered and peaceful democracy. They desire it and press toward it. The chief point that this war ought to decide is whether Germany also wishes to become democratic and peaceful, or whether instead she wishes to isolate herself still in Europe, like a formidable camp, sustained by force and by an autocratic and hierarchical spirit. On this alternative depends the future of Europe and the destiny of our civilization. Every one therefore can understand, without further parley, the anxiety which is felt to-day in Europe by the kind of people who are in a position to appreciate the importance of this conflict. As long as they live they will not forget the August of fatal 1914!

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ACADEMIC FREEDOM

BY HOWARD CROSBY WARREN

I

FREEDOM of teaching, as scholars understand the term, means control of university instruction by the teaching profession itself, untrammeled by outside interference. The university teacher is a prophet of the truth. His tenure of office should not be determined by political, theological, or popular approval; but he should be held accountable to his own calling.

In point of fact, the teacher to-day is not a free, responsible agent. His career is practically under the control of laymen. Fully three quarters of our scholars occupy academic positions; and in America, at least, the teaching investigator, whatever professional standing he may have attained, is subject to the direction of some body of men outside his own craft. As investigator he may be quite untrammeled, but as teacher, it has been said, he is half tyrant and half slave.

The professional status of the scholar differs notably in this respect from that of the other learned professions. The physician is governed by a code prescribed by his own medical association. The lawyer is responsible for his professional conduct to a bar association composed of fellow practitioners. In most denominations the clergy are amenable solely to ecclesiastical courts or church dignitaries. In contrast with these self-organized professions, the scholar is dependent for opportunity to practice his calling, as well as for material advancement, on a governing board which is generally controlled by clergymen, financiers, or representatives of the state.

The reason for this difference is not hard to discover. Unlike other professional men, the scholar cannot ply his vocation alone. Aristotle is the only instance of a college of arts and sciences successfully combined in one person; the tremendous progress of learning since his day has made it impossible for even a giant intellect to repeat the attempt. Furthermore, the foundation of an institution of learning on any adequate scale requires more capital than scholars as a class can provide. They are compelled to rely on the resources of others. The initiative in establishing institutions of learning is usually taken by the Church, the State, or the wealthy class. Many of the early European universities were outgrowths of older ecclesiastical schools. The universities of Paris and Oxford originated in this way. Those at Naples and Vienna were established by government and maintained from state funds. Heidelberg obtained charters from both Church and State. Even in mediæval times certain colleges and chairs derived their endowment from the private fortunes of princes. Several early foundations at Oxford and Cambridge belong to this class.

A similar development took place in our own country. Some of our colleges were founded by religious bodies — Wesleyan and the Catholic University of America, for instance. Others, such as Stanford, Chicago, and Clark, were

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wholly endowed through private donation. Our state universities and city colleges are maintained by state and municipal appropriations, and the former receive large sums annually from the national government besides.

The power of appointment to the teaching staff generally remains with the founders, or is vested in a self-perpetuating board. In a few instances control has passed to the graduates, acting through their chosen representatives, as at Harvard, or is shared by them, as at Yale and Princeton. It has never been delegated to the teaching staff. Yet the faculty forms the very core of the university.

President Schurman of Cornell brings out the anomaly most strikingly in a recent report to the trustees of that institution. He says: 'The university is an intellectual organization, composed essentially of devotees of knowledge — some investigating, some communicating, some acquiring — but all dedicated to the intellectual life. . . . The faculty is essentially the university; yet in the governing boards of American universities the faculty is without representation.'

The educational policy and curriculum are entrusted more largely to the care of the teaching body, but the trustees or regents insist upon their legal right as court of last appeal. Even at our least provincial universities an academic programme adopted by the faculty has occasionally been vetoed by the corporation; this occurred at Harvard when the three-year undergraduate course was first planned. On the other hand, new methods of instruction have sometimes been put into operation by the board without ever being submitted to the teaching staff. The Princeton preceptorial system is an instance of this.

Moreover, it is generally conceded by both faculty and corporation that the president or chancellor is responsible for the formulation and administration of the academic policy. But, unlike a constitutional prime minister, he is chosen by the governing board and is not directly responsible to his colleagues in the faculty. He generally selects the deans, the heads of departments, and often the faculty committees. The entire academic machinery is virtually under his control, and the teaching body is expected to carry out his theory of education.

Despite these obvious incongruities the plan has worked well. College instruction in America has kept nearly abreast with the progress of learning. At most institutions the curriculum has been steadily advancing. If the evolution has been slow in some branches, we have not made haste to adopt startling innovations. From the standpoint of *instruction* the American system of university government makes for conservatism and stability, which are important qualities in the undergraduate curriculum — more fundamental, perhaps, than flexibility and progress. It is only from the standpoint of *scholarship* that our theory of control is open to serious criticism.

II

The principle of academic constraint has worked injury to the scholastic profession. The absence of true professional responsibility, coupled with traditional accountability to a group of men devoid of technical training, narrows the outlook of the average college professor and dwarfs his ideals. Any serious departure from existing educational practice, such as the reconstruction of a course or the adoption of a new study, must be justified to a group of laymen and their executive agent. The board which engages the services of a scholar is apt to regard him in the light of a hired workman, rather than a

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trained expert specially qualified to offer advice concerning his own branch. Brought up to regard the corporation as the source from which all favors flow, it is not strange that some scholars lay undue stress on the economic side of their position. A colleague of mine, whose learning and intellectual honesty cannot be questioned, tells me that he performs this or that university duty because he is paid to do it. It might well be pointed out that the physician fulfills *his* professional obligations whether he is paid or not.

As a rule the scholar is quite as faithful, quite as altruistic, as the physician. But at the same time he is well aware that material success lies in securing the favor of the governing board: that he endangers his career if the mode or content of his instruction incurs their disapproval. Wilfully in some cases, oftener for lack of incentive, the average scholar fails to put forth his best efforts when professional zeal would carry him beyond the established programme.

The German scholar has higher ideals. In German universities academic freedom of teaching (*akademische Lehrfreiheit*) has long been a cardinal tenet. The professor of highest rank (the *Ordinarius*) is free to offer any course whatsoever within the confines of his own branch. This untrammeled freedom of teaching has led to a somewhat mistaken conception in our own country of the real meaning of academic freedom. It is often imagined that it implies liberty on the part of a professor to advance any theory in classroom without restraint. Some scholars may accept this radical interpretation. But it is doubtful whether any considerable number would practice it even if present limitations were removed.

The American conception of university education, especially our theory of undergraduate instruction, differs widely from the German. The American college seeks to weld its curriculum into an organic unity, and this necessitates a definite apportionment of courses among the staff. Freedom of teaching does not mean that an instructor may offer any course which he deems wise without securing the consent of his colleagues. It means rather the absence of constraint by non-academic forces.

The need of obtaining the consent of the faculty will serve as a check on individual eccentricities. Due regard for the opinion of the scientific world will prevent most scholars from hazarding sensational theories unless the evidence appears thoroughly convincing. No sensible man is content to incur the condemnation of his contemporaries unless he feels assured of a favorable verdict by posterity. A bizarre theory will be advanced only by a madman, a fool, or a genius. The real task is to distinguish between these three classes. The tests of mental disorder are now sufficiently reliable to separate the victim of delusion from the man of strange ideas. The psychiatrist can be trusted to pick out the mentally unbalanced.

But who is to judge whether the fantastic theories advanced by a man of genius are ridiculous heresies or pertinacious facts? Are the politician, the clergyman, and the philanthropist better fitted to decide than the scholar? Is a group of laymen better qualified to formulate a philosophical programme than a group of philosophers? Shall we deem the same body of amateurs more expert in economic theory than the combined wisdom of economists? In determining the professional standing of a scholar and the soundness of his teachings, surely the profession itself should be the court of last appeal. The scholar is by profession a searcher after truth. It is highly improbable that the entire body of specialists will be hopelessly misled by

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false doctrine, and biased by unsound judgment. The lay mind, on the contrary, when it is called to pass upon the value of new hypotheses is more than likely to condemn true and false alike.

A trustee at one of our leading universities, I am told, recently expressed a fear lest psychologists might venture to attack certain innate and fundamental truths, such as moral judgment and rational intuition. Few of my colleagues would be foolish enough to enter into a contest with the eternal verities. At the same time no scholar can have much reverence for 'eternal verities' which are incapable of standing some pretty hard knocks. The real test of an eternal truth is its ability to withstand assault and siege.

III

One of the most notable conflicts between a scholar's expert judgment and the opinion of the laity occurred three centuries ago. About 1610, Galileo, a professor at the University of Padua, began publicly to teach the heliocentric theory of the universe, advanced nearly seventy years before by Copernicus as a tentative hypothesis. For teaching this view, Galileo was severely censured; he was compelled to retract the theory and enjoined from promulgating it. Now if the untrained public ever had an indisputable right to interfere with academic teaching, it was in this very case. If ever a theory advanced by eminent scholars deserved condemnation by the world at large, it was the Copernican system.

Consider this hypothesis with a mind unbiased by modern education. The conception is clearly and demonstrably false. To suppose that the solid earth, the firm basis of all things, is flying through space without support, contradicts our most obvious perceptions. It is opposed to every intuition of common sense and reason. And furthermore, to say that the sun does not revolve round the earth, rising and setting day by day, contradicts the plain statements of Scripture. From whatever angle we view it, this revolutionary hypothesis outraged the popular sentiment of the time. As President Butler of Columbia has recently said, 'A university teacher owes a decent respect to the opinions of mankind. Men who feel that their personal convictions require them to treat the mature opinion of the civilized world without respect or with active contempt, may well be given an opportunity to do so from private station, and without the added influence and prestige of a university's name.'

Owing to the limitations of mental medicine at that time, Galileo and his forerunners escaped incarceration in a lunatic asylum. But the irreconcilability of the heliocentric view with Scripture could scarcely be ignored by the Church authorities. Copernicus — who propounded the theory in 1543 — and his immediate disciples were fortunate enough to remain unmolested. The notion of academic freedom existed even then in Germany. Moreover, many theologians, Luther among the rest, regarded the theory as too absurd for serious consideration.

In Italy the church assumed the right to control academic inquiry and instruction. Galileo was summoned before an ecclesiastical court and tried. His teachings were condemned, and in 1616 he was strictly enjoined to silence. In 1630 the strength of his convictions compelled him to undertake a defense of the doctrine. He was again brought to trial in 1633, found guilty, constrained to abjure his dangerous heresy, and sentenced to daily penance.

Surely no doctrine ever seemed more worthy of repression. The Copernican

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theory flies squarely in the face of everyday facts. And yet time has justified it, even to the popular mind. With such an example confronting him, how can the layman ever presume to condemn the carefully framed views of a trained scholar?

A similar conflict between expert and untrained judgment arose during the early days of Darwin's biological theory. Darwin himself was not a candidate for academic preferment, and the controversies into which he was drawn need not concern us. But many of his followers, especially in America, were confronted with a choice between intellectual dishonesty and the sacrifice of their career.

When James McCosh was called from Scotland to the presidency of Princeton in 1868, theologians in this country counted upon his staunch orthodoxy to assist in stamping out the baleful doctrine. But McCosh was too thorough a scholar to admit that scientific theory could be refuted by mere citation of Scripture. His influence was exerted in behalf of the new hypothesis with telling effect in orthodox circles.

Yet despite the declaration of many noted scholars and some theologians in favor of Darwinism there were numerous cases of its suppression during the seventies. These are given with some detail in Andrew D. White's *Warfare of Science and Theology*. Even as late as 1884, James Woodrow, professor of natural science in a Presbyterian seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, was compelled to resign his chair for his advocacy of the theory of evolution. At present the biologists appear to have won the right to teach the truth as they understand it.

Interference with freedom of inquiry and instruction in recent years has been largely confined to the departments of philosophy, psychology, and economics, particularly the last. Philosophic theory and psychological principles occasionally come into conflict with traditional ecclesiastical interpretations. Only last year, for example, Dr. John M. Mecklin, professor of philosophy and psychology at Lafayette College, resigned under pressure on account of alleged lack of harmony between his teachings and the traditions of his institution. Fortunately he had no difficulty in obtaining a position elsewhere.

This summer the head of the psychological department at a state university, a psychologist in good standing, was dismissed on indefinite charges, his petition for a faculty committee of inquiry being denied. At one of the state normal schools an assistant professor of psychology of several years' standing was dismissed without warning after a brief hearing before the board.

The researches of economists and sociologists often conflict with the interests of political leaders and organized wealth. In 1895 Professor Bemis of Chicago, and in 1900 Professor Ross of Stanford, were retired from their chairs in economics. Friends of the men claimed, in each case, that pressure had been exerted by patrons of the institution on account of certain economic doctrines which they taught. This the university authorities denied. In neither instance was the truth ever brought out. No academic body existed with authority to investigate the facts, and inquiries by scholars unconnected with the institutions in question were regarded as an unwarranted interference.

In 1911 Professor Banks was dismissed from the University of Florida, following the publication of an article in *The Independent*, in which he stated his conviction that teachers and others in positions of influence made a grievous mistake in the generation prior to the Civil War in not paving the way for a gradual removal of slavery with-

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out the loss of so many lives and the consequent pension burden.

Early in 1913 the professor of economics and social science at Wesleyan, Dr. Willard C. Fisher, was summarily suspended after some casual remarks in a public lecture regarding the observation of the Sabbath. Last autumn Dr. J. L. Lewinsohn, professor of law at the University of North Dakota, resigned under pressure, the authorities having disapproved of his active participation in the political campaign. He claims to have been censured by the dean for attending a conference of leaders of the Progressive party.

During the past winter it was charged in the press that Dr. King and Dr. Nearing, two economists in the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, had been denied deserved promotion on account of some statistical inquiries relating to local and state enterprises.

In March Professor A. E. Morse relinquished the chair of political science at Marietta College, Ohio. He claims to have been 'practically forced to resign for political reasons.' This the authorities deny. No judicial body has thus far determined whether freedom of teaching was infringed in this instance. But the attitude of the college toward the *principle* of academic freedom is announced in an official bulletin dealing with the case. It reminds the faculty that 'it is the sacred duty of the trustees to administer the affairs of the institution according to their own judgment and the dictates of their own conscience.' At the close of the session two members of the faculty, friends of Dr. Morse, were offered the choice of resignation or dismissal. No charges were formulated in the resolution which summarily cancelled their professional license. Both men were professors of several years' standing and heads of departments.

IV

Few scholars will deny that the good name of a university or college sometimes demands the exercise of executive authority toward teachers as well as toward students. But there is a growing sentiment that members of the profession should be amenable to academic courts in all matters affecting academic standing. At present the responsibility for action in matters of discipline usually devolves upon the president or chancellor. Generally this official is both judge and jury. From his decision there seems to be no effective appeal. Occasionally the board pronounces the verdict and the president acts as executioner. A very exceptional instance occurred last March, when President Bowman, of the State University of Iowa, offered his resignation on the ground that the Board had dismissed a member of the Faculty without consulting the president, and without giving the accused member a hearing.

In most American institutions of learning the faculty has nothing whatever to do with the dismissal of its members, and often the first intimation of the resignation or suspension of a colleague is received through the public press. One may assent to the justice of the dismissal while resenting the manner in which it was brought about. In one of the cases already mentioned a colleague of the man dismissed told me that he considered the action perfectly just, but the manner absolutely unjustifiable. At a leading eastern university, where several members of the faculty have been removed by executive action within the past few years, one member has stated privately that in his judgment the president's policy is right, although the mode of procedure has been somewhat despotic. Some of his colleagues dissent from

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this view, believing the dismissals to have been wholly unjust. In the absence of impartial investigation and report, the outsider is at a loss which statement to accept.

If criticism were confined to the radicals and agitators in our profession it would carry little weight. There are firebrands in the academic world as well as mossbacks, and the utterances of both may be discounted. But sane and solid men have joined in the criticism. Such expression of disapproval by reputable scholars, whether within or without the institution concerned, has never, so far as I know, secured a retrial for the accused, or restored him to his position. In one instance, to my personal knowledge, an eminent scholar deprecated any action in behalf of a certain professor who had lost his place, on the ground that college authorities always look with suspicion upon a man who makes a fuss. He feared that a protest might seriously injure his colleague's future.

A few institutions recognize the propriety of seeking expert testimony in matters affecting a scholar's professional standing. For some time it has been the practice at Yale to consult the faculty in questions of call and promotion. More recently at Princeton the trustees voluntarily declared in favor of department recommendation, and voted to confer on academic questions with a committee elected by the faculty. At Cornell, President Schurman has suggested that one third of the board consist of faculty representatives, on the ground that the faculty is essentially the university. These are all steps in the right direction; but they are exceptions to general practice and there are certain situations which they do not meet. In institutions where one man constitutes a whole department it would be difficult to convince any board that his judgment was unbiased in matters pertaining to his own status. Moreover, in questions of call and promotion the average board is prone to consider the situation largely from a local standpoint, taking no account of the broad university sentiment in the country at large. It fails to get the true perspective. One can scarcely blame its members for this. Laymen cannot be expected to entertain a higher regard for the scholastic vocation than is entertained by scholars themselves.

V

The sense of professional responsibility has been slow to awake in scholars. It is only within the past year that any active attempt has been made to safeguard their professional rights. The spirit of the time is shown in the fact that three independent steps have been taken almost simultaneously. Two of these affect particular branches of learning. The third aims at a general organization of scholars similar to the medical and bar associations.

The first active step was taken in connection with the forced resignation of the professor of philosophy and psychology at Lafayette. Dr. Mecklin's colleagues at other institutions were not satisfied that he had received fair treatment. They could not ascertain that definite charges had been formulated against him, or that testimony had been called for in his behalf. The American Philosophical Association and the American Psychological Association, to both of which Professor Mecklin belonged, appointed a joint committee to investigate the case.

This committee felt bound to respect the definite restrictions upon freedom of teaching which were implied in the denominational character of the college. But they soon found that the charter of Lafayette expressly declared against any theological limitations

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whatsoever. Furthermore, the accused insisted that his teachings were in perfect harmony with the tenets of his denomination. He is a Presbyterian minister in good standing, and it appeared that his orthodoxy had never been called in question by his own ecclesiastical authorities.

The committee found that while no definite charges had ever been formulated against Dr. Mecklin, he had been given the very indefinite task of explaining his opinions and teachings to the president. The president himself refused to aid the committee in its endeavor to clear up the situation. He held that he could not with propriety discuss with outsiders questions affecting the college and its members, even though the professional standing of a colleague was at stake. To this position the committee replied in no uncertain terms. The report closes as follows:—

'The attitude thus assumed does not seem to this committee one which can with propriety be maintained by the officers of any college or university toward the inquiries of a representative national organization of college and university teachers and other scholars. We believe it to be the right of the general body of professors of philosophy and psychology to know definitely the conditions of the tenure of any professorship in their subject; and also their right, and that of the public to which colleges look for support, to understand unequivocally what measure of freedom of teaching is guaranteed in any college, and to be informed as to the essential details of any case in which credal restrictions, other than those to which the college officially stands committed, are publicly declared by responsible persons to have been imposed. No college does well to live unto itself to such a degree that it fails to recognize that in all such issues the university teaching profession at large has a legitimate concern. And any college hazards its claim upon the confidence of the public and the friendly regard of the teaching profession by an appearance of unwillingness to make a full and frank statement of the facts in all matters of this sort.'

The report of this committee was read at a joint meeting of the two associations last Christmas. It was approved by unanimous vote, and was ordered printed at the expense of the associations. Copies were sent to the trustees of the institution in question. By a notable coincidence the president of this college offered his resignation within two weeks after the publication of the report, and the resignation was promptly accepted.

A somewhat similar move has since been made in another branch of learning. At its meeting in Washington last Christmas the American Political Science Association appointed a committee of three 'to examine and report upon the present situation in American educational institutions as to liberty of thought, freedom of speech, and security of tenure for teachers of political science.' Similar committees were appointed at the same time by the Economics Association and the American Sociological Society, meeting in other parts of the country. The three committees, acting jointly, have voted to investigate the dismissal of Professor Fisher from Wesleyan University.

VI

Far wider in importance than these acts of special societies is the new movement looking toward the formation of a National Association of College Professors. This was first broached in the spring of 1913 by a number of prominent professors at Columbia and Johns Hopkins. A canvass was made of the attitude toward such an association at

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ten leading universities, resulting in the call for a preliminary meeting. This was held last November in Baltimore, and was attended by unofficial representatives of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, Wisconsin, Clark, and Hopkins.

After considerable discussion it was decided that membership in the new association should be based on a scholar's professional standing without reference to the particular institution with which he chanced to be connected. The chairman of the meeting was authorized to appoint a committee of twenty-five, representing the various departments of learning, whose duty should be to arrange a plan of organization and draw up a constitution. The committee has since been announced. It includes men of national reputation drawn from every field of learning. Professor Dewey of Columbia was selected as chairman.

The character of the men who are promoting this movement indicates somewhat the manner in which it will proceed. It will not be a grievance society or a trade union of the economic type. The men composing the committee are too well balanced to accept any such programme. Their ideals are too high, their interests too scholarly. Throughout the discussion they have had constantly in mind the pattern of the medical and bar associations. The chief purpose of the Association of College Professors will be to elevate the standards of the teaching profession, by promoting self-respect, initiative, and responsibility.

This aim can be furthered in many ways, as appeared from the suggestions received during the preliminary canvass of the universities and at the meeting of delegates. For example, there is room for considerable improvement in the method of filling chairs. It is fair to assume that presidents and boards wish to secure the best man available for any given position. At present the method of selection is rather crude. There is no systematic way of ascertaining what candidates are available. A chance word sometimes turns the scale. A recommendation from those who are not qualified to judge of a candidate's professional attainments may carry the day.

It would of course be a gigantic task for any committee to acquaint itself with the qualifications and status of every man in all our higher institutions. But the establishment of some central bureau would aid the selection considerably. It would lessen the number of able men remaining year after year without promotion or betterment. It might also lessen the number of unworthy men who are advanced through favoritism. Such cases are rare. But there have been instances of men advanced rapidly, not on account of real merit but through the influence of some trustee or patron.

The dismissal of professors is another problem, and one of great delicacy, which the new Association must face. It has been asked to endorse unequivocally the principle that no searcher after truth should be dismissed from an institution of higher learning without trial by his peers, and that no professor should be compelled to resign merely because his views conflict with public opinion. Whether such a principle be formulated or not, the Association will be called upon to define its attitude in particular cases, where political, economic, or theological grounds underlie the popular criticism. Friction in many instances will be avoided if an authoritative committee of scholars declares that certain criticized views are perfectly *debatable;* such a declaration will be the more effective if the teachings in question do not coincide with the theories held by members of the committee.

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The mode of selecting the college executive may possibly receive attention by the Association. I do not believe, with Professor Cattell, that the presidency should be made a purely honorary office, the incumbent changing year by year and receiving no additional compensation for his executive services. The executive head of an institution of learning occupies a position of peculiar responsibility and deserves special remuneration. A man of tact and executive ability should not be compelled to relinquish the presidency at the end of a year's service. At the same time it seems obvious that the man who controls academic policy should be directly responsible to the academic body. It would appear almost axiomatic that the college president or university rector should be chosen by the faculty, or by some selected group of scholars in which the faculty of the institution in question is adequately represented. The function of the president is to voice the sentiment of the faculty in directing the academic policy, rather than to dictate that policy.

The trustees are the legal guardians of an institution's endowment and finances. The academic body cannot share these duties, and the new Association can have nothing to do with the economic side. Professor Lovejoy of Johns Hopkins believes that the trustees 'should not only raise and safeguard the funds required for the educational purposes of the institution, but should also have the ultimate power of decision, though not the sole voice, in determining the general *scope* of the institution's work; should decide, for example, when new schools are to be established. For a question of this kind is largely a question whether, in a given community, a specific need, and also a possibility of support, exists for a specified extension of educational activity. And such questions are as much the concern of the lay public as of the professor. . . .

'They should have power, if gross extravagance or notorious educational inefficiency appears in any department, to withhold appropriations from that department until they receive guarantees from the president and faculty that conditions will be set right. They should have a veto in the determination of the general range of salaries — since professors no more than other men ought to fix wholly for themselves the remuneration of their own type of service — but should have no voice in determining individual salaries. And they should have a veto upon the election of a president. . . .

'But beyond these limits a university should be a self-governing republic of scholars. The professors should elect their own president, with the consent and advice of the trustees; they should, through the president and an elective council, make all appointments, promotions, changes in salaries, and the like. From them all academic honors should proceed. Their control over educational policies should extend to such matters as the acceptance or rejection of gifts and bequests; and they should have coördinate powers with the trustees in the fixation of tuition-fees and other charges.'

The functions of this new Association of scholars should by no means be confined to the relation between faculty and corporation. Indeed its most promising work seems to be in other fields. The adjustment of relations between professor and student, between the scholar and the world at large, and between scholar and scholar, comes distinctly within its province.

The medical association prescribes strict rules concerning the relation of physician to patient, and of specialist to general practitioner. The physician

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is expected to answer an emergency call, even when no remuneration is assured. The medical association has declared very definitely that a physician must not patent any prescription; all new formulas which he discovers are the property of the profession. But he is allowed to copyright his books, and he may be retained in legal cases as a professional expert.

No such definite regulations exist in the scholastic profession. There are instances where a laboratory has claimed the ownership of apparatus devised by one of its students and the latter has protested. Some investigators patent their laboratory devices; others offer them freely to the profession. Such points of etiquette should be definitely settled in a carefully formulated code. Definite rulings should prescribe to what extent a professor may be expected or given opportunity to deliver popular lectures, and how far research and literary activities may properly share his time with classroom work. It might also be determined to what extent one is bound to supply a colleague's place temporarily in cases of illness, and whether a professor in good standing should accept a chair from which a colleague has been removed without trial.

The Association might discuss as matters of general policy what sabbatical leave should be accorded to the different grades, and whether advancement in grade and salary should ever depend on mere length of service apart from proved efficiency. It should certainly devise some equitable arrangement which would obviate the necessity of making undignified pleas for advancement in one's own behalf.

No less important is the protection of the junior members of the staff from undue exactions by their superiors. The youngest instructor may claim some rights. He should not be overburdened with the task of reading examination papers for others, or perfecting apparatus for which his senior receives the entire credit.

With so many possibilities for action confronting it, the new association will do well to proceed slowly, cautiously, and tactfully. It may be years before the Association of College Professors attains the standing enjoyed by the medical or bar associations. But the new movement marks an important advance in the cause of academic freedom and professional responsibility.

The standing of a university depends above all things on the character of its faculty. It needs not only good teachers, but men of ideals, investigators unhampered by fear of material consequences in presenting the truth as they see it. To foster such a group of scholars, the sense of professional responsibility must be cultivated. The group spirit of any profession can be aroused only by the removal of external constraint and the cultivation of self-restraint.

Few benefactors to the cause of learning attain the self-abnegation shown by Lord Gifford in the endowment of his famous lectureship in Natural Religion. The deed of gift, made public in 1887, contains these memorable words: 'The lecturers appointed shall be subjected to no test of any kind, and shall not be required to take an oath, or to emit or subscribe any declaration of belief, or to make any promise of any kind . . . provided only that the patrons will use diligence to secure that they be sincere lovers of and earnest inquirers after truth.' May the time come when all educational benefactions shall rest on these broad and indestructible foundations.

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MORALITY AS AN ART

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

THAT living is an art, and the moralist the critic of that art, is a very ancient belief. It was especially widespread among the Greeks. To the Greeks, indeed, this belief was so ingrained and instinctive that it became an implicitly assumed attitude rather than a definitely expressed faith. It was natural to them to speak of a virtuous person as we should speak of a beautiful person. The 'good' was the 'beautiful'; the sphere of ethics for the Greeks was not distinguished from the sphere of æsthetics. They spoke of life as of a craft or a fine art. Protagoras regarded life as the sum of many crafts, and Socrates, his opponent, still always assumed that the moralist's position is that of a critic of a craft. So influential a moralist as Aristotle remarks, in a matter-of-fact way, in his *Poetics*, that if we wish to ascertain whether an act is, or is not, morally right we must consider not merely the intrinsic quality of the act, but the person who does it, the person to whom it is done, the time, the means, the motive. Such an attitude toward life puts out of court an appeal to any rigid moral laws; it means that an act must befit its particular relationships at a particular moment, and that its moral value can, therefore, be judged only by the standard of the spectator's instinctive feeling for proportion and harmony. That is the attitude that we adopt toward a work of art, or any beautiful object in Nature.

It is only implicitly, also, that we ever detect this attitude among the Romans, the pupils of the Greeks. For the most part, the Romans, whose impulses of art were very limited, whose practical mind craved precision and definition, proved rebellious to the idea that living is an art; while the Hebrews, who were scarcely artists at all, never even dreamed of such an art. Their attitude is sufficiently embodied in the story of Moses and that visit to Sinai which resulted in the production of the table of Ten Commandments which we may still see inscribed in old churches. For even our modern feeling about morals is largely Jewish, in some measure Roman, and scarcely Greek at all. We still accept, in theory at all events, the Mosaic conception of morality as a code of rigid and inflexible rules, arbitrarily ordained, and to be blindly obeyed.

The conception of morality as an art, which Christendom once disdained, seems now again to be finding favor in men's eyes. Its path has been made smooth by great thinkers of various complexion. Nietzsche and Bergson, William James and Jules de Gaultier, to name but a few, profoundly differing in many fundamental points, all alike assert the relativity of truth and the inaptitude of rigid maxims to serve as guiding forces in life. They also assert, for a large part, implicitly or explicitly, the authority of art.

The nineteenth century was usually inspired by the maxims of Kant, and lifted its hat reverently when it heard

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Kant declaiming his famous sayings concerning the supremacy of an inflexible moral law. They are fine sayings. But as guides, as motives to practical action in the world? The excellent maxims of the valetudinarian professor at Königsberg scarcely seem that to us to-day. Nor do we any longer suppose that we are impertinent in referring to the philosopher's personality. In the investigation of the solar spectrum, personality may count for little; in the investigation of moral laws it counts for much. For personality is the very stuff of morals. The moral maxims of an elderly invalid in a provincial university town have their interest. But so have those of a Casanova. And the moral maxims of a Goethe may possibly have more interest than either. There is the rigid categorical imperative of Kant; and there is also that other dictum, less rigid but more reminiscent of Greece, which some well-inspired person has put into the mouth of Walt Whitman: 'Whatever tastes sweet to the most perfect person, that is finally right.'

II

Fundamentally considered, there are two roads by which we may travel toward the moral ends of life: the road of Tradition, which is ultimately that of Instinct, and the road of Reason. It is true that the ingenuity of analytic investigators like Henry Sidgwick has succeeded in enumerating many 'methods of ethics.' But, roughly speaking, there can be only two main roads of life, and only one has proved supremely important. It was by following the path of tradition moulded by instinct that man reached the threshold of civilization; whatever may have been the benefits he derived from the guidance of reason he never consciously allowed reason to control his moral life. Tables of commandments have ever been 'given by God'; they represented, that is to say, obscure impulses of the soul striving to respond to practical needs. No one dreamed of commending them by declaring that they were reasonable.

It is clear how Instinct and Tradition, thus working together, act vitally and beneficently in moulding the moral life of primitive peoples. The 'divine command' was always a command conditioned by the special circumstance under which the tribe lived. That is so even when the moral law is, to our civilized eyes, 'unnatural.' The infanticide of Polynesian islands, where the means of subsistence and the possibilities of expansion were limited, was obviously a necessary measure, beneficent and humane in its effects. The killing of the aged among the migrant Eskimos was equally a necessary and kindly measure, recognized as such by the victims themselves, when it was essential that every member of the community should be able to help himself. Primitive rules of moral action, greatly as they differ among themselves, are all more or less advantageous and helpful on the road of primitive life. It is true that they allow very little, if any, scope for divergent individual moral action.

That, indeed, is the rock on which an instinctive traditional morality must strike as civilization is approached. The tribe has no longer the same unity. Social differentiation has tended to make the family a unit, and psychic differentiation to make even the separate individuals units. The community of interests of the whole tribe has been broken up, and therewithal traditional morality has lost alike its value and its power.

The development of abstract intelligence, which coincides with civilization, works in the same direction. Reason is, indeed, on one side an integrating force, for it shows that the assumption of traditional morality — the identity

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of the individual's interests with the interests of the community — is soundly based. But it is also a disintegrating force. For if it reveals a general unity in the ends of living, it devises infinitely various and perplexingly distracting excuses for living. Before the active invasion of reason, living had been an art, a highly conventionalized and even hieratic art, but the motive forces of living lay in life itself and had all the binding sanction of instincts; the penalty of every failure in living, it was felt, would be swiftly and automatically experienced. To apply reason here was to introduce a powerful solvent into morals. Objectively it made morality clearer, but subjectively it destroyed the existing motives for morality; it deprived man, to use the fashionable phraseology of the present day, of a vital illusion.

Henceforth morality in the fundamental sense, the actual practices of the population, sank into the background, divorced from the moral theories which a variegated procession of prancing philosophers gayly flaunted before the world. Kant, whose personal moral problems were concerned with the temptation to eat too many sweetmeats, and other philosophers of even much inferior calibre, were regarded as the law-givers of morality, though they carried little enough weight with the world at large.

Thus it comes about that abstract moral speculations, culminating in rigid maxims, are necessarily sterile and vain. They move in the sphere of reason, and that is the sphere of comprehension, but not of vital action. In this way there arises a moral dualism in civilized man. Objectively he has become like the gods and able to distinguish the ends of life; he has eaten of the fruit of the tree and has knowledge of good and evil. Subjectively he is still not far removed from the savage, most frequently stirred to action by a confused web of emotional motives, among which the interwoven strands of civilized reason are as likely to produce discord or paralysis as to furnish efficient guides.

On the one hand he cannot return to the primitive state in which all the motives for living flowed harmoniously in the same channel; he cannot divest himself of his illuminating reason; he cannot recede from his hardly acquired personal individuality. On the other hand he can never expect, he can never even reasonably hope, that, save in a few abnormal persons, the cold force of reason will ever hold in leash the massive forces of vital emotion. It is clear that along neither path separately can the civilized man pursue his way in harmonious balance with himself.

We begin to realize that what we need is not a code of beautifully cut-and-dried maxims — whether emanating from sacred mountains or from philosophers' studies — but a happy combination of two different ways of living. We need, that is, a traditional and instinctive way of living, based on real motor instincts, which will blend with reason and the manifold needs of personality, instead of being destroyed by their solvent actions, as rigid rules inevitably are. Our only valid rule is a creative impulse that is one with the illuminative power of intelligence.

III

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the seed-time of our modern ideas, as it has so often seemed to be, the English people, having at length brought their language to a high degree of clarity and precision, became much interested in philosophy, psychology, and ethics. Their interest was, indeed, often superficial and amateurish, al-

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though they were soon to produce some of the most notable figures in the whole history of thought.

The third Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the earliest of the group, himself illustrated this unsystematic method of thinking. He was an amateur, an aristocratic amateur, careless of consistency, and not by any means concerned to erect a philosophic system. Not that he was a worse thinker on that account. The world's greatest thinkers have often been amateurs; for high thinking is the outcome of fine and independent living, and for that a professorial chair offers no special opportunities. Shaftesbury was, moreover, a man of fragile physical constitution, as Kant was; but, unlike Kant, he was heroically seeking to live a complete and harmonious life. By temperament he was a Stoic, and he wrote a characteristic book of *Exercises*, as he proposed to call his *Philosophical Regimen*, in which he consciously seeks to discipline himself in fine thinking and right living, plainly acknowledging that he is a disciple of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. But Shaftesbury was also a man of genius, and as such it was his good fortune to throw afresh into the stream of thought a fruitful conception, absorbed indeed from Greece, and long implicit in men's minds, but never before made clearly recognizable as a moral theory and an ethical temper, susceptible of being labeled by the philosophic historian, as it since has been, under the name, as passable no doubt as any other, of Æsthetic Intuitionism.

'He seems,' wrote Mandeville, his unfriendly contemporary, of Shaftesbury, 'to require and expect goodness in his species as we do a sweet taste in grapes and China oranges, of which, if any of them are sour, we boldly pronounce that they are not come to that perfection their nature is capable of.' In a certain sense this was correct. Shaftesbury, it has been said, was the father of that new ethics which recognizes that Nature is not a mere impulse of self-preservation, as Hobbes thought, but also a racial impulse, having regard to others; there are social inclinations in the individual, he realized, that go beyond individual ends. Therewith 'goodness' was seen, for the first time, to be as 'natural' as the sweetness of ripe fruit. Shaftesbury held that human actions should have a beauty of symmetry, proportion, and harmony, which should appeal to us, not because they accord with any rule or maxim (although they may possibly be susceptible of measurement), but because they satisfy our instinctive feelings, evoking an approval which is strictly an æsthetic judgment of moral action.

This instinctive judgment was not, as Shaftesbury understood it, a guide to action. He held, rightly enough, that the impulse to action is fundamental and primary, that fine action is the outcome of finely tempered natures. It is a feeling for the just time and measure of human passion, and maxims are useless to him whose nature is ill-balanced. 'Virtue is no other than the love of order and beauty in society.'

Æsthetic appreciation of an act, and even an ecstatic pleasure in it, are part of our æsthetic delight in Nature generally, which includes Man. Nature, it is clear, plays a large part in this conception of the moral life. To lack balance in any plane of moral conduct is to be unnatural.

'Nature is not mocked,' said Shaftesbury. She is a miracle, for miracles are not things that are performed but things that are perceived, and to fail here is to fail in perception of the divinity of Nature, to do violence to her, and to court moral destruction.

A return to Nature is not a return to ignorance or savagery, but to the first instinctive feeling for the beauty

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of well-proportioned affection. 'The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth,' he asserts, and he recurs again and again to 'the beauty of honesty.' '*Dulce et decorum est* was his sole reason,' he says of the classical pagan, adding, 'And this is still a good reason.' It seems natural to him to refer to the magistrate as an artist; 'the magistrate, if he be an artist,' he incidentally says. We must not make morality depend on authority. The true artist, in any art, will never act below his character.' 'Let who will make it for you as you fancy,' the artist declares, 'I know it to be wrong. Whatever I have made hitherto has been true work. And neither for your sake or anybody's else shall I put my hand to any other.' 'This is virtue!' exclaims Shaftesbury. 'This disposition transferred to the whole of life perfects a character. For there is a workmanship and a truth in actions.'

Shaftesbury, it may be repeated, was an amateur, not only in philosophy but even in the arts. He regarded literature as one of the schoolmasters for fine living, yet he was not a fine artist in writing, though, directly or indirectly, he helped to inspire, not only Pope but Thomson and Cowper and Wordsworth. He was inevitably interested in painting, but his tastes were merely those of the ordinary connoisseur of his time. This gives a certain superficiality to his general æsthetic vision, though it was far from true, as the theologians supposed, that he was lacking in seriousness. His chief immediate followers, like Hutcheson, came out of Calvinistic Puritanism. He was himself an austere Stoic who adapted himself to the tone of the well-bred world he lived in. But if an amateur, he was an amateur of genius. He threw a vast and fruitful conception, caught from the *Poetics* of Aristotle, 'the Great Master of Arts,' and developed with fine insight, into our modern world. Not merely the so-called Scottish Philosophers, but most of the great thinkers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in England, France, and Germany, were in some measure inspired, influenced, or anticipated by Shaftesbury. Voltaire and Diderot, Lessing and Herder, even Kant, helped to develop the conception that Shaftesbury first formulated.

As Shaftesbury stated the matter, however, it was left on the whole vague and large. He made no very clear distinction between the creative artistic impulse in life and critical æsthetic appreciation. In the sphere of morals we cannot always afford to wait until our activity is completed to appreciate its beauty or its ugliness. On the background of general æsthetic judgment we have to concentrate on the forces of creative artistic activity, whose work it is painfully to mould the clay of moral action, and forge its iron, long before the æsthetic criterion can be applied to the final product. Shaftesbury, indeed, would have recognized this, but it was not enough to say, as he said, that we may prepare ourselves for moral action by study in literature. One may be willing to regard living as an art, and yet be of opinion that it is as unsatisfactory to learn the art of living in literature as to learn, let us say, the art of music in architecture.

It was necessary to concentrate and apply these large general ideas. To some extent this was done by Shaftesbury's immediate successors and followers, such as Hutcheson and Arbuckle, who taught that man is, ethically, an artist whose work is his own life. They concentrated attention on the really creative aspects of the artist in life, æsthetic appreciation of the finished product being regarded as secondary. For all art is, primarily, not a contemplation but a doing, a creative action, and morality is so preëminently.

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With Schiller, whose attitude was not, however, based directly on Shaftesbury, the æsthetic conception of morals, which in its definitely conscious form had until then been especially English, may be said to have entered the main stream of culture. Schiller regarded the identity of Duty and Inclination as the ideal goal of human development, and looked on the Genius of Beauty as the chief guide of life. Wilhelm von Humboldt, one of the greatest spirits of that age, was moved by the same ideas throughout his life, although in many respects he changed, and even shortly before his death wrote in deprecation of the notion that conformity to duty is the final aim of morality. Goethe, who was the intimate friend of both Schiller and Humboldt, largely shared the same attitude, and through him it had a subtle and boundless influence. Kant, who, it has been said, mistook Duty for a Prussian drill-sergeant, still ruled the academic moral world. But a new vivifying and moulding force had entered the larger moral world, and to-day we may detect its presence on every side.

IV

It has often been brought against the conception of morality as an art that it lacks seriousness. It seems to many people to involve an easy, self-indulgent, dilettante way of looking at life. Certainly it is not the way of the Old Testament. The Hebrews were no æsthetic intuitionists. They hated art, for the most part, and in face of the problems of living they were not in the habit of considering the lilies how they grow. It was not the beauty of holiness, but the stern rod of a jealous Jehovah, which they craved for their encouragement along the path of Duty. And it is the Hebrew mode of feeling which has been, more or less violently and imperfectly, grafted upon our Christianity.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the conception of life as an art makes no appeal to those who look seriously at life. The very reverse is the fact. This way of looking at life has spontaneously commended itself to men of the gravest and deepest character, in all other respects widely unlike each other. Shaftesbury was temperamentally a Stoic whose fragile constitution involved a perpetual endeavor to mould life to the form of his ideal. And if we go back to Marcus Aurelius we find an austere and heroic man whose whole life, as we trace it in his *Meditations*, was a splendid struggle; a man who — even, it seems, unconsciously — had adopted the æsthetic criterion of moral goodness and the artistic conception of moral action. Dancing and wrestling express to his eyes the activity of the man who is striving to live, and the goodness of moral actions instinctively appears to him as the beauty of natural objects; it is to Marcus Aurelius that we owe that immortal utterance of æsthetic intuitionism, 'As though the emerald should say: "Whatever happens I must be emerald."'

There could be no man more unlike the Roman Emperor and in any more remote field of action than the French saint and philanthropist, Vincent de Paul. At once a genuine Christian mystic and a very wise and marvelously effective man of action, Vincent de Paul adopts precisely the same simile of the moral attitude that in the next century was to be taken up by Shaftesbury. 'My daughters,' he wrote to the Sisters of Charity, 'we are each like a block of stone which is to be transformed into a statue. What must the sculptor do to carry out his design? First of all he must take the hammer and chip off all that he does not need. For this purpose

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he strikes the stone so violently that if you were watching him you would say he intended to break it to pieces. Then, when he has got rid of the rougher parts, he takes a smaller hammer, and afterwards a chisel, to begin the face with all the features. When that has taken form he uses other and finer tools to bring it to that perfection he has intended for his statue.'

If we desire to find a spiritual artist as unlike as possible to Vincent de Paul we may take Nietzsche. Alien as any man could ever be to a cheap or superficial vision of the moral life, and far too intellectually keen to confuse moral problems with purely æsthetic problems, Nietzsche, when faced by the problem of living, set himself — almost as instinctively as Marcus Aurelius or Vincent de Paul — at the standpoint of art. A man must make himself a work of art, he again and again declares, moulded into beauty by suffering, for such art is the highest morality, the morality of the Creator.

There is a certain indefiniteness about the conception of morality as an artistic impulse, to be judged by an æsthetic criterion, which is profoundly repugnant to at least two classes of minds fully entitled to make their antipathy felt. In the first place it makes no appeal to the abstract reasoner, indifferent to the manifoldly concrete problems of living. For the man whose brain is hypertrophied and whose practical life is shriveled to an insignificant routine, — the man of whom Kant is the supreme type, — it is always a temptation to rationalize morality. Such a pure intellectualist, overlooking the fact that human beings are not mathematical figures, may even desire to transform ethics into a species of geometry. Thus we may see in Spinoza a nobler and more inspiring figure, no doubt, but of the same temperament as Kant. The impulses and desires of ordinary men and women are manifold, inconstant, often conflicting, and sometimes overwhelming. But to men of the intellectualist type this consideration is almost negligible; all the passions and affections of humanity seem to them meek as sheep which they may shepherd, and pen within the flimsiest hurdles. William Blake, who could cut down to that central core of the world where all things are fused together, knew better when he said that the only golden rule of life is 'the great and golden rule of art.' James Hinton was forever expatiating on the close resemblance between the methods of art, as shown especially in painting, and the methods of moral action. Thoreau, who also belonged to this tribe, declared, in the same spirit as Blake, that there is no golden rule in morals, for rules are only current silver; 'it is golden not to have any rule at all.'

There is another quite different type of person who shares this antipathy to the indefiniteness of æsthetic morality: the ambitious moral reformer. The man of this class is usually by no means devoid of strong passions; but for the most part he possesses no great intellectual calibre, and so is unable to estimate the force and complexity of human impulses. The moral reformer, eager to introduce the millennium at once by the aid of the newest mechanical devices, is righteously indignant with anything so vague as an æsthetic morality. He must have definite rules and regulations, clear-cut laws and by-laws, with an arbitrary list of penalties attached, to be duly inflicted in this world or the next. The popular conception of Moses, descending from the sacred mount with a brand-new table of commandments, which he declares have been delivered to him by God, though he is ready to smash them to pieces on the slightest provocation, furnishes the image of the typical

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moral reformer of every age. It is, however, only in savage and barbarous stages of society, or among the uncultivated classes of civilization, that the men of this type can find their faithful followers.

In Pascal we have a man of the highest genius who belonged to both these types, at once a keenly precise mathematician and an ardently theocratic moralist. It is not surprising that he was ferociously opposed to all indefiniteness in morals. The Jesuits can scarcely be regarded as the champions of æsthetic morality, and the eccentric complacencies of some of their adepts may arouse indignation or amusement; the exercise of the art-impulse in life, moreover, is scarcely compatible with the Jesuits' passion for spiritual direction. Yet the casuists had grasped a great vital principle: they realized, as Aristotle had realized, that the morality of an action depends on a great many circumstances, and cannot be crystallized, once for all, in a formula. So it is, as Remy de Gourmon has pointed out, that some of the Jesuitic propositions which Pascal held up for scorn seem to us to-day self-evidently true, and the irony falls flat. So significant a fact enables us to realize that the instinctive feelings of men, so far at any rate as Pascal may claim to represent them, have undergone a change, and are now on the side of the harmonious flexibility of moral action rather than on the side of unflexible rigidity.

Yet there is more to be said. That very indefiniteness of the criterion of moral action, falsely supposed to be a disadvantage, is really the prime condition for effective moral action. The academic philosophers of ethics, had they possessed virility enough to enter the field of real life, would have realized — as we cannot expect the moral reformers blinded by the smoke of their own fanaticism to realize — that the slavery to rigid formulas which they preached was the death of all high moral responsibility. Life must always be a great adventure, with risks on every hand; a clear-sighted eye, a many-sided sympathy, a fine daring, an endless patience, are forever necessary to all good living. With such qualities alone may the artist in life reach success; without them even the most devoted slave to formulas can meet only disaster. No responsible moral being may draw breath without an open-eyed freedom of choice, and if the moral world is to be governed by laws, better to people it with automatic machines than with living men and women.

In our human world the precision of mechanism is forever impossible. The indefiniteness of morality is a part of its necessary imperfection. There is not only room in morality for the high aspiration, the courageous decision, the tonic thrill of the muscles of the soul, but we have to admit also sacrifice and pain. The lesser good, our own or that of others, is merged in a larger good, and that cannot be without some rending of the heart. So all moral action, however in the end it may be justified by its harmony and balance, is in the making cruel and in a sense even immoral. Therein lies the final justification of the æsthetic conception of morality. It opens wider perspectives and reveals loftier standpoints; it shows how the seeming loss is part of an ultimate gain, so restoring that harmony and beauty which the unintelligent partisans of a hard and barren duty so often destroy for ever. 'Art,' as Paulhan declares, 'is often more moral than morality itself.' Or, as Jules de Gaultier holds, 'Art is in a certain sense the only morality which life admits.' In so far as we can infuse it with the spirit and method of art, we have transformed morality into something beyond morality.

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JAPAN AND THE EUROPEAN WAR

BY KIYOSHI K. KAWAKAMI

THAT 'peace is the work of righteousness' is a trite saying. Yet this truism has seldom been observed in international dealings. Japan's participation in the European war and her campaign against the German possession of Kiao-chau is simply another illustration of justice asserting itself against the wrong enthroned upon the dais of selfishness at the expense of righteousness. It is proof that no two nations can remain friendly without mutual respect and consideration.

In these days when European nations are battling against one another, all in the name of God and of the Prince of Peace, it seems useless to say that Japan is essentially a peace-loving people. Yet it is a remarkable fact that while Europe was engaged in continuous internecine warfare, Japan enjoyed two hundred and fifty years of Arcadian peace under the Tokugawa Shogunate. To this record not a parallel is to be found in the history of the world.

Rejuvenated by the impact of foreign cannon-balls, Japan had to fight two mighty wars, — as all young nations must fight to protect themselves against the encroachments of older, stronger neighbors. Japan's wars with China and with Russia were wars of self-defense. On that subject the verdict of history has already been given.

Japan's generals and admirals are not to be classed in the herd of vulgar warriors. Togo and Cyama, Yamagata and Nogi, are of the school of Timoleon, of William of Nassau, and of George Washington. They have drawn the sword only to give peace to their country, and restore her to her place in the great assembly of the nations.

Japan does not glory in conquest. Even in conquered lands she has not built emblems of triumph. Upon the pinnacle of a shell-rent hill at Port Arthur to-day stands, not a monument of Japanese victory, but a monument which the Mikado's soldiers dedicated, while the flames of war were still smouldering, to the spirits of the Tsar's gallant fighters who defended their fortresses with unwavering courage against the onslaughts of the Japanese.

The world has not yet forgotten that in the Boxer disturbance the Japanese soldiers were the most orderly and humane of all foreign troops brought to China on the occasion. Your charming writer, Eliza Scidmore, in her *As The Hague Ordains*, told you how humanely Japan conducted the war against Russia.

Toward individual Germans no Japanese entertains animosity. So far from it, every Japanese loves and respects Germans. Japan is grateful for the contribution which the Germans have made to her progress and civilization. Many a Japanese scholar has made pilgrimage to German seats of learning, and many a German scientist and expert were tutors in our schools and factories. And yet Japan is confronting Germany in the arena of battle.

Japan's coffers are not overflowing with gold. The two wars made her

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comparatively poor; she must needs devote all her time and energy to the recuperation of her financial strength. She knows that another war at this time must arrest the progress of her commerce and industry and add more weight to the burden which has already been taxing the strength of the nation. Why, then, did Japan send an ultimatum to Germany?

Because Japan's experiences with Germany during the past two decades have convinced her that Germany is a disturbing factor in the Far East and a menace to both China and herself.

Because Japan regards treaty obligations as sacred and inviolable, even when the fulfillment of such obligations must entail enormous cost.

Because Japan believes that the maintenance of China's territorial integrity is essential to her security and independence.

Japan's Experience with the German Government

You all know how the Kaiser treated the Mikado at the end of the Chino-Japanese war, which cost Japan a hundred thousand lives and a billion yen; few of you are aware that Germany's interference with the Chino-Japanese peace terms was only the first of many unpleasant experiences which Japan has had with Germany.

The Germans to-day are anxious to tell the public what enormous sums the Berlin government has expended for the upbuilding of Kiao-chau; but compared with the sacrifice Japan offered upon the altar of Port Arthur, German expenditure on Kiao-chau sinks into insignificance. Germany ousted Japan from Port Arthur because she wanted to give it to Russia so that she might take Kiao-chau without Russia's objection. It was a game of give-and-take between the Tsar and the Kaiser. When the peace treaty was signed between Japan and China all Japan was celebrating; the next day the nation was in mourning because of the German advice compelling Japan to quit Port Arthur. Never was Japan's pride so greatly outraged as on that occasion. An officer destroyed himself in protest against the government's acquiescence in the German advice; several cut their fingers, and with their own blood wrote memorials urging the government not to be bullied by the Powers.

The German seizure of Kiao-chau, followed by the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, the British occupation of Wei-hai-wei, and the French occupation of Kwan-chow Bay, was responsible for the Boxer disturbance of 1910. When the Boxers besieged the legations in Peking, Japan immediately proposed to the Powers that she be permitted to rush her troops to rescue the beleaguered foreigners. The Kaiser put his foot upon the Japanese overture and insisted that, unless he was satisfied that Japan's action would by no means interfere with the interests of other nations, he could not consent to the proposal.

The historic picture of the Yellow Peril painted by the Kaiser was disagreeable enough to the Japanese, but when the Japanese found the Kaiser secretly encouraging the Tsar to muster his troops in Manchuria in the wake of the Boxer incident, they saw in him an imminent danger to their country. About this time the London *Times* published an article reporting the existence of a secret treaty by which the Kaiser was to render the Tsar clandestine assistance in the event of a Russo-Japanese war.

When Japan was engaged in a life-and-death struggle in Manchuria, German attitude toward Russia was virtual violation of neutrality. The German government, for example, permitted a

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German steamship company to sell a number of steamships to the Russian navy and so help Rozhestvenski's Baltic squadron to secure coal en route to the Japan Sea. What was more surprising, a German prince who was by Japan's special courtesy allowed to accompany the army to the front, was found secretly reporting to his government the activities of the Mikado's forces without permission of the censoring officers.

From such experiences the Japanese believe that the presence on Chinese soil of a German naval and military base is a constant menace to their country. Would that China could be far-sighted enough to see that her position can be strengthened only by cooperating with Japan.

England Asked Japan to Act

The assertion that Japan thrust herself upon the war without England's invitation is as sinister as it is unwarranted. Japan did not join hands with England without England's request. When it became evident that England must come to the rescue of France and Belgium, the press of Japan, without exception, hoped that Japan would not be called upon to aid her western ally. But the western ally did call upon Japan.

On August 3, that is, the day before England declared war on Germany, the British Ambassador to Japan hurried back to Tokio from his summer villa and immediately requested an interview with Baron Kato, Foreign Minister. At this conference the British Ambassador informed Baron Kato that his government was compelled to open hostilities against Germany, and that it desired to ascertain whether Japan would aid England in the event of British interests in the Far East being jeopardized by German activities.

Baron Kato answered that the question put to him was such a serious one that he could not answer it on his own account.

On the evening of the same day Count Okuma convened a meeting of all the Cabinet members. Bearing the resolution of this meeting, Baron Kato, on August 4, called upon the British Ambassador and told the latter that Japan would not shirk the responsibilities which the alliance with England put upon her shoulders.

At this time Japan did not expect to be called upon to aid England for at least a few months. But on August 7 the British Ambassador suddenly asked for an interview with Baron Kato and told the Foreign Minister that the situation had developed in such a manner as to oblige England to ask for Japan's assistance without delay. On the evening of that day Premier Okuma requested the 'elder statesmen' and his colleagues to assemble at his mansion. The conference lasted until two o'clock the next morning. Before it adjourned the policy of Japan was definitely formulated.

What caused Downing Street to invite Japan's coöperation so soon is not clearly known to the outside world. But the Japanese press is in all probability right when it says that Japan and England were obliged to act promptly in order to frustrate the German scheme to transfer Kiao-chau to the Chinese government before Germany was compelled to surrender it at the point of the sword. Had Germany succeeded in carrying out this scheme she would still have enjoyed, in virtue of Article 5 of the Kiao-chau Convention of 1898, the privilege of securing in some future time 'a more suitable territory' in China. This was exactly the condition which the allies did not want to see established in China. If, on the other hand, Germany were forced to

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abandon Kiao-chau by the arbitrament of the sword, China would no longer be under obligation to 'cede to Germany a more suitable place.'

This was, I think, what persuaded Japan and England to act promptly in the Far East. In the meantime a German cruiser, ignoring the rights of a neutral state, captured a Russian steamer within Japanese jurisdiction; a British gunboat, chased by another German cruiser, fled into a port only a hundred miles west of Tokio; a number of British merchant vessels were either captured or chased by German warships; while a few Japanese ships were also intercepted by German cruisers. These activities of the German squadron were interpreted by Japan and England as a disturbance to 'general peace' in the Far East and the 'special interests' of the two countries in that region.

Japan's Wish for China's Territorial Integrity

In proposing to restore Kiao-chau to China, Japan is not actuated by altruistic motives, but by motives of self-interest. Not that she wants to ingratiate herself with China; it is simply that she thinks that her interests and safety can be most effectively protected by preserving the territorial integrity of China.

Japan's strength lies in her isolated position, widely separated from the aggressive countries of the West. As England is trying to avoid the brunt of German aggressiveness by upholding the independence and integrity of the Netherlands, so Japan is anxious to maintain the territorial integrity of China, making it a sort of buffer state. This cherished aim of Japan has been partly frustrated because of German and Russian aggressions in China. To protect her existence and safety against the designs of such ambitious powers, Japan was compelled to occupy Korea and Port Arthur, thus making her territory contiguous to that of Russia. To-day Japan feels more forcibly than ever the disadvantage of having such an aggressive nation as Russia as her neighbor, and she does not want to see another ambitious power establish itself upon Chinese soil.

This is the reason that Japan does not wish to occupy Kiao-chau or any other section of China. The logic is clear: should Japan occupy Kiao-chau permanently, other Powers would surely follow Japan's suit and slice up for themselves large portions of Chinese territory. Should this come to pass, the powerful nations of the West would become Japan's immediate neighbors, thus inevitably weakening her naturally strong position. This means a larger army and a more powerful navy, with a proportionately heavier burden of taxation.

No sane Japanese can fail to see that the game is not worth the candle. It is only by maintaining the territorial integrity of China that Japan can enjoy peace and devote her energies to the promotion of the arts of peace.

Japan and the United States

As the historian Bancroft says, the 'vine of liberty' under American auspices took deep root and filled the land and reached unto both oceans. Westward the 'fame of this only daughter of freedom' crossed the Pacific and inspired the islanders of Japan.

To-day Japan is the one standard-bearer of modernism in the whole Orient. 'The wisdom which had passed from India to Greece; the jurisprudence of Rome; the mediæval municipalities; the Teutonic method of representation; the political experience of England; the benignant wisdom of the expositors of the law of nature and of nations in France and Holland, all

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shed on her their selectest influence.'

But the nation whose political and social ideals exercised the most potent influence upon Japan is the United States. For the Declaration of Independence which went forth from the historic hall of Philadelphia found her disciple in the 'child of the world's old age.'

Geographically Japan intervenes between the great autocracy of Russia and the grand republicanism of America. With the moral support, if not the material assistance, of the United States, Japan hopes to stem the tide of Russian autocracy with its militarism, its religious intolerance, its discriminating policy against foreign interests in commerce and trade.

Japan cherishes no animosity toward the Russian, but she realizes that her greatest danger lies across the Japan Sea. It is the irony of fate that, in taking up arms against Germany, Japan should appear to be aiding Russia. The Japanese would feel sorry if the Empire of the Kaiser were to be overrun by the Tsar's Cossacks, because Japan stands for liberalism and is opposed to autocracy and militarism.

This very fact that the Japanese stand for liberalism persuaded them to combat the militarism of Germany in the Far East. No one wishes more sincerely than the Japanese that the war should terminate promptly and result in the establishment of a better understanding between Japan and Germany, based upon mutual respect and consideration, each recognizing fully the rights of the other; for no two nations can be friendly when neither scruples to disregard the rights of the other. The dove of peace builds her nest in the haunts of righteousness, and she builds it nowhere else.

That Japan's policy in China is in harmony with that of the United States needs no explanation. But for those uninitiated in the history of Far Eastern diplomacy a few words may not be amiss.

Following upon the heels of the war against Russia, Japan concluded with England a treaty whose foremost aim was the 'preservation of the common interests of all the Powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.'

Again, in June, 1907, Japan took the initiative in exchanging with France a memorandum whose object was the preservation of the territorial integrity of China.

For the third time Japan, in July, 1907, succeeded in concluding with Russia a convention recognizing 'the independence and the territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the principle of equal opportunity in whatever concerns the commerce and industry of all nations in that empire,' and engaging 'to sustain and defend the maintenance of the status quo and respect for this principle by all the pacific means within their reach.'

It is plain to you that the principles embodied in all these documents are in perfect consonance with the traditional policy of the United States in the Far East, as it was enunciated by the late illustrious Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, and as it has been consistently followed by his successors.

The Commerce of the Pacific

Japan's foremost object in joining hands with England in the present world-crisis is to keep the Pacific lanes of trade free from molestation, as well as to remove the German base of operation in China, and thus insure enduring peace in the Far East.

With the European nations in the grip of war, the importation of Euro-

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pean merchandise to China has virtually stopped. In this Japan sees a golden opportunity both for America and for herself.

China imports 473,000,000 taels' worth of goods every year. Of this total at least 171,300,000 taels is divided up by Europe. Can American manufacturers fail to see what a splendid opportunity is offered them? Japan, importing cotton and other raw materials from America, turns them into finished merchandise to be shipped to China. Japan's merchant vessels, plying the seas sentineled by her cruisers, are at the service of American manufacturers to transport their merchandise to the vast markets of China.

To-day the United States exports to China only 36,000,000 taels' worth of goods. Compare this with 269,200,000 taels of Great Britain (including India and Hongkong) and you can realize what a vast field lies before you for your commerce. Japan's exports to China amount to 90,000,000 taels per annum, much of which is made up of merchandise whose raw materials come from the United States.

Turn to Japan, and you find another wide field awaiting your commercial activities. Europe's exports to Japan amount to 203,000,000 yen per annum. To this total England contributes 116,-146,000 yen. Add to this 135,000,000 yen from British India and 881,550 yen from Hongkong, and you see what an enormous trade Great Britain is doing in Japan. German exports to Japan total 61,000,000 yen per annum, and those of France and Belgium amount to 5,400,000 yen and 9,087,000 yen respectively.

Now that the war has stopped all imports from Europe, America is in a position to monopolize the Japanese market. Can the merchants and manufacturers of America afford to let this opportunity slip?

The destiny of the Pacific is in the hands of the three nations—America, Great Britain, and Japan. Guided by England and the United States, Japan hopes to maintain the peace of the Pacific, and especially of the Far East. And the peace of the Pacific cannot be maintained without preserving the territorial integrity of China.

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THE CRISIS

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE present war has revealed the flimsiness of the world's superficial learning. It has also laid bare the working of those deep forces that hold men together. At first we felt a shock, for we saw that a volcanic attack was being made upon modern society. But we were visited almost at the same time by a new sense of the solidarity of mankind. Two thirds of Europe were welded into a single country in a night, while America's mission as an unselfish and just nation was clearly seen by all men. The state papers of our country have been filled, from Revolutionary times downward, with thoughts which find an application now. Our popular education, our practical training, have fitted us for this crisis.

Mankind is witnessing a great burlesque of patriotism, — a *reductio ad absurdum* of national feeling, — which has been maturing during forty years in the bosom of Europe, and now appears in the form of a national madness. Its utterances make small appeal to those untouched by the craze, yet appear like divinity to the initiated. Even some of our own American professors and literary men, who have been living in contact with the German mind, betray signs of a sympathetic madness, which may be studied as a part of the great phenomenon now in progress. On the other hand it is perfectly certain that there exist in Germany numbers of persons whose intellects are untouched by the passions of the day, and whose voices will be heard as those passions begin to subside.

A vision of the destiny of man has today flashed over the world. It recalls the religious awakening in Northern Europe that followed in the footsteps of the first Christian missionaries. All smaller animosities are cast aside in the endeavor to save the essentials of a common life. The cataclysm has passed through each private consciousness like the stroke of an invisible wand, and the western world has throbbed, and still throbs, like one man. For a period which must last for several years, the greater part of Europe and all of America will agonize daily over the same thought. Non-Teutonic Europe and both Americas have become a vast, unitary thinking-machine, which grinds honestly, remorselessly, painfully, and with a passionate desire to find the truth. The progress of its thought is seen to be determinate, inscrutable, mechanical. So many sides has the problem that all men are, as it were, equalized by the act of grappling with it. Learned and unlearned are equally at a loss, equally competent. The philosopher can hardly suggest any idea on the matter which his coachman does not anticipate or his gardener express in an epigram. Compelling force invades the sanctuaries of men's minds and no private breast is immune. We see as possibilities the respect of nations for one another, the subsidence of hatreds, the lessening of armaments. Beyond these vistas of political change the convulsion now in progress seems to portend unfathomable changes in men's tone of mind

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and in their outlook upon life. An era has closed. A page in the history of man has been turned. Every individual must stand still and discover by the outcome what relation he will bear to the new dispensation.

One thing has been made apparent, namely, that the relations between good and evil are inscrutable. All of this new life seems to have leaped into being in response to an attack upon life; all of this reason, in response to unreason; all of the new order, in response to chaos.

The inhabitants of Europe are near the conflagration, which they watch while their treasure and their children are being consumed by it. They have less leisure for thought than we. And thus for the moment America has become the focus of such reflection as humanity can afford time for. Moral influence is indeed all that America can contribute to the situation. To see clearly is our province. We must strive only for vision, feeling sure that this will somehow qualify the vision of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN THE CHAIR

About once in so often a man must go to the barber for what, with contemptuous brevity, is called a haircut. He must sit in a big chair, a voluminous bib (prettily decorated with polka dots) tucked in round his neck, and let another human being cut his hair for him. His head, with all its internal mystery and wealth of thought, becomes for the time being a mere poll, worth two dollars a year to the tax-assessor: an irregularly shaped object, between a summer squash and a cantaloupe, with too much hair on it, as very likely several friends and acquaintances have advised him. His identity vanishes.

As a rule the less he now says or thinks about his head, the better: he has given it to the barber, and the barber will do as he pleases with it. It is only when the man is little and is brought in by his mother, that the job will be done according to instructions; and this is because the man's mother is in a position to see the back of his head. Also because the weakest woman under such circumstances has strong convictions. When the man is older the barber will sometimes allow him to see the haircut, cleverly reflected in two mirrors; but not one man in a thousand — nay, in ten thousand — would dare express himself as dissatisfied. After all, what does he know of haircuts, he who is no barber? Women feel differently; and I know of one man, returning home with a new haircut, who was compelled to turn round again and take what his wife called his 'poor' head to another barber by whom the haircut was more happily finished. But that was exceptional. And it happened to that man but once.

The very word 'haircut' is objectionable. It snips like the scissors. Yet it describes the operation more honestly than the substitute 'trim,' a euphemism indicating a jaunty habit of dropping in frequently at the barber's, and

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so keeping the hair perpetually at just the length that is most becoming. For most men, although the knowledge must be gathered by keen, patient observation and never by honest confession, there is a period, lasting about a week, when the length of their hair is admirable. But it comes between haircuts. The haircut itself is never satisfactory. If his hair was too long before (and on this point he has the evidence of unprejudiced witnesses), it is too short now. It must grow steadily — count on it for that! — until for a brief period it is 'just right,' æsthetically suited to the contour of his face and the cut of his features, and beginning already imperceptibly to grow too long again.

Soon this growth becomes visible, and the man begins to worry. 'I must go to the barber,' he says in a harassed way. 'I must get a haircut.' But the days pass. It is always to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. When he goes, he goes suddenly.

There is something within us, probably our immortal soul, that postpones a haircut; and yet in the end our immortal souls have little to do with the actual process. It is impossible to conceive of one immortal soul cutting another immortal soul's hair. My own soul, I am sure, has never entered a barber's shop. It stops and waits for me at the portal. Probably it converses on subjects remote from our bodily consciousness with the immortal souls of barbers, patiently waiting until the barbers finish their morning's work and come out to lunch.

Even during the haircut our hair is still growing, never stopping, never at rest, never in a hurry: it grows while we sleep, as was proved by Rip Van Winkle. And yet perhaps sometimes it is in a hurry; perhaps that is why it falls out. In rare cases the contagion of speed spreads; the last hair hurries after all the others; the man is emancipated from dependence on barbers. I know a barber who is in this independent condition himself (for the barber can no more cut his own hair than the rest of us) and yet sells his customers a preparation warranted to keep them from attaining it, a seeming anomaly which can be explained only on the ground that business is business. To escape the haircut one must be quite without hair that one cannot see and reach; and herein possibly is the reason for a fashion which has often perplexed students of the Norman Conquest. The Norman soldiery wore no hair on the backs of their heads; and each brave fellow could sit down in front of his polished shield and cut his own hair without much trouble. But the scheme had a weakness. The back of the head had to be shaven, and the fashion doubtless went out because, after all, nothing was gained by it. One simply turned over on one's face in the barber's chair instead of sitting up straight.

Fortunately we begin having a haircut when we are too young to think, and when also the process is sugar-coated by the knowledge that we are losing our curls. Then habit accustoms us to it. Yet it is significant that men of refinement seek the barber in secluded places, basements of hotels for choice, where they can be seen only by barbers and by other refined men having or about to have haircuts; and that men of less refinement submit to the operation where every passer-by can stare in and see them, bibs round their necks and their shorn locks lying in pathetic little heaps on the floor. There is a barber's shop of this kind in Boston where one of the barbers, having no head to play with, plays on a cornet, doubtless to the further distress of his immortal soul peeping in through the window. But this is unusual even in the city that is known far and wide as

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the home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

I remember a barber — he was the only one available in a small town — who cut my left ear. The deed distressed him, and he told me a story. It was a pretty little cut, he said — filling it with alum — and reminded him of another gentleman whose left ear he had nipped in identically the same place. He had done his best with alum and apology, as he was now doing. Two months later the gentleman came in again. 'And by golly!' said the barber, with a kind of wonder at his own cleverness, 'if I did n't nip him again in just the same place!'

A man can shave himself. The Armless Wonder does it in the Dime Museum. Byron did it, and composed poetry during the operation, although, as I have recently seen scientifically explained, the facility of composition was not due to the act of shaving but to the normal activity of the human mind at that time in the morning. Here therefore a man can refuse the offices of the barber. If he wishes to make one of a half-dozen apparently inanimate figures, their faces covered with soap, and their noses used as convenient handles to turn first one cheek and then the other — that is his own lookout. But human ingenuity has yet to invent a 'safety barber's shears.' It has tried. A near genius once made an apparatus — a kind of helmet with multitudinous little scissors inside it — which he hopefully believed would solve the problem; but what became of him and his invention I have not heard. Perhaps he tried it himself and slunk, defeated, into a deeper obscurity. Perhaps he committed suicide, for one can easily imagine that a man who thought he had found a way to cut his own hair and then found that he had n't would be thrown into a suicidal depression. There is the possibility that he succeeded in cutting his own hair, and was immediately 'put away,' where nobody could see him but the hardened attendants, by his sensitive family. The important fact is that the invention never got on the market. Until some other investigator succeeds to more practical purpose, the rest of us must go periodically to the barber. We must put on the bib —

Here, however, there is at least an opportunity of selection. There are bibs with arms, and bibs without arms. And there is a certain amount of satisfaction in being able to see our own hands, carefully holding the newspaper or periodical wherewith we pretend that we are still intelligent human beings. And here again are distinctions. The patrons of my own favored barber's shop have arms to their bibs and pretend to be deeply interested in the *Illustrated London News*. The patrons of the barber's shop where I lost part of my ear — I cannot see the place, but those whom I take into my confidence tell me that it has long since grown again — had no sleeves to their bibs, but nevertheless managed awkwardly to hold the *Police Gazette*. And this opportunity to hold the *Police Gazette* without attracting attention becomes a pleasant feature of this type of barber's shop: I, for example, found it easier — until my ear was cut — to forget my position in the examination of this journal than in the examination of the *Illustrated London News*. The pictures, strictly speaking, are not so good, either artistically or morally, but there is a tang about them, an I-do-not-know-what. And it is always wisest to focus attention on some such extraneous interest. Otherwise you may get to looking in the mirror.

Do not do that.

For one thing, there is the impulse to cry out 'Stop! Stop! Don't cut it all off!

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'Oh, barber, spare that hair!
Leave some upon my brow!
For months it 's sheltered me!
And I 'll protect it now!

'Oh, please! P-l-e-a-s-e! —' These exclamations annoy a barber, rouse a demon of fury in him. He reaches for a machine called 'clippers.' Tell him how to cut hair, will you! A little more and he'll shave your head — and not only half-way either, like the Norman soldiery at the time of the Conquest! Even if you are able to restrain this impulse, clenching your bib in your hands and perhaps dropping or tearing the *Illustrated London News*, the mirror gives you strange, morbid reflections. You recognize your face, but your head seems somehow separate, balanced on a kind of polka-dotted mountain with two hands holding the *Illustrated London News*. You are afraid momentarily that the barber will lift it off and go away with it. Then is the time to read furiously the weekly contribution of G. K. Chesterton. But your mind reverts to a story you have been reading about how the Tulululu Islanders, a savage but ingenious people, preserve the heads of their enemies so that the faces are much smaller but otherwise quite recognizable. You find yourself looking keenly at the barber to discover any possible trace of Tulululu ancestry. And what is he going to get now? A krees? No, a paint-brush. Is he going to paint you? And if so — what color? The question of color becomes strangely important, as if it made any real difference. Green? Red? Purple? Blue? No, he uses the brush dry, tickling your forehead, tickling your ears, tickling your nose, tickling you under the chin and down the back of your neck. After the serious business of the haircut, a barber must have some relaxation.

There is one point on which you are independent: you will not have the bay rum; you are a teetotaller. You say so in a weak voice which nevertheless has some adamantine quality that impresses him. He humors you; or perhaps your preference appeals to his sense of business economy.

He takes off your bib.

From a row of chairs a man leaps to his feet, anxious to give *his* head to the barber. A boy hastily sweeps up the hair that was yours — already as remote from you as if it had belonged to the man who is always waiting, and whose name is Next. Oh, it is horrible — horrible — horrible!

WAGGLING

One of my friends says, 'Don't you like to have people make a pleasant, gentle hullabalooing over you sometimes?'

I know what she means, and I do like it. Only in my own parlance it is not hullabalooing, but waggling. A hullabaloo — even a pleasant gentle one — implies boisterous doings. But you can waggle without saying a word or lifting a finger. You can waggle with your inmost soul in a perfectly respectable and secret way, when nobody — it may be in church, or in the trolley-car, or at a solemn Music — suspects you of anything but a little extra shine to your eyes and twist to your lips. Then again, you can waggle your way visibly but quietly through a rainy, dirty, dumpish day, so that people will almost signal back, with a kind of borrowed quirk of joy.

Of course a puppy is the perfect waggler. Our Airedale, with the sad brown eyes and rough coat and comically pivoted tail, can hardly stir himself without waggling. He loves us vastly, and he loves to be full of bones and fresh air and implicit trust in all dogs and men. Life is one glorious, simple-minded, adventurous holiday for him. He is downcast only when all his arts

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fail to persuade us that he should accompany us to church or to a dinner-party. Then he cries and grieves and quivers; but even his grief has a naiveté and honesty that are akin to his joy. We know that when we come back and fumble at the latchkey, a happy urgent moaning and grunting will be heard behind the door, and Ben will leap out at us, pawing the air, tossing his ears, crimping his staunch black-saddled body into incredible patterns, skidding along the rug on the side of his funny face, — in short, waggling over us in an abandon of love and delight fit to melt the heart of the stoniest puppy-hater or cynic-at-large.

For the person who cannot appreciate the attitude of mind that waggles, in animals or men, must be either a terrible cynic or a terrible hypochondriac. Such a person would not be moved, I am afraid, even by the kind manners of a Black Wolf, with whom we lately passed the time of day in a traveling Wild-Beast Show. Perhaps the Black Wolf had been reading *Science and Health;* or perhaps he wished to show us that not all wolves like to eat Little Red-Riding-Hoods; or perhaps he was simply bored by the bourgeois steam-piano music and generally low tone (for a Wild Beast of parts) of the show. At any rate, when we stood before his bars and spoke politely to him, he waggled at us. There was no mistaking it: he waggled, head and tail, as amiably as our mild Ben at home.

Surely, if a moth-eaten Black Wolf in a five-foot cage can waggle, anybody can; and as I have said, the person who can neither understand waggling nor do it himself is in evil case. Many clergymen, many poets, many social investigators seem to have lost this simple power. They are too serious with the world and with themselves to remember that one of the most easily paid obligations to life is just letting one's self be pleased with the things that were put here to please one without sin or shame, no matter how much else there may be to fret and fight against forever. Now the Black Wolf had very little to give him joy. Instead of wild free spaces for running and hunting, he had a patch of dirty sawdust, iron bars, stale odors, food flung at intervals, meaningless human shapes and faces: a life so tame and dull that even a house-dog would pine away under it. Yet that good Black Wolf had not forgotten the lively uses of his tail and head.

But I did not mean to write about the morals of waggling. I meant rather to tell of its simple causes. There are so many things that make one waggle. Of course, seeing the people whom we love and like produces waggling, or a 'pleasant, gentle hullabalooing.' But I should be sorry enough if ever a shining morning in green April, — a red October wood, — a full moon over frozen silvery lakes, — a good hearth-fire, — a field of daisies, — a snatch of old song, suddenly dancing from the dark halls of memory, — and a thousand simpler, smaller things, did not make me paw the air and wag my secret tail. (For it seems to me that human beings need self-expressive tails just as much as dogs do.)

Now our precious Katy-in-the-kitchen waggles over a perfect soufflé, or a glorious Easter bonnet, or a 'murdery' moving-picture show; our newsboy over a prize bicycle or a full muskrat trap. There must be those who waggle over a glass of beer; a case won in the Supreme Court; a post-box filled with Suffragette stickum; a soul saved; a rise in stocks; a seal-skin coat smuggled; a neat horse-trade.

I cannot sympathize with all these causes for delight, but with the state of mind I do sympathize greatly. To be too old, or too sick, or too rich, or too

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poor, or too stupid, to waggle over anything would be more a death than death itself. And I have a suspicion that stupidity is the real root of most chronic heaviness of soul. I know old people, and sick people, who have almost as little to be pleased with as the Black Wolf, and yet who have never forgotten how to twinkle with childlike joy. And surely it is stupidity that dulls and paralyzes the very rich. The poor, for all their handicaps, can give millionaires lessons in waggling.

But there must be no taint of affectation about it, or everything is ruined. The society-waggle is as cheap and poor a farce as the society-compliment. The pious waggle is yet worse. The only genuine variety is as swift and spontaneous as the wild shake of a horse's mane in the wind; as a terrier's bark and leap and sidewise antics down the road; as a small girl's hop-skip-and-jump in the sun, or a small boy's whistle and whoop as he tears from the school-door.

I wonder whether Stevenson did not have in mind a more serious aspect of this same mood when he wrote the familiar lines, —

> If I have faltered more or less
> In my great task of happiness;
> If I have moved among my race
> And shown no glorious morning face;
> If beams from happy human eyes
> Have moved me not; if morning skies,
> Books, and my food, and summer rain,
> Knocked on my sullen heart in vain; —
> Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
> And stab my spirit broad awake.

Even Stevenson called his happiness a 'great task'; and it was no wonder. For him, and for many, it must indeed be a task.

But it pleases me to feel that for most of us, our passing happiness is no task: that we are not Black Wolves, but Airedale puppies. We waggle, not for stern Duty's sake, but because, like Ben, curled here at my feet, and humorous even in his dreams, the world seems so lively and amazing to us that we cannot help it.

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